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# BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

*“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.”*



*Dificile est satiram non scribere*

JUVENAL

*Verdades dire en camisa,*

*Poco menos que desnudas*

QUEVEDO

Broadway Translations

# QUEVEDO

THE CHOICE HUMOROUS  
AND SATIRICAL WORKS

*Translated into English by*

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, JOHN STEVENS  
AND OTHERS

*Revised and edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Version of*

THE LIFE OF THE GREAT RASCAL  
(VIDA DEL BUSCÓN)

*by*

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# INTRODUCTION

## I

### LIFE OF QUEVEDO

1580—1645

THE forefathers of Don Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas were *hidalgos* of old Castilian stock who had settled in the valley of Toranzo in the mountains of Burgos, province of Santander. They had lived there for generations in a state of honourable idleness which harmonised with the dignity of their position. His father Don Pedro Gomez de Quevedo had held for many years an office of some value at the court of Carlos V, and was later appointed private secretary to Doña Ana of Austria, the fourth wife of Phillip II. In 1579 he married a lady of the court, Doña Maria de Santibañez, and from this union came Don Francisco, of greater fame. The parish register of San Gines, Madrid, shows that the infant was baptised on the 26th of September, 1580, but the actual date of his birth is not recorded. If we may draw a conclusion from the custom prevailing in those days, it could not have been more than at most a few days before the baptismal ceremony, and was probably either the 20th or the 21st of the same month.

From the moment of birth the child breathed an atmosphere of aristocrats and governors. Fate had been kind at first, but not for long, while still very young he lost his father, and, following that event his mother became attached to the service of Doña Isabel Clara Eugenia, this lady was one of the king's favourites, and it is recorded that he treated her almost as a daughter. She appears to have interested herself in the boy's education, though what steps his mother took in that direction are not known with certainty, he has seldom referred to his parents, and when he has written of them the terms used are such as only somewhat bitter memories could provoke. The real task of preparing Don Francisco for a future position in courtly circles was undertaken by Agustin de Villanueva, the *Protonotario* or chief legal adviser of



Aragón, who, having given his protégé a suitable course of preliminary preparation under the supervision of the Jesuits, sent him in 1594 to the University of Alcalá, which was considered (like that of Salamanca) to be in the first rank of European educational establishments. From his earliest days the boy was remarkable for his precocity, amazing memory, caustic wit and extraordinary talent for playing with words, at fifteen he had passed a stiff test in theology. A deformity of the limbs and a shortness of sight from browsing over old books made him a fair target for the witticisms and practical jokes of his comrades at Alcalá. We know from a dreadful passage in his "Great Rascal" that Spanish students were not squeamish in their treatment of one another. It seems to me reasonable to conclude that the ridicule brought upon him by his physical peculiarities, added to the loss of his father (and also—this is conjecture—a lack of attention by a mother busily engaged in the enjoyment of courtly frivolities) helped to embitter him at an early age, if it did not actually engender the mordant nature and cynical temperament so marked in his literary productions of later years.\* Moreover he suffered from another tragic blow of fate—he was of gentle birth and high social standing without the material means to support such a state. He suffered from poverty all his life, with the exception of a very few years, and all his philosophy and religion did not prevent him from squirming beneath it.

Notwithstanding all this Quevedo was popular during his four years at the University. His prodigious learning soon became known to all, and his wit has become almost proverbial in Spain. His admirers have passed down to us many stories of his intellectual sallies, his apt replies, witty epigrams, and comments on men and things, but such accounts must be read like those of the labours of Hercules. His biographer and contemporary, the good abbé Pablo Antonio de Tarsia was a Neapolitan and a great personal friend—two reasons, I think, for accepting his statements with caution. But we know otherwise—and on reliable authority—that Quevedo was throughout the whole of his life one of the wonders of his age. While still at Alcalá de Henares he acquired a reputation for bringing the arguments

\* See the verses quoted, page 393. They contain the key to Quevedo's character.

of students to a successful conclusion by making the parties to them look ridiculous ; and so feel the absurdity of their quarrels, that, amidst a peal of laughter both sides of disputants were glad to become reconciled. Apart from the ordinary routine of classical learning (which included Hebrew) he learned Arabic, French and Italian. From this basis he extended his studies, and, like his French counterpart Rabelais, appeared to be anxious to build an edifice of knowledge which would hold an answer to any question that human ingenuity could devise : civil and canon law, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, philosophy and morals all came within his scope. His acquaintance with these subjects was not a mere smattering, 'as we can see from his later writings, many of which were composed in prison without the help of books ; his knowledge of the literature of philosophy, morals and Roman Catholicism was probably unequalled by any contemporary Spaniard. In the early twenties he was corresponding with Lipsius and other scholars of European reputation, and before that he had written many verses and some excellent prose works that have been preserved.

This period of Quevedo's life—from say, the age of fourteen to twenty-six years of age—was the formative period ; in it he learned much that cannot be taught in any university. It was then that he acquired his great insight into the ways of the human heart, and developed his gifts for satirical writing and sarcastic speech. He mixed with all sorts of men ; and cultivated the society of rogues and vagabonds, bawds and libertines, with the same studious interest as that of priests, poets, scholars, politicians and courtiers. Like most men of literary genius he found no human being beneath his observation, and none above it ; but the more he observed the harder his outlook grew, and, so far as human weaknesses are concerned, it became pitiless ; he left behind at Alcalá all the common illusions of youth. Probably he was himself not more virtuous than the general average among men ; but his outstanding virtue was that he hated villainy in any form, and was ever ready to rain satire and invective against its exponents. This aspect of Quevedo's character first showed itself when he was about twenty years old in a series of short pungent satires after the manner of Martial, or the old Greek epigrammatists ; and next in his " Letters of a Tight-fisted Gentleman." Taken together these may be considered his

first notable works as a satirist and comic writer. In them will be found little of the naiveté of young writers, and much matured wisdom. They were, however, mere diversions from his real occupation of study—for which he never cast off the habit during his lifetime; he read at meals, in the coach, and in bed, making a hobby of collecting small portable volumes for the pocket; and his library consisted of some five thousand books treating of every branch of human knowledge then available.

While still at the University of Alcalá, Quevedo's caustic tongue and ready pen had begun to collect enemies for him. With one of these he fought a duel. Notwithstanding imperfect sight and an awkward gait he was sufficiently skilful with the sword to lay low his opponent—an incident which resulted in an indictment against the survivor, who was obliged to flee. The young duellist might have stood trial on this occasion but for intercession by the Duke of Medinaceli, on the instigation of Doña Catalina de la Cerda, the king's favourite lady. In 1601, after the excitement caused by the incident had died, the prodigal became attached without definite employment to the royal household at Valladolid, the new capital, where he was able for a few years to pursue his studies of men and their morals, as reflected in their lives and books. At that period there was great public dissatisfaction with the weak government, the vices of a brilliantly decadent court, and the wholesale corruption and abuses which were now becoming noticeable on every side. The imagination of the poet was stimulated to further literary activity: a perusal of Lucian's works between conversations with the learned Jesuit Juan de Mariana (who was to become famous by his lucid and graceful narrative of Spanish history) no doubt helped to encourage him to use his talents in drawing attention to prevailing abuses. He decided to adopt for his form that of the "dream-essay," or fantasy: Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and his countryman Santillana in the *Infierno de los enamorados* had employed a similar one before him; and it is now believed that the *Casa de locos de amor*\* written probably in 1606 was the first effort of this class—although there is still some controversy both as to the authorship and date of this work.

\* See "Vision," "The Lovers' Madhouse," p. 244.

The reign of Phillip III (1598-1621) was notable for the rapidity in that decline in Spanish greatness which had begun in the time of his sombre predecessor. Poverty was to be observed in all grades of society ; and misgovernment had had time to become acclimatised and systematised. The state of national finances alarmed everyone capable of estimating the danger of this weakness ; and the weakness of the national exchequer could be felt by repercussions in every household in Spain. No help could now be obtained or even expected from the Americas ; and a feeling of general hopelessness and carelessness was settling upon every grade of society. The speed with which this decadence and degeneration gathered impetus was a cause of deep concern to Quevedo, whose education and spirit told him that a time had come for some great effort to be made at reform. Judges, governors, ministers and their subordinate functionaries, who, in a past age had been examples to the rest of the world for their honesty of purpose, rectitude and simple lives, now appeared to the poet as a nauseous and poisonous excrescence, to which some sort of corrective had to be applied before the whole populace received the taint. The "Visions"—*Los Sueños*—were his sermons to all classes of corrupt officials, effete judges and magistrates, dishonest lawyers, ignorant doctors, and a host of others who in one way or another strayed from the paths of virtue, decent behaviour and good morals. Beginning in 1607 with the "Vision of the Last Judgment" (the last of the series was written some fifteen years later) their scope widened until nearly every kind of human aberration is castigated in the most striking phraseology of which the author's talent was capable. Their satirical flavour varies from invective to facetious ridicule, and as they progress the ridicule mellows until in certain parts they have almost—but never quite—the subtle force of Anatole France. We have no English author except Swift to whose works they bear any marked resemblance ; but they never reach the coarseness, ferocity, or art of the great Dean's "Gulliver's Travels." There is a Spanish saying which runs, "The first step to a cure is a knowledge of the disease." In his "Visions," Quevedo, as it were, placed under the microscope the germs of the disease from which his generation suffered ; and tried to ridicule them out of existence. Before international finance and internal industrialism became factors in politics these "dream-essays "

provided a useful catalogue of the moral lapses suffered by individuals and classes in a nation which has passed the apogee of its political development; and is moving towards that period of weariness and abasement to which all conquering, progressive, and prosperous races appear to be subject.

In 1608 Quevedo experienced an acute illness, after which he went to Alcalá de Henares to convalesce. There his literary activities increased, and no doubt he continued to watch the sordid side of men's natures, picking up many a hint to help him to complete the "Vision of Pluto's Lairs" and in the composition of "The Great Rascal," a work which had probably been begun not very long before this period. There also, to ridicule a local chaplain, he wrote his famous sonnet "To a Nose," than which there is nothing better of its kind in the Greek Anthology.—

Erase un hombre á una nariz pegado,  
 Erase una nariz superlativa,  
 Erase una nariz sayon y escriba,  
 Erase un peje espada muy barbado.  
 Era un relój de sol mal encarado,  
 Erase una alquitara pensativa,  
 Erase un elefante boca arriba,  
 Era Ovidio Nason más narizado,  
 Erase un espolon de una galera,  
 Erase un pirámide de Egipto,  
 Las doce tribus de narices era.  
 Erase un naricísimo infinito,  
 Muchísimo nariz, nariz tan fiera,  
 Que en la cara de Anás fuera delito.\*

On his return to Madrid the wit became a frequent visitor at the house of Count de Miranda the "*Presidente*" of Castile, and, generally, lived the life of a smart young squire about town. At a gathering in this nobleman's house he entered into an argument about some problem of swordsmanship with a celebrated master of that art, Don Luis Pacheco de Narváez, who was also the author of a handbook on the same subject. We may suppose that de Narváez was no match for Quevedo in wit—the latter no doubt realised this, for he requested the master to "say what he wished to say with the sword." The challenge was accepted: and to the amazement and

\* From *Thaha*, Musa Sexta. *Poesias* ed. Janer 361.

amusement of the bystanders the lame, short sighted poet very soon disarmed the professor of swordsmanship This incident has been used in Chapter VIII of "The Great Rascal" to satirise theorists in general, and especially writers of textbooks on the use of the sword After his humiliation de Narvaez always hated his nimble opponent, and some years later tried to revenge himself on the author by collaborating in the production of a ferocious and scurrilous indictment of his life and works

Soon after this Quevedo became friendly with one of the most illustrious men in that period of Spanish history—Don Pedro Tellez Giron, Duke of Osuna In 1609 this nobleman was busily engaged in intrigues at court, and was pleased to have the companionship of so witty and learned a man as the poet Their friendship increased from day to day and the author began to dedicate his works to the statesman, whose star was then in the ascendant But an incident occurred in March of 1611 which was to change the scene of Quevedo's activities At dusk on the last day of that month the poet was visiting the church of San Martin at Madrid His attention was fixed on a lady, seemingly of quality, who was praying devoutly As Quevedo looked he was astounded to see a man give her, for no apparent reason, a sound buffet Burning with indignation the gallant poet rushed forward, seized the aggressor, and dragged him outside the holy precincts Swords were drawn and in the fierce combat which ensued Quevedo's opponent fell bleeding, he died a few hours later This episode proved to be the turning point of the author's career, for the victim was a personage of some note Before the threatened vengeance of friends and relatives of the deceased man, the poet retreated and found shelter in the palace of his friend Osuna, now Viceroy of Sicily, who, having embraced the refugee gave him a place as secretary on his staff When the passions on all sides had been appeased the poet was able to return to his country residence, inherited from his mother, at Torre de la Juan Abad, where he interested himself in domestic affairs and in further literary works Another "Vision" was completed, a treatise on Stoic philosophy written, and the *Encheiridion* of Epictetus rendered into Spanish verse While in the country he continued to keep in touch with the affairs of the court, and a year later when bored with this sort of life he decided

to return to Sicily. By this time the abilities of the versatile Quevedo had been so thoroughly proved, to the limited group which made Spanish politics, that any statesman living would have been glad to make use of his services. We are told that in appearance he was striking, and not unprepossessing considering the deformity which caused him to walk with a kind of shuffling limp. Of average height he was sturdily built ; a few old scars from duelling encounters marked a clear though pale complexion which covered broad features ; a pair of sparkling eyes regarded everything narrowly from behind a pair of Gargantuan horn-rimmed spectacles ; a massive head was crowned with luxuriant black hair, and his animated countenance was always in training for laughter . . .

Notwithstanding the intellectual advantages he had over men of his own class, the author was content to remain with his friend Osuna, who, in addition to secretarial and literary work, entrusted him with one difficult political mission after another ; and the newly created diplomat fully justified the confidence placed in him by his patron. It should be remembered that Spain was by this time being forced from her position of pre-eminence in Europe ; and that the weakness of her arms and resources had to find a substitute in the tact and worldly wisdom of her diplomats. Diplomacy was then an art in the embryo stage of what it is to-day—consisting chiefly in the preparation made by nations outside their own frontiers in times of peace, for aggression or defence against potential enemies ; for the involution of potential friends as active allies in the event of war ; and the neutralisation of all other relevant parties. In the seventeenth century individual diplomats undertook work for which there is now a complex machine ; if the individual blundered seriously, and his mistake was found out, he ran the risk of losing more than a pension. When ambassadors moved from one place to another the possibility that they would be shot had to be taken into account ; especially when their missions were unpopular. In this absorbing occupation Quevedo passed several years of his life. The war in Lombardy was a troublesome affair, which was settled mainly by his work. In 1615 Osuna appointed him to be ambassador to Phillip, to present the latter with the *Donativo* and a series of proposals regarding the conduct of affairs in Sicily ; the more delicate question of negotiating Osuna's nomination as Viceroy of Naples was also

a part of this mission. On the way to Spain he landed at Marseilles, and, having reached Montpellier, found that city in a turmoil ; France was in arms for the Prince of Condé against her king. Osuna's ambassador was arrested by the Huguenots, who liberated him within a few days ; after three more arrests he reached the city of Burgos, where he met the Spanish monarch with his adviser the Duke of Uceda. He was received as a King might be expected to receive a man bringing a large sum of money in a season of financial distress. For the Duke of Uceda, Quevedo brought 30,000 ducats ; the Marquis of Siete Iglesias and the Father Confessor received a present of jewellery and 20,000 reales. Quevedo wrote to his chief, " I have half the Court at my heels—there's nobody but asks me to convey to you offers of service. In this country men have become mere bawds : you can have them only when you pay." On the 22nd of May of that year the Duke of Osuna received his appointment as Viceroy of Naples. The manner in which Quevedo fulfilled his mission so satisfied Phillip that, by a decree published on the 2nd of March, 1616, he granted the diplomat a pension of four hundred ducats a year. On his return to Osuna the author, having proved his worth in his new capacity, was soon engaged on other missions not less important than that which had been completed ; and it is also written that, as a kind of interlude, he performed the financial miracle of adding to the revenues of the state without increasing the burdens of the people. Although all sorts of official business occupied the attention of Quevedo it must not be taken for granted that he had no time for the gaities of life, which Neapolitan morals then, not less than to-day, encouraged. He found occasion to fall in love several times, once with the wife of a powerful court official called Menardini, whose name might easily have been forgotten but for the incident. This nobleman, on hearing of the *affaire*, removed his wife to Ragusa ; and caused Quevedo to be informed that another time he must have respect for married ladies. Quevedo resented the tone of this communication ; and there might have been serious consequences but for Osuna, who drew his attention to the realities of the position.

A political dispute with the Republic of Venice now occupied all of Osuna's attention. When his Parliament assembled in March, 1617, and the position was discussed,



## INTRODUCTION

it was decided that Quevedo should once more be sent on an embassy to Phillip. On this occasion also he was given a large sum of money for the King, and the mission was considered to be one of such importance that an order was issued to governors and officials that the Ambassador must be treated as though he were the Viceroy himself. When he arrived at Rome it was considered desirable for him to have a private audience with the Pope, the Adriatic and other questions were discussed and the ambassador decided that the interview with the Pontiff was of sufficient political importance to justify his return to Naples with a full report for Osuna. A few weeks later Quevedo sailed for Spain via Marseilles, and on this occasion also his voyage was not without risk, the enemies of his master and Phillip were always ready to injure him in any possible way. However he arrived safely at the court and was received by the King who, having been informed of the state of affairs in Italy, was given a special despatch from the Viceroy of Naples requesting him to bestow on the ambassador some sign of appreciation and favour for good services as a diplomat. By Royal Decree of 29th July the monarch made Quevedo a Knight of the Military order of Santiago. This order demanded Obedience, Poverty and Chastity, but, happily for the recipient, by that time rigorous application of all these conditions had come to be ignored.

On his return to Naples the poet was apprised that during his absence in Spain the political fortunes of his master had begun to decline, and that many unexpected problems required a solution, and could not brook delay. The Duke's trusty councillor tendered advice, and we know that in regard to certain minor matters of administration it was followed by the Viceroy with some success, but most of it was ignored. At the same time Osuna's enemies at court busied themselves to hasten his downfall. Either because the force of circumstances had become too great for any advice to be of use, or because Quevedo's absence in Spain had removed at the critical moment the one man who might have saved the situation—which it was we cannot be certain—the fact is that by 1620 the Duke of Osuna's hold on Spanish policy in Naples had completely relaxed, he was forced to give up the struggle and on the 10th of October that year arrived in Madrid, having shown some magnanimity by declaring his

regrets for not following the line of policy advocated by his friend the poet. It is said, upon what reliable authority I am unable to trace, that Phillip III was so impressed by the political wisdom of Osuna's adviser that he offered Quevedo the post of Secretary of State, one equivalent to that of our Prime Minister, and that Quevedo, weary of politics, refused that most important office. In 1621, Phillip III died. With the fall from power of Osuna, and the death of a monarch who had always shown himself to be kindly disposed towards the author, the enemies of Quevedo had their opportunity, for a long time they had been vowing vengeance for the flow of satires, burlesques, ridiculings and reproofs in prose and verse with which he regaled them. The powerful Uceda had also become hostile to the satirist. Quevedo was arrested as a "libeller" and placed in confinement, and there, finding pen and paper available, he continued to write. It is with some amazement that one contemplates the works composed by the author in such dismal circumstances: they include sonnets, jokes, many satires, dance songs, folk songs and songs in gipsy dialect, another "Vision," a treatise on politics with the title *Política de Dios y Gobierno de Christo* or "Divine Polity and Government of Christ," and other items, all these works show that, instead of crushing the spirit of the author, his captivity seems only to have taught him fortitude, intensified his gay mockery, and provided an opportunity for expressing a host of pent up feelings. But if his spirit was unsubdued he began to suffer physically, and falling ill, was removed in custody to more congenial surroundings at Villanueva. By this time his friend Osuna was occupied in explaining to a hostile tribunal his mismanagement of affairs at Naples. The Duke expressed to his lawyer a desire that his former adviser should be called as a witness in his favour, but the lawyer was not anxious to produce a witness redolent of prison. Very soon after that Quevedo was liberated—because there were difficulties in the way of bringing a charge against him which would be successful in putting an end to his satirising, he was, however, forbidden to go within ten leagues of Madrid. This restraint was removed after a few months, by which time the author found himself in poverty—his enemies had succeeded in causing the dissipation of most of the slender fortune he had gathered. On the 25th September, 1624, the Duke of Osuna died, and this was perhaps the worst blow

Quevedo had hitherto experienced ; looking back on that event we can sympathise with an author who had lost a good patron and friend : but we should also consider that, by severing a friendship and a political connection, the death of this nobleman provided the author with an incentive for giving us something we can better appreciate.

From that date Quevedo devoted himself almost entirely to studious and literary pursuits, among the latter being some skirmishes with the poet Luis de Góngora (1561-1627). The latter is known to us as the greatest exponent of a peculiarly tortuous sort of verse, which found so much favour that its influence on Spanish poetry was felt for many generations after his death. The twists and turns of de Góngora's lines became the subject of many a scathing and sarcastic remark of Quevedo ; and the ridiculed poet replied with characteristic vigor, chastising his opponent—and, incidentally, rival in this sort of versification—for his ornate pedantry and pompous preciosity. In this manner the ex-diplomat amused himself, probably believing that, with the fall of the political personage to whom he had been attached, there was little to be hoped in the way of further successes at court. He wandered about Spain for some months, and found himself at Zaragoza in 1625 ; and there, with little else to occupy his time, he began to collect and order the scattered manuscripts of his works, that he might take full advantage of the liberty and facilities for publication which that city offered. Arrangements were made with Pedro Vérges, the printer, and Roberto de Vport, the bookseller, for the publication of several works ; and in 1626-7 for the first time "The Great Rascal," the "Visions" and the "Polity of God" were printed in book form, that the world might enjoy what had hitherto been the privilege of the writer's friends and enemies. Their success was immediate. Soon they were being pirated and printed in Barcelona, Valencia, Pamplona, Lisbon, Rouen and Antwerp. The honour of being the first city to publish these works became a matter of dispute ; and the dates on which the early editions were alleged to have been printed still perplex some of the best native scholars. This uncertainty, considered with the likelihood that before publication there had been in circulation differing copies of the manuscripts, renders the difficulty of producing a good critical text formidable ; to this I shall have to refer later.

"The Great Rascal" and the "Visions" will be more fully discussed when Quevedo is examined as a comical and satirical writer. The "Polity of God" is a work which may be conveniently considered here, since it bears upon an aspect of the author's life which cannot be left out of consideration: I mean his religious convictions. Attention has been drawn to the difference of opinion which existed between Osuna and Quevedo regarding the conduct of affairs in Naples. This difference existed, I have no doubt, because Quevedo was too good a Christian and too moral a man to approve of a policy which was unnecessarily grasping and harsh. He did not believe in Machiavelli's cruel conception of the duties of a ruler. As a Catholic he respected authority and the theory of autocratic government and kingship: such authority must be based, he believed, not on political opportunism but on sound moral principles. His main line of thought is that, granted the authority and the sound moral principles, then good government must inevitably follow, with satisfaction to governors and governed. Or, to state it otherwise, whereas Machiavelli favoured the elimination of the purely moral factor, Quevedo believed it to be the best basis for all political administration. The "Polity of God and Government of Christ" is a thesis expounding this theory, as Machiavelli's "Prince" and "Titus Livius" expound the other. Quevedo takes the life of Christ and from it draws simple lessons which he elaborates in their application to kingly government. The tone of his work is lofty throughout, and as far removed from what men consider the realities of practical politics as it is possible to conceive; it might have been written by the apostle Paul. The argument flows logically with complete disregard of worldly wisdom. Now everything that we know of Quevedo indicates that he had as much worldly wisdom as any man of his generation—that is a very modest estimate of his ability, as shown by his political work for Osuna and Phillip III. His "Visions" and "The Great Rascal" show us that very few men in history have had greater powers of observation; there is scarcely a human weakness that he has not noted and ridiculed. One may ask, therefore whether he could possibly have had the least particle of faith in the practicability of the system of government which he expounds in the "Polity of God." When this work first appeared his enemies denounced him on the grounds that it showed up the

existing Spanish system in a bad light. This is, of course, true: and, taken seriously, it would do the same for any government that has ever existed on earth. Did the author intend the work to be taken seriously? Or is it an immense satire? If the author intended it to be a serious text-book on government, then we must class it, as regards matter, with the fount of its inspiration—the New Testament; or with the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*; or other moral works whose precepts we extol but rarely observe. If it is a satire it is surely the most cruel piece of mockery of human frailty that has ever been written. So much of Quevedo's time in the latter part of his life was devoted to purely religio-philosophical writing that it has become conventional in Spain to regard his "Polity of God" as a work to be classified among his "serious" writings. But it was written between 1617 and 1626 and published at the same time as his comical and satirical works. And it was denounced by his enemies. Why? They may have been hypersensitive to satire because of contemporary circumstances; and if the satire of "The Polity of God" eludes us now it is because we hesitate to accuse any man of mockery on such a scale. There are so many sides to Quevedo's character that I prefer to leave the question open; and as the work has never been taken seriously and is not widely read nowadays, there appears to be little necessity of pursuing the subject further.

The publication of these works made for the author more friends and enemies at court and in all parts of Spain. He continued to write, and, after 1626 his works were systematically published, and continued to appear at intervals during the remaining nineteen years of his life; several appeared posthumously.\* Increasing fame brought Quevedo once again into the limelight of politics, and, after a period of enforced rest at his country home at Torre de Juan Abad, following upon another arrest, he became acquainted with another powerful and sinister personage, the Conde-Duque de Olivares. This august nobleman was not the sort of person to encourage men of Quevedo's integrity and ability; nor were his many followers anxious that the satirist and wit

\* A list with any claim to completeness would fill about twenty-five pages. In Appendix II, page 403, will be found a complete guide to Quevedo's Comical and Satirical works; and also to the more important of his serious works.

should have the opportunity of ousting them from his favour. The spring of 1632 nevertheless, saw Quevedo so far advanced in courtly circles that the king was pleased to appoint him to a post of private secretary, which meant that he had become, at least in position, a man upon whom the gods were smiling. About this period he also collaborated with Antonio de Mendoza (a dramatist greatly esteemed who would now be almost forgotten but for his work with Quevedo) to produce a comedy treating principally the subject of marriage. From what is known of Quevedo's views we may conclude that the matrimonial state and everything connected therewith was very thoroughly ridiculed, for unfortunately the text of this, with all his dramatic works, has been lost. We are informed that some of the court dames (including the Countess de Olivares) were so shocked by the cynical wit of the piece that they determined to arrange the marriage of the responsible author, who had written, "Rather for my funeral than for my marriage let the priest come and before I say that *yes* may my tongue and the word be frozen." \* In 1633—that is, at fifty-two years of age—he married a very charming lady, Doña Esperanza de Aragon y la Cabra, whom he is alleged to have loved tenderly during their short married life, ending with her death in 1634. Speaking of this afterwards Quevedo said, *No esperaba hallar otra Esperanza*, being unable to resist the temptation of making a pun on his deceased wife's name. He never once refers to her in his writings.

During these years the satirists' enemies never entirely abandoned their scheming to cause his complete downfall. His old enemy Don Luis Pacheco de Narvaez, the fencing master, Montalban, the popular writer, Fray Diego Niseno, the Jesuit Provincial of San Basilio, and four others calling themselves "men of learning" collaborated in framing an indictment of the works and life of Quevedo, whom they designated "Master of errors, doctor in shamelessness, licentiate in buffooneries, batchelor of filth, professor of vice, and devil's prototype amongst men." This attack was published in 1635 at Valencia with the approval of two distinguished pedants, Professor Jaime Esquerdo and Fray Vicente Lanuza. The authors who concealed their identity in the assumed name Arnaldo Francofurt called it the *Tribunal de la Justa Venganza*—it would scarce be worthy of mention

\* *Poesias* Ed. Janer No. 551

here but, by criticising minutely everything that Quevedo had written before that date, it is a useful guide to his miscellaneous works. A model of scurrility, this pamphlet of 294 pages abounds in personal abuse, referring among other things to the victim's lameness, gluttony, plagiarising and enmity to monks ; and ends with a plea that the Holy Inquisition might take action against the man responsible for such iniquities. Quevedo wrote at the time, " I forgive the authors their work . . . and if I say nothing at present I am busy . . . and I shall reply piously to this just vengeance." He had predicted that Montalban would die a raving lunatic, and he repeated the prediction to a friend. This sinister prophesy was fulfilled sooner than was expected ; and Father Niseno (whom Quevedo called *Ni se no*) preaching from the pulpit on the occasion of Montalban's funeral took the opportunity to deliver further polemics against the author of the " Visions." Quevedo ignored it at the time, but later wrote :

Many speak ill of me  
And I speak ill of many.  
My speech is the braver one  
They are many and I'm alone.

At this point one may well ask why Quevedo had never been molested by the Holy Office. Every work that appeared in print in Spain was scrutinised for any offence against the Faith, for blasphemy, and for words of which the effect would be evil from the point of view of the Holy Catholic Church. Quevedo's freedom from molestation, notwithstanding all the efforts of his enemies, is not difficult to explain. He was the most distinguished lay theologian of that epoch. His writings had become popular, and he was regarded by every thinking man as a prophet with a very important message to deliver ; for he was not the only one to recognise the failings of his country. Moreover his pen was the most powerful in Spain ; and no power on earth could completely suppress those works of his that had already been published in and outside the kingdom. Besides, he was an ardent active supporter of the Faith, of the king, and of the cause of national morals ; and if he ridiculed individuals he never once ridiculed the institutions they represented. The Inquisition was very well acquainted with all these facts, and with everything Quevedo

had written : so the efforts of the Tribunal of Just Vengeance to have him tried met with no success.

When the enemies of the satirist realised that their indictment was a failure they had recourse to other methods that were not so honest. His audacious satire, "The Hour of All Men and Fortune in her Wits," was written in the year 1635 and no doubt some knowledge of its contents reached the ears of Olivares, now the King's favourite. In 1639 the "Island of Monopantos" (which was afterwards embodied in the "Hour of All Men")\* was launched to attack the financial tricks of the favourite and his friends. Both works, especially the last, struck hard at the group of men now surrounding the King. But if they arrested Quevedo for these works, they would have run the risk of exposing their own weakness ; therefore another method must be found to place this dangerous writer out of their way. One day in December, 1639, Phillip IV on sitting down to table found some verses wrapped in a serviette. The lines were libellous and had a Quevedesque sting. It was afterwards proved that they had been written in a monastery, but, with his reputation as a joker and writer of this sort of verse, Quevedo was immediately blamed by de Olivares. A woman came forward and gave her evidence of his guilt ; and from that day his life was made miserable. What is most astounding is that this had not happened before—a satirist of Quevedo's powers must have been a source of intense annoyance to a corrupt court that was fast going from bad to worse. On the night of the 7th December two court officials came to arrest him at his lodging ; he was searched, stripped, the keys of his estate taken, and given to understand that he was under arrest. They hurried him into a coach which was driven outside the city ; and a party of *Alguaciles* and runners waited there to escort him to the royal convent of San Márcos, near the city of León. The veteran, now approaching his sixtieth year, was thrown into a dungeon, with only some beggar's rags to cover his nakedness, at a time when the severity of winter was making itself felt. Quevedo's good luck had vanished. His enemies clamoured in their exultation for a thorough examination of his works by the Holy Office : this time it was made ; with the result that the Inquisitor-General, Don Antonio de Sotomayor, pronounced them meritorious in the *Expurgatorio* of 1640,

\* See "Event" XXXIX of "The Hour of All Men," page 356.



with the proviso that certain editions of them printed outside Castile should be prohibited, and that all those published in Madrid should be respected, being the most correct complete and interesting \*

While this inquisition was proceeding, and for long after, Quevedo languished in his dreadful prison. His plight was pitiful. To the Conde Duque de Olivares—who had been responsible for his arrest—he wrote: Excepting hope in Your Excellency everything is failing me, hope, fortitude, and reputation. My left eye is now completely blind. I suffer from an ulcerous disease and life has become an exaggerated form of death. I am hungry and have not sufficient clothing to cover my body. I do not ask for liberty, but for a change of prison, which the Gospel says is a favour granted to many devils who ask it. But de Olivares hardened his heart, and neither the prayers nor the flattery sent by the imprisoned satirist had any effect. Quevedo turned his attention from the concrete and devoted it to the abstract—he could do nothing better in such circumstances. In Christian and Stoic philosophy he found consolation, and the letters he wrote to his friend Adán de la Parra would make a comforting handbook for piously inclined people in tribulation. Nearly four years he remained—two of them almost mad—locked in a narrow chamber with a stream of water flowing under his bed and seeing no human being but the gaoler. The *hidalgo* in him was further humiliated by being forced to draw subsistence from charity provided by the Duke of Medinaceli. The angry running sores in his leg tortured him incessantly and he begged the prison authorities for the services of a doctor. They refused, so he cauterised the part himself, and wrote a sonnet to express the solace of Stoicism.

In January, 1643, de Olivares fell into discredit, much to the joy of the Spanish populace. By this time it was known that Quevedo had not written the verses imputed to him. He was liberated in July and staggered out of prison a physical wreck. On reaching Madrid he found there a new generation of men to the fore, and, having estimated their worth, he thought they were not made of the stuff to stem the tide of abuses against which he had been preaching for forty years, this had now grown to such dimensions that it threatened to

\* Vide *Novissimus librorum prohibitorum et expurgandorum index An MDCXL* Page 425

overwhelm the nation. Every attempt of his failed to obtain indemnification for the loss of his property and pension—not to speak of his terrible experience in prison. A new set of favourites were now in power. A new group of jesters, versifiers and lick-spittles pandered to the changing tastes of the favourites. Quevedo was no longer the most alert man in Madrid. His imprisonment had almost killed him intellectually, so that when he looked on at the changed circumstances he did not appreciate all the fine points of the change. He saw them only in aggregate. But that was enough. He retired in disgust to the peaceful land of his fathers in the Sierra Morena, and reached the Torre de Juan Abad in November, 1644. Almost penniless he made one or two further efforts to obtain redress and relief. The winter was a particularly rigorous one, with the intense cold and his physical weakness the satirist was unable to wield his old weapon the pen. Undaunted he found an amanuensis, to whom he dictated the second part of his *Marco Bruto*, but the old power had departed, and the thundering prose he had made of the first part, changed in the second to the rattle of a muffled drum at a funeral, instead of lightening flashes of wit there were now only faint far away flickers. It is perhaps as well that the manuscript of this work has disappeared, for it would never have been worthy of a place amongst his works, except perhaps as a pathetic curiosity of literature. He was not a very old man, but he must have felt that the end was approaching, for he began to put his papers in order, and made his will. As he dictated his last testament disposing of the slender remnants of his prosperity, the parish priest wished to persuade him to leave a trifle to pay for the services of musicians at his funeral—as became a man of his standing. Quevedo's reply was, "Whoever wishes to hear music on that occasion may pay for it."

Spring of 1645 came, and the invalid hoped that the warmer air would help to restore his strength. He began to improve and might have fully recovered, but the great heat of that summer undid the good of spring. Finding that the end was now inevitable the old poet wrote his swan song

En esta cueva humilde y tenebrosa  
Sepulcro de los tiempos que han pasado,  
Mi espíritu reposa  
Dentro en su mismo cuerpo sepultado etc

This poem predicts his death and, indeed, might serve as an epitaph ; his old skill returned momentarily when he wrote it, for the numbers are as smooth as in anything he ever composed. When it was completed he resigned himself to the Church and to his fate. On the 8th of September, 1645, Quevedo died, in a manner which, it is recorded, was exemplary from the point of view of Catholic faith and piety. His last resting place is in the parish church of Villanueva de los Infantes.

From the mass of material at our disposal it would not be difficult to write a biography of the author of the "Visions" that would fill a volume ; his own works contain many autobiographical details that make interesting reading ; and his friend Tarsia provides many an item that would add spice to the narrative. But however interesting his political activities may have been, and however important his place may be in Spanish diplomatic history, it would be impossible to give an account of such a phase of his life without flogging a number of horses that had better remain dead ; such an account must, of necessity, embrace much that is controversial, speculative, and uninteresting except to the political historian. I have therefore limited the statement given above to those events that are well authenticated and bear directly upon his work as an author—and more especially upon his writings of a humorous or satirical nature. Taking into consideration all that is known of Quevedo it is not an easy task to form an estimate of his character that can do him justice. Spanish critics have attempted to do so ; and we can sympathise with them for extravagances favourable and unfavourable. What emerges from all that has been written, by himself and others, is that without being either a great saint or a great sinner he was a man of great honesty—indeed his honesty and integrity assume gigantic proportions if we attempt to draw comparison with his political contemporaries ; history has condemned them, not without reasons. Had Quevedo been content to remain as a country squire, with literature for a hobby, he might have reached heights greater than those achieved by any Spaniard ; and perhaps greater than any writer of his century. Had he turned his intellect to the interpretation of politics from the point of view of material gain for himself—a human failing that has not yet entirely disappeared—he might have become rich and powerful ; and

perhaps have provided posterity with a handbook to supersede that of the ingenious Florentine. But he did none of those things. Instead, he tried to fight against corruption, bribery, dishonesty, calumny, and the whole gamut of moral diseases which fasten upon a nation that is losing its virility ; and in this struggle against overwhelming odds he proved to be one of those glorious failures that are more edifying to the moralist than the greatest successes of smaller and more comfortably disposed climbers. Quevedo paid the full penalty for his obstinate honesty of purpose : he lost a good position ; his pension was stopped ; his property was sequestered ; he was persecuted ; and he died as a direct result of a very harsh imprisonment. He had made the fatal mistake, being honest himself, of judging others by his own standard. He was not a great political personage who had power to make away with the abuses of which he himself disapproved : his power to cause reform lay chiefly in one direction—by writing. His works are destructive and constructive. The destructive part of them consists chiefly of satire, ridicule and invective ; and the constructive of politico-religious treatises. They have all an honourable place in Spanish literature, and the humorous and satirical sections possess an appeal that reaches far outside Spain. A determination of their place, first in the national literature of Spain, and then in world literature, demands consideration from a point of view which must largely leave out of account the facts of the author's private existence, and the circumstances of the age in which he lived. They must be considered as literature pure and simple ; and for that reason they deserve special treatment, which can be given conveniently under a separate head.

## II

## QUEVEDO'S PLACE IN LITERATURE

To judge Quevedo's literary achievements, and to estimate thereby his place in Spanish literature, it is necessary to look for a moment at his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors ; and to consider also the medium at his disposal. As far back as the thirteenth century it had been demonstrated

by King Alfonso X that the vernacular of Castile was a tongue capable of great literary expansion. This monarch showed throughout his life an interest in *belles lettres*, very much to his credit if we consider its effect on the subsequent history of the language, but almost fatal to his efficiency as a ruler. *El Sabio*, "the Learned," as he was called, found much more pleasure in the pen than in the sword, but before his time it had been taken for granted throughout the Iberian peninsula that the only language worth considering as a fit medium to express fine thoughts, to instruct or to amuse, was Latin. The great achievement of Alfonso el Sabio's life was that he turned the attention of men of letters to a serious consideration of the Castilian dialect as a medium for expression, he may be said to have launched the dialect on a career which was to lead to its becoming the rich language it is to day. It was not, however, until 1290 that the first novel, the *Caballero Cifar*, was written in the adolescent idiom—and this work may also be considered the forerunner of a class of novel in which Spanish literature excels that of all other nations. I mean the picaresque. The salacious Archpriest of Hita, Juan Ruiz, has given in his famous *Libro de buen amor* (1350) the full flavour of rascality to his rich Alexandrine verse, describing the pious lechery on which he appears to have flourished. He was, it seems, a kind of priestly picaroon of great poetic gifts. In justice to his cloth it must be stated that he seldom fails to draw a cunning moral lesson from the worst lapses he describes. He was the first great master of Castilian to set a fashion for satirical and comical writing, in which vivid realism and gay mockery are combined to produce everything that is implied by the term *gusto picaresco*. He was the burning and shining light that showed the possibilities in this branch of literature, and we can trace his influence on nearly every member of the school of picaresque writers that followed. A century and a half passed after the appearance of the *Libro de buen amor* before a prose masterpiece of the same class appeared—*La Celestina*, published about 1499, it cannot exactly be called a novel, since it consists entirely of a prose dialogue. We cannot ignore its influence on the Spanish prose which followed, nor on the literature of roguery in Latin countries generally.

The sixteenth century in Spain was a period in which the struggle between romanticism and realism became intense.

On the one hand the old *Romances* gave place to a plethora of tales of knight errantry and pastorals, from time to time a realistic masterpiece appeared to turn the tide of popular favour in that direction, and occasionally a writer such as Jorge de Montemayor would produce a book in which the realistic and romantic are cleverly blended—of this class his *Diána* is one of the best. It was not however, till about 1554 that any really great picaresque novel appeared, but in that year Spain was astonished and delighted with the wonderful little work *Lazarillo de Tormes*. In this the dry sardonic humour of the unknown author is reflected in a piece of writing which shews conclusively that for conciseness, lucidity and power, the Castilian dialect had become the equal of its mother Latin—a medium worthy of a “golden age” had grown from somewhat crabbed beginnings. Efforts in various directions at literary expression during the fourteenth and fifteenth century had stimulated the growth of the idiom. In the hands of writers whose chief ambition was to become artists it had grown flexible and gathered majesty—the heroic spirit then prevalent in Spain had to find an outlet, which it did in adventures of exploration and conquest, all this contributed to the growth of the language. A new element, representing the Italian school of poetry was introduced by Juan Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega in the first half of the sixteenth century—the artistry thus added had in time its effect on prose writing. Authors were endeavouring to achieve greater unity, more symmetry and better proportioned results in the works that were being offered to the reading public—form was more generally receiving the attention it deserved. What appears to me to have been the predominating tendency of that period was towards the making of a prose style that now seems peculiarly luscious in its richness, and to a versification that startles the reader by its twists and struggles after effect. The shoals of novels of knight errantry which descended upon the Spanish public in the fifty years before the immortal *Quixote* ridiculed them into oblivion, strongly reflects the first tendency, and the poetical works of Luis de Gongora give expression to the second. After the chaste simplicity of his first efforts this writer began to make verses of an extreme artificiality, in which the meaning is intentionally obscured—the forced antithesis and complex elaboration of metaphors make his later works difficult of appreciation. *Gongorism*, or

*Culteranismo*, as this affected euphemism is called, is one of the tendencies which survived into succeeding ages. Another is *conceptismo*, or ambiguous writing with punning, plays on words and double meanings. During this period there was also a group of Christian mystics who wrote treatises on the devout life and its practices, and verses well coloured with piety. Of these the greatest was the Carmelite Santa Teresa, followed by San Juan de la Cruz, and that very great lyric writer Luis de Leon. It was not before this "Golden Age" (from say 1500 to about 1650) was well advanced, and Castilian had reached the height of its perfection, that philosophers and historians thought fit to honour the "new" language by using it to convey to posterity the results of their studies and observation. Of the earlier ones among them to use it there is no work remaining worth considering for its influence on the growth of the language, but in the *Guerra de Granada* by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza we have a fine monument of pure and dignified prose, from which a stately pomp has taken neither nerves nor strength.

The popularity of the picaresque novel had waned considerably before it received a new stimulus by the appearance in 1599 of *Guzman de Alfarache* by Mateo Aleman, or as we know it from Mabbe's fine version in English, "The Rogue." This book was soon being read with avidity all over Spain, and its publication was no doubt one of the incentives which drove Quevedo to write his *Buscón*. There remains to be mentioned the incalculable influence of Lope de Vega whose amazing technical ingenuity and rich imagination have added immeasurably both to the drama and language. And then Cervantes. We may consider the year 1605 in which appeared his "Ingenious gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha" as the most fruitful year of a great age. In it Spanish prose reaches its highest development. No other literature can point to such an immense work of magnificent prose fiction, no writer of any other nation has quite reached the same power in heroic invention, and the great humanity of the immortal author leaves *El Quixote* in a class by itself. It should not be forgotten that from 1600 to 1606 Quevedo was thinking seriously of writing, and even passing round for the approval of his friends some literary efforts which shewed that his genius was beginning to sprout, and that he was fully conscious of the power of the medium.

with which he was provided in the Spanish language. With such contemporaries as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Aleman, de Góngora and Mariana, Quevedo had before him for contemplation and emulation writers of the first rank ; these were also the Argensolas, Guillen de Castro and Montalbán—all distinguished in their own lines, but not on the same plane as the first five.

In the first section of this Introduction I have indicated how Quevedo's chief works came to be written, and it is unnecessary to go over the same ground a second time. Let us look for a moment at the greatest of those works of his which cannot be called either comical or satirical. His treatise "Marcus Brutus" together with the "Polity of God" (which has already been discussed) would alone entitle him to an honourable place in the literature of his country. His other political works are interesting, but I think that if they had not his name attached to them they would probably have been forgotten long ago. Of his religious and philosophical works there is only the "Introduction to the devout Life" which I must mention because I am incapable of passing judgment on it ; perhaps I should mention also a "Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul." I understand that both satisfy readers whose minds have been suitably prepared for them beforehand ; and for that reason they cannot be ignored. I do not think they, or any of his works in this branch of letters, would confer immortality on their author's name : but his *Cuento de cuentos* or "Story of Stories," a kind of essay written mostly in the delightful proverbs and pithy old sayings for which Spanish is unequalled, is in a different class. This work must be given a high place in ingenious literature, and has a charm which is not to be found in other works of the author. It is so intensely national that although it might possibly be translated, it would be necessary to write a volume of notes to explain the "points" of the *refranes* or proverbial allusions.

It is not as a writer of "serious" works that Quevedo excels ; and, however good his efforts in this direction may be, it is not on them that his reputation rests. Those works to which he gave most time and labour are those which have been least appreciated by posterity ; and those which he wrote carelessly and at random, giving full play to his spirit and paying very little attention to form or style, are his best.



This applies both to his prose and to his verse. The burlesque sonnets written by him in the Italian styles are by far the best in the Spanish language: they are often grotesquely broad in their humour and occasionally indecent; but never so licentious as the models on which they were based. His wild songs in Gipsy dialect are remarkable productions for a *hidalgo*, shewing a perfect mastery of that tongue and an amazing knowledge of the psychology of the race; they also give greater indications of the true poetic spirit than many of his verses in Castilian. Besides these Quevedo wrote ballads, odes, elegies, poetical epistles (one or two of which are after the style of Robert Burns' "Poetical epistle to a Tailor," but on other themes) and satires in all kinds of verse; he wrote idylls, *syllvas*, *quintillas*, *redondillas* and *entremeses*. He began two epics; and in fact may be said to have attempted every form of verse then known in Spain. Quevedo is not a poet whose appeal is universal; but in Spanish literature he can almost be classified among the giants. The majority of his works in verse will not translate effectively into any foreign language; but with their intensely national flavour they contain many separate items which would give their author a pretty safe place among Spanish Muses. And, considering that the satirists are rare who can reckon on any sort of permanent popularity, this is in itself very creditable: as a satirist and comic writer in verse he is, indeed, probably unequalled—but, as I have remarked, he is intensely national.

It is as a satirical and comic writer in prose that Quevedo holds his own, not only with the greatest names in Spanish literature but in world literature generally. His command of language is extraordinary; and there is not a trick of literary craft that he cannot use effectively. His style is disconcerting and at times extremely difficult to follow—"Gongoristic" in fact. To much of his writing may be applied the ruling of our own almost forgotten satirist and polemical versifier John Wolcot, on Dr. Johnson:—

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,  
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,  
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,  
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;  
Uplifts a club of Hercules—for what?  
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat.  
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw  
A goose's feather or exhalt a straw;

Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—  
To force up one poor nipperkin of water ,  
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar ,  
To heave a cockle shell upon the shore  
Alike in every theme his pompous art  
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart !

I have referred to Quevedo's attachment to the Catholic religion. It is necessary to dwell upon this fact, for all his writings are influenced by it. He was a Catholic not merely because it was fashionable and convenient for men of his station in Spain at that time to be Catholics—he was so because to him Catholicism was the strongest manifestation of Christianity, and because Christianity, in theory if not in practice, represented to him a revolt against vice, injustice, hypocrisy, cant and deceit. Like many thinking Catholics he added to his religion a system of philosophy, which was in his case the Stoic. The "Life of the Great Rascal" was written by him to achieve two purposes, which were—first, to produce a masterpiece which would put in the shade all previous works of that nature, and secondly, to draw a terrible picture of the absurdity of all vice and rascality. In both objects he succeeded. The age in which he lived was notorious for the numbers of wandering rogues who lived by their wits from day to day, and Mateo Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache* was a popular book. In *El Buscón* or 'The Great Rascal' Quevedo uses all his literary talent and pitiless cynical genius for observation to draw a picture of the rascal at play and at work. Carelessly thrown together the novel gives a masterly picture of the hopeless, unregenerate and unredeemable rogue, in which the reader may see how pathetically silly such a system of life can be. Contrast with virtue is not employed, there is no didacticism and no moralising after each episode, and no digressions, or stories within the main story. There is only a cold, ironical and sarcastic narrative of the wretched sharper's adventures. Quevedo's description of this sort of life would be as sordid and cruel as he deems all such life must be, were it not relieved by the comicality of the whole work. His rascal does not betray a solitary spark of idealism, and has not the geniality of Cervantes' picares. The author makes no conscious effort at artistic unity, escapades and adventures follow one another helter-skelter as they would in reality. The style is made to fit the subject—every form

of literary conceit is employed with every "gongoristic" twist of language; everywhere Quevedo draws upon the immense resources of Spanish to intensify the effect of ridicule; every little linguistic ruse is used to make his "hero" appear absurd. The "Life of the Great Rascal" is regarded by many as the greatest picaresque novel in any language; it is, I think, the inimitable style which makes it such a vital piece of work. Looking at the names in Spanish literature since Quevedo's time it is not possible to point to that of any writer who has given us a work of picaresque fiction worthy of comparison with this masterpiece. Apart from the second of the two objects with which the book was written, there is a further moral lesson which we may deduce from it, and that is, that heredity, environment and fate can be a cause of moral degradation; that nobody reaches the climax of vice at one leap, and that Paul the Great Rascal had his character stamped upon him from birth—even prosperity could not change his nature; if he is a "bad lot" he is so because he suffered from an overdose of original sin, which nothing could cure. Viewed from this angle we may regard the "hero" as a universal character, and the book as a curious study of degraded humanity. We ourselves have a law for dealing with "incorrigible rogues"; and they are to be found everywhere. Strip Quevedo's Paul of his national characteristics, give him a contemporary environment, and his slightly modified counterpart can be found in any English or American city at the present moment; or in any other city. *El Buscón* is the most penetrating study that has appeared in any language of the simple psychology and nature of the really incorrigible rogue; and, apart from the fun that is in it, for that reason alone its appeal is not restricted by frontiers.

The *Visions* have already been mentioned and their purpose described. It only remains to be stated that they are written in a much lighter vein, and without so much of the brutal cynicism of "The Great Rascal." "Picaresque" realism is still used by the author to satirise the vices of mankind generally, but there is a gay sparkle in them which makes them more pleasing reading for many than the history of the wretched Paul. Man likes to see the other fellow subjected to the shafts and ridicule of a talented wit, and if he cannot take the lesson to himself he seldom fails to draw

amusement from it. All satirists cater for this human failing, of which Quevedo takes full advantage in the "Visions," in which he stings his enemies to amuse his friends. In them his satire is more like that of Voltaire than of Swift, but it is more boisterous, and if it is not so all-embracing there is a very good reason. It should never be forgotten in reading these works that the author breathed the limited atmosphere of a suspicious court at a period in a country which had very effective methods for dealing with any individual who indulged in direct criticism of political and religious institutions. Apart from their peculiarly Spanish characteristics the "Visions" do not indicate the same creative power nor the originality of Swift, nor the literary skill or charm of "Candide," nor the penetration of Lucian at his best, nor the very broad good humour of Rabelais. But there is in them a liberal sprinkling of the powers of all these writers, and they have a vigor and wit which entitles them to a high place among the world's great satires. *Los Suenos* and *El Buscón* are to-day printed in Spain and Spanish-American in innumerable cheap editions, one or more of which can be found almost on any bookstall, no greater testimony of their popularity appears to be necessary.

In the "*Hour of All Men*" we see the reflection of another aspect of Quevedo. Here we find a man very learned in contemporary history and politics, mellowed, but still inclined to ridicule and to take tally of men's failings. Many Spanish critics hold this to be the author's best work, from the point of view of style, matter and judgment. It was written when he was fifty-five years of age, and shows greater creative power than his other works. The frequent allusions to contemporary events, and the euphuism which pervades the whole of this work makes it somewhat difficult for the average foreigner to follow without the aid of a text book on Spanish history.

These three works are the best efforts of the Spanish satirist, and it is on them that his reputation mainly rests to-day. His minor works are still reprinted, and also his *Marco Bruto* and *Política de Dios*, but they are not nearly so popular as those I have mentioned.

Of those writers whose names have contributed to the honour and glory of Spanish letters since the first half of the seventeenth century there is perhaps only one—Calderon—

who can take his stand with Francisco de Quevedo ; comparison is difficult, because after all Calderón was a dramatist, and we have not any of Quevedo's dramatic works to work upon—although it is fairly well known that his success in that branch of literature was not great. In summing up his place in Spanish literature I should say that Quevedo was the most versatile writer that Spain has produced ; no other writer has been nearly so successful in so many branches of literature. He was a scholar of very solid worth—one of the greatest of his age. As a prose writer generally he stands in the first rank, although his style is in many cases beyond the patience of the " average reader." As a satirist and comical writer he is by far the greatest figure in Spanish literature : he is unique—and this applies both to his prose and his verse. Any sort of comparison with comical and satirical writers outside of Spain is necessarily difficult ; but Quevedo can safely be given his place with the greatest masters of mirth we know : with Aristophanes, Lucian, Martial, Rabelais, Molière, Grimmelhausen (who was through Moscherosch probably influenced by the Spaniard), Swift, Sterne, and that group of Eastern storytellers responsible for the *Alf Lailah wa Lailah* or " Thousand Nights and One Night." He has been, in the political and social sense, to Spain much more than Thomas Carlyle has been to us : and the literary methods of these two writers are somewhat similar. Both knew that the best way of bringing home some profound truth to their readers is to give it a form whose originality startles. Quevedo often employs the epigram, realising that all great teachers merely paraphrase, make new combinations of the knowledge that is, and crystallise it. The form this process leads to depends very much upon the age in which the literature is made ; but one of the most permanent forms is the pungent epigram, of which many examples are to be found in the works of the Spanish satirist.

It may be of interest to consider what has been written about Quevedo by the two writers in English who have devoted some of their attention to his works—Ticknor the American scholar, and the late James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, whose works are too well known to need any comment. Professor Ticknor (whose work on Spanish literature written about fifty years ago is still, I think, the best all round book on the subject) has thought fit to devote a whole chapter to

Quevedo's works. In his summing up Ticknor writes "His (Quevedo's) genius from time to time rises and reveals itself with great power." His admiration for the Spanish satirist is qualified with the strictures which we might expect, and which indeed are merited. He draws attention to the coarseness and crudity which often sullies otherwise delightful pages. But that same coarseness is common to most of the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—and is not missing from our own: "Hudibras" and "Gulliver's Travels" may be mentioned off-hand. I have not found anything in Quevedo that is worse in this sense than some of the writings of the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's; there appears to be a general tendency among satirists to occasional lapses into a very broad humour, and Quevedo is not broader than Burns, Butler, Dryden, Byron, and many others of our immortals. Whilst on this aspect of the subject I should mention that in Spain itself, and also in Spanish-American countries, the great name of Quevedo has been and is very often unjustly attached to a vile type of publication. I have myself seen in South America works that are quite unfit for reading, blatantly advertised and sold as the productions of the great Spanish comic writer: but Quevedo did not write them. His "Life of the Great Rascal" has been pirated, distorted, plagiarised and printed by so many unworthy persons in so many unworthy forms that a kind of legend has grown to the effect that the author is what the *Tribunal de la Justa Venganza* called him—a "Batchelor of filth." The worst we can say of the *Vida del Buscón* is that it contains several passages which might have been omitted had the author catered for universal approbation. They are coarse, and, according to English and American ideas, in extremely bad taste; but they are exceptional. In this sort of thing, as I have remarked, Quevedo may be found in good company. The point which becomes obvious after a close perusal of a good text is that there is nothing immoral in his works; and nothing which tends to inflame the passions. He simply calls a spade a spade whenever it seems necessary to do so, and in this he follows the practice of writers of all ages in which hypocrisy did not become the governing rule of society.

*Revenons à nos moutons.* The late James Fitzmaurice-Kelly sums up his studies of Quevedo thus "As a satirist and

humourist Quevedo stands in the first rank of Spanish writers ; his other literary work does not count for much." (See his article on Quevedo in the "Encyclopædia Britannica, Eleventh Edition). Two other well-known critics of Spanish literature have mentioned Quevedo : Bouterwek who says, " He may without hesitation be pronounced the most ingenious of all Spanish writers next to Cervantes," and Sismondi who comments, " He is the only man perhaps, whose name deserves to be placed by the side of that of Cervantes."

So much for Quevedo's place in literature ; we may here proceed to consider the English version of his selected works now offered to the reader.

### III

#### NOTE ON THE PRESENT EDITION

Of recent years it has become difficult to obtain an English version of the best of Quevedo's satirical and humorous works which would give satisfaction to discerning readers. Only the Edinburgh edition of 1798 published in three volumes contains " The Visions," " The Life of the Great Rascal " and " The Hour of All Men " ; but this edition, apart from the qualities of the translation, is unsatisfactory. It includes a version of a work called " The Night Adventurer " which we now know was not written by Quevedo but by Gerónimo Salas de Barbadillo (1580-1635) ; the introduction contains some serious errors, including the date of Quevedo's birth ; and the text of the translation itself is not without omissions, errors, and typographical faults. This edition, is, notwithstanding these defects, on the whole the best attempt hitherto made at a collected edition of the Spanish writer's chief works that possess an appeal outside the peninsula. Other English editions of these separate works have appeared\* but are so unsatisfactory that they cannot be seriously considered. The present volume purports to remedy the worst defects of previous editions, and to present to the English public in readable form those works by which the great satirist's name still lives—and will continue to live—in Spain and elsewhere.

\* See Appendix III.

The first attempt at translating Quevedo into English was made by a gentleman who signed himself "R.C.", which some commentators have taken to indicate Richard Crashaw. I do not think it was our mystical poet of that name who died in 1649—it was one Richard Croshawe, as is clear from the dedication in his "Visions." So far as I can gather, the first English version of that work to appear was not printed before 1640. It would not be difficult to make out some sort of a case for the influence of Quevedo's "Visions" on Crashaw's poems—incongruous conceits and fantastic imagery are common to both writers: but I feel inclined to attribute such traits in Crashaw to Italian rather than to Spanish influence. However: in 1640 there appeared a book with the title: "Visions or Hels Kingdome and the Worlds Follies and Abuses strangely displayed by R.C. of the Inner Temple Gent., being the first fruits of a reformed life." This little work contained a very imperfect version of "The possessed Sergeant," "Death and her Dominion," "The Last Judgment," "The Fool Amorous," "The World in its Interior" and "Hell," which we can connect with *Los Sueños* of Quevedo. A French gentleman, Sieur de la Geneste had published at Paris in 1633 *Les Visions de Don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas, traduites de l'Espagnol*, and in spite of grave defects this work became so popular in France that it ran to a score or more of reprints in the same century. I am inclined to believe that while Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704) may have had before him a copy of the Spanish text, it was from the French version by Geneste that the main body of his translation, first published in 1667, was taken. This translation by L'Estrange is the one which has since then formed the basis of every edition of Quevedo's "Visions" in English, and, with certain additions it has been used in the present work—because it is still the best. From its first appearance it found favour with the English public, so much so that by 1710 at least ten editions had appeared; from that time onward it has been often used with few modifications—for example by the editor of the Edinburgh edition, by Thomas Roscoe for the two "Visions" he published in "The Spanish Novelists", and by many others.

Sir Roger L'Estrange (into whose general biography I need not digress) was a popular though not a great translator.



His scholarship was of an indifferent order ; and he thought far more of his public than of the text he translated. But whatever else we may say about him two things are certain : his mind was polemical and he was a master of a facetious and jocular style of familiar writing—qualities which are almost essential to anyone who attempts to translate the “ Visions.” Had L'Estrange known more Spanish (and been less given to interpollations of his own invention) he would have made an ideal translator for this part of Quevedo's works. His idea of translation was that of the age in which he lived, “ to exhibit his author's thought in such a dress of diction as the author would have given it, had his language been English.” I should imagine that L'Estrange's method was to read through his original a few times, “ soaking ” his mind with its general drift and most striking features ; after which he sat down and reproduced in swift-flowing English the general tenor of his author. The result does not read like translation, but like original composition : and therein lies its greatest merit. L'Estrange's version of Quevedo's “ Visions ” (like Pope's “ Homer ” and Dryden's “ Virgil ”) has been a cause of vexation to precisians and of despair to schoolmen—not without very good reasons. But with all the faults which follow his method of translation, it is not only *the best we possess* but contains page after page of lively writing which, if it does not interpret the original literally, has captured the spirit of the Spanish satirist in a way that would be difficult to surpass. There is no insipidity in it ; many of the phrases and equivalents are very happily conceived ; and if some of the translator's words are plain and very much to the point, it will be found that Quevedo himself indulged on occasion in similar fancies. For these reasons I think that L'Estrange's version of the “ Visions ” must always be regarded sympathetically. The most serious defect is the omission of certain passages—when such an omission would leave the reader with a wrong conception of the drift of a “ Vision.” I have, here and there, inserted a passage to remedy such a glaring defect : but I have done so only in a few cases where I considered there was little risk of altering L'Estrange's work out of recognition. It would be a pity, I think, to lose the spirit of his work for the sake of the letter ; and to make L'Estrange's translation follow closely the original text of *Los Sueños* it would need not to be

revised so much as recast, wherein it might lose its life. I have also thought fit to give the "Visions" the titles which we now know with reasonable certainty were given to them by their author. Reference has been made to the many variant readings there are of the original, and to the difficulties in the way of being absolutely certain of the Spanish text. For these reasons it does not seem either desirable or necessary to tamper too much with what is by itself a very commendable piece of work, and is, indeed, a piece of translation which gives an English reader, who is entirely unacquainted with Spanish, a pretty clear idea both of the style and matter of the original author. It may be remarked here that in the case of Quevedo's "Visions" this is a task of no ordinary difficulty—they are notoriously difficult to translate, few foreigners can read them in the original with anything like ease, and no foreigner has yet turned a translation of them into any European language, which is better than that given to us in English by Sir Roger L'Estrange here reprinted with such amendment and modernisation of orthography as the times demand.

An Irishman, Captain John Stevens, became fascinated by the Spanish author's writings, and published in 1697 his first translation from the "The Hour of All Men and Fortune in her Wits." Of John Stevens' life very little is known,\* although he published volume after volume of works on archæology and of translations from the Spanish. He also translated, very badly I think, that delightful Portuguese classic the *Carta de Guia de Casados* by Dom Francisco Manuel de Mello (of which an admirable critical text has recently been published at Lisbon by Dr Edgar Prestage). Steven's knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese was acquired during the three years he passed in the army in the peninsula. It was not profound, and his English is often rather dull and stilted. He translated Quintana's "Hippolito and Araminta," Juan de Mariana's "History of Spain" and published a volume called "The Spanish Libertines" which includes a version of *La Celestina*. His Mariana is a good piece of journeyman's work which reproduces the matter more effectively than the manner of his author, but his *Celestina* is a colourless transcript when compared

\* See Introduction to 'The Journal of John Stevens,' by Robert H. Murray, Litt D (Oxford Clarendon Press, 1913)

with James Mabbe's magnificent rendering.\* Stevens' version of Quevedo and especially of "The Hour of All Men" is by far his best work. The latter is the only part of it he was able to revise for a second edition: broadly speaking it follows the original pretty closely—including the tortuous style—and there are no serious omissions nor any interpolations. It is this translation I have used in the present volume. I have made many minor alterations, whilst leaving the main body of the work as Stevens left it; and, to complete the text I have added a few passages, and inserted the titles of the "Table of Events" as they appeared in the edition printed at Zaragoza in 1650.

The version of *El Buscón*, or as he called it "Paul the Spanish Sharper" published by Stevens in 1709 and revised in 1743 by Pedro Pineda, (a Spaniard who had long resided in England) has been frequently reprinted since then. It appears that a very corrupt and incomplete text of the original must have been used by both men; and I came to the conclusion that nothing short of a *recast* of the whole work, including an entirely new translation of many passages—and indeed chapters—could do anything approaching justice to the original. For the first time, therefore, a complete text of this work is now offered to the English public: and although I have never hesitated to use those parts of the work of Stevens and Pineda which appear felicitous, a comparison will shew that the present version is, with the exception of a few passages, virtually a new translation. No attempt has been made at expurgation; my one aim has been to reproduce the original as faithfully as difference of idiom will permit. Many passages in the original are ambiguous, and others are so full of puns and exaggerated literary conceits as to be quite impossible of translation in a manner satisfactory to a translator or his readers. It is in this work more than any other that Quevedo gave full play to his immense talent in the use of the rich Spanish language: but his carelessness on some occasions and his extreme fastidiousness on others, not to speak of occasional anacoluthon, combine to make "The Great Rascal" one of the most difficult works to translate from Spanish.

\* Published in the "Broadway Series" as "Celestina the Bawd," with an Introduction on *The Spanish picaresque novel*, by H. Warner Allen.

Of the *Miscellanea* I need not say more than that I have made this little selection more with an eye to what lends itself best to translation into English, than because they are the very best things Quevedo wrote. The "Proclamation of Father Time" is a typical example of Quevedesque *Facetiæ*; he wrote many such *Pramáticas*. The other three pieces shew our author as a serio-comic philosopher. I have thought fit to include the verses Quevedo wrote on himself because of the light they throw on his character. The *Cartas del Caballero de la Tenaza* or "Letters of a Tight-fisted Gentleman" would be worthy of a place with the works now published; considerations of space alone have prevented their inclusion. Most of Quevedo's remaining works of a humorous or satirical nature are so national in character as to be impossible of presentation in English in a form that would be easily appreciated by the vast majority of readers in our language. I have added, in Appendix I., a few notes to explain the text, where this appears to be necessary; and the short guide to Quevedo's works, supplied by Appendices II. and III., will no doubt be useful to those readers who wish to explore further a rich storehouse of knowledge.

## IV

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express my gratitude to my friends, Sr. Don Casto Alonso, Sr. Don Rafael de la Cova, Sr. Don Indalecio Prieto and Mr. Rowland Kenney. To Señor Alonso for helping me to elucidate many obscurities in the text of "The Great Rascal"; to Señor de la Cova for checking the translation of a number of passages in the same, and for much general advice and help in regard to other parts of the humorous and satirical works now published; and to Señor Prieto for sending me texts and recent information about a hitherto unpublished letter written by Quevedo—a letter which has helped to clear away doubtful points. Mr. Rowland Kenney has helped me in so many different ways that I find it difficult to express adequately my gratitude;

I feel that whatever merits this work may possess must largely be attributed to his counsel.

The critical edition of Quevedo's works which I have most used is that published in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* (Clásicos Rivadeneyra Madrid), Volumes XXIII. and XLVIII, containing the prose works edited by Don Aureliano Fernandez-Guerra y Orbe; and the verse in Volume LXIX, edited by Don Florencio Janer. These three volumes contain everything that Quevedo wrote (with the exception of a few private letters which recent scholarship has discovered) and, because of the elaborate annotation and variant readings, make the best edition available for the student who wishes to explore his subject thoroughly. I have also consulted the separate editions of *El Buscón* published by Don Americo Castro (*Clásicos Castellanos*, Madrid, 1911); and the *Vida del Buscón* by R. Foulché Delbosc is another valuable critical text of this work. The two volumes of *Los Sueños* in the *Clásicos Castellanos* series (Ediciones *La Lectura*, Madrid, 1916) have also been used for reference purposes; they contain many admirable notes. The *Obras completas* of Quevedo, of which the Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces have published several volumes (Seville 1897-1907) under the editorship of Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, are admirable as far as they go; but I doubt if they can ever supercede the *Rivadeneyra* text of the prose works, which cost Fernandez-Guerra so many years work.

For the first two sections of the Introduction I have consulted (apart from the Spanish sources) the works on Spanish literature by Bouterwek, Sismondi, Ticknor, Fitzmaurice-Kelly: the old biography of Quevedo by Antonio de Tarsia has been very useful; I have also read the *Essai sur le vie et les œuvres de Francisco de Quevedo* by E. Merimée (Paris, 1886)—the most comprehensive study of the Spanish satirist that has hitherto been made by any foreigner. *Spanische Literaturgeschichte* by Rudolphe Beer (Leipzig 1903) and Benedetto Croce's two works *Prima contatti fra Spagna e Italia* and *Ricerche ispano-italiane* with various articles in the *Revue Hispanique* I have also found helpful to provide a background.

I would like to conclude by remarking upon the dearth of reliable information in English about an author whose place in Spanish literature is acknowledged to rank so high.

Apart from Professor Ticknor in his "History of Spanish Literature" (6th edition, Boston, 1888) and Mr. H. E. Watts in the 1892 edition of "Paul the Sharper" (see Appendix III) there appears to have been no writers, English or American, who have thought fit to explore thoroughly, and inform us liberally about the personality and works of one of the most interesting and, indeed, important figures in European literature.

CHARLES DUFF.

LONDON.

*January, 1926.*



I

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF  
THE GREAT RASCAL  
PAUL

AN EXEMPLARY VAGABOND

AND

IDEAL SHARPER





# THE LIFE OF THE GREAT RASCAL

## BOOK THE FIRST

### CHAPTER I

*In which is given an account of birth and country.*

I SIR, am from Segovia my father's name was Clement Paul and he too was a native of the same town—God rest his soul in heaven He was, they all say, a barber by trade although his ideas were so exalted that he took it for an affront to be called anything but a shearer of cheeks and tailor of beards It was said that he came of good stock, and, to judge by his love for the pot, this can easily be believed He was married to Aldonza Saturno de Rebollo, a daughter of Octavio de Rebollo Codillo and a grand-child to Lépido Ziuraconte

The town suspected that she was not of pure old Christian\* blood, but she, putting forward the names of her ancestors, proved her descent from the Roman triumvirate She was comely to look upon, and so renowned that during her life all the rhymsters of Spain made verses on her Many were her tribulations when first she married, and even after, for slanderous tongues declared that my father was content to wear the horns, so long as they were tipped with gold It was proved against him that, while busy with the beards of his customers, a little brother of mine, seven years old, was engaged in rifling their pockets This little angel died of a whipping he received in gaol my father was greatly concerned at his loss, for the lad was a gifted and willing thief He himself, indeed, had been arrested for similar trifling affairs

\* An asterisk indicates that a note will be found in Appendix I (a)

## 4 LIFE OF THE GREAT RASCAL. BOOK I

yet, as I was afterwards told, he came out of prison so honourably, that two hundred cardinals\* accompanied him ; although nobody could call them eminent. Ladies, it is said, rushed to their windows to see him pass ; for my father had always a good appearance, whether on foot or mounted : I do not say this as an empty boast, for, as the world knows, such would be foreign to my nature.

My mother had no such misfortunes. An old strumpet who reared me said to me one day by way of commending her, that she bewitched all she touched ; furthermore, it was whispered that she had an urge from a certain whoremonger to practise her taking arts in public. She had also acquired fame for renewing maidenheads, restoring hairs, and disguising those that were grey. Some called her a contriver of pleasure, and others, a charmer of unsatisfied desires ; or, for an ill name, she was dubbed a bawdy procuress and a bottomless pit for all men's money. To see her sweet smile, when she heard such things spoken on all sides, would only ingratiate her the more to you. I shall not delay to describe her penances. She had a private room into which nobody dared go besides herself (and sometimes I—because of my tender years) ; it was littered with skulls, for these, she said, reminded her of our mortality : though others, out of spite, had it that they were there to put spells on the living. Her bed was decorated with ropes collected from the public hangman, and she would say to me, " What do you think of them, my child ? I show them to those for whom I have a kindness, that they may take heed how they live, and avoid coming to such an end ".

There were great bickerings between my parents as to whose trade I should follow. But I, from the time I was a very small boy, had more gentlemanly aspirations, and would never apply myself to either. My father would say to me, " Son, this business of thieving is no base mechanical trade, but an art—and a liberal one ". Pausing to fetch a sigh, and joining his hands as though in prayer, he would continue, " He who robs not in this world cannot live. Why, think you, do constables and other officers of the law, detest us so ? They hunt us down, flog us, and hang us—long before the day of our salvation. I cannot speak of it without tears !"—and the good old man would sob like an infant, on recalling the many lashings his back had received—" The reason is that

they do not wish other thieves to be setting up in opposition to themselves and their ministers. But a ready wit keeps us free of them all. When I was younger I plied mostly in churches—not from any religious zeal : and long ago I might have been taken off on the ass's back,\* but that I would never tell tales, though they put me on the rack—for I never confess but when our Holy Mother the Church commands us. In this manner, and with my trade, I have made shift to maintain your mother as honourably as I could ”.

“ What ?—you maintain me ! ” she exclaimed in a great rage and vexed to think I would not apply myself to witchcraft—“ It was I who maintained you, Sir : for my industry got you out of gaols, and my money paid for your food while you were in. If you did not confess, was it because of your own spirit, or that from the drinks I brought you ? It was thanks to my boxes of spells. And if it were not that I am afraid of being heard in the street, I would tell the whole story : how I went in by the chimney and got you out by the roof.” Her passion ran so high that she would have said more, had not the string of her beads broke ; beads consisting of the teeth of deceased, whom she had helped along the road to peace.

I declared boldly that I wished to learn virtue, and to persevere in my good resolutions ; and I requested them to put me to school, for, without reading and writing nothing could be achieved. They approved my suggestion, though not without some mutterings. My mother fell to stringing her dead men's grinders, and my father took himself away, as he said, to strip someone—I do not know whether of a beard or a purse ; and they left me alone, giving thanks to Almighty God for having made me the son of parents so clever, and so zealous for my well-being.

## CHAPTER II

### *How I went to school and what happened to me there*

ON the morrow my primer was bought and my schoolmaster engaged. I went, Sir, to school ; and he received me joyfully, telling me I had the looks of a sharp and witty lad. To avoid giving the lie to his judgment I took care to learn my lesson well that morning. My master made me sit beside him and appointed me a monitor, because I came first and went away last ; for I stayed to run errands for the mistress—so we called the good man's wife. And thus I stood well in the good graces of both of them. They began to favour me over much and this made the other boys envious. My main object was to be in the company of gentlemen's sons, and particularly with the son of Don Alonso Coronel de Zúñiga : I used to eat my lunch with him, go to his home every holiday, and wait upon him on other days. The other boys, either because I took no notice of them or because they thought my ambitions ran too high, delighted in calling me nicknames relating to my father's trade. Some called me Mr. Razor, and others Mr. Scrapper. One declared his hatred for me because my mother had suckled his two little sisters a-nights ; another alleged that my father had been commissioned to clear his home of vermin, and called him an old rogue. As I passed on my way some would call out " Cat " \* and others " Pussy " by way of hint at my ancestry. Another would remark, " I threw rotten oranges at his mother when she was in the prison cart ".

Yet praise God my shoulders were broad enough to bear all their abuse ; and though I was often out of countenance I took no notice whatever, till one day a boy had the impudence to call me the son of a fornicating witch. Now as the words were spoken aloud and with emphasis—though I had been glad he whispered them—I picked up a brick and as emphatically broke his head and made off as fast as my legs would carry me to my mother with the whole story. She said

I had done the right thing to demonstrate whose son I was, but asked who on earth could have given the boy such information. When I heard this, my thoughts being always on the higher plane, I observed : " Mother dear, I was told not to take offence at what that boy said, because of his youth " and I asked her to tell me whether there was any truth in his statement, and could I have thrown the lie in his face with a safe conscience, or was I really and truly the son of my own father ? Whereupon she smiled sweetly and answered, " Good gracious lad ! Are you so knowing already ? You'll be no fool when you grow up ! You acted properly in breaking his pate. Whether they be true or otherwise such things ought not to be spoken ". I was greatly shocked at the admission and resolved to pack all my things and leave home. Nevertheless I hesitated, and my father having patched up the boy, and I the quarrel, back I went to school as before. My master received me angrily, till he learnt the cause of the dispute and the strong provocation I had suffered, when he acquitted me honourably.

Don Alonso's son and myself continued to be very great friends during this period. He seemed to have a natural affection for me—I would exchange tops or toys with him if mine were better than his, and I shared my lunch with him and never asked for any in return. I bought him prints, taught him to wrestle, play at leap-frog, and made myself altogether so obliging that the young gentleman's parents (seeing how devoted he was to me) asked me almost daily to dine or sup, and at times to stay the night with him. Now it happened that round about Christmas as we were going to school we met a man called Pontius Aguirre, a well known town-councillor.\* Little Don Diego nudged me saying, " Call him Pontius Pilate and then make off ". To please him I did so. The man was so incensed that he set after me at full speed with a long knife in his hand ; and I arrived only in time to take refuge in my master's house, crying out lustily for help. The man followed shouting, and my master only saved me by promising him to give me a sound flogging. He was as good as his word, till my mistress moved to compassion interceded for me. Every stroke was accompanied with, " Will you ever again call him Pontius Pilate ? " " No, Sir, never " I wailed many times over for each smack. So terrified was I of saying Pontius Pilate that the next day on being ordered,

as was wont, to say the Creed, when asked under whom did the Saviour suffer, I instantly made answer, "And he suffered under Pontius de Aguirre!" On this my master burst into a loud laugh, to think how well I remembered my punishment—indeed so much was he tickled by my simplicity that he promised to cancel my next two whippings. With this decision I was perfectly satisfied.

Twelfth-tide was now approaching, and our master to amuse the boys and make sport, ordered that one of us be King. Twelve that he selected cast lots for this honour; and when it fell upon me I made my father and mother provide me with fine clothes for the part. When the day of celebration came I sallied forth mounted upon a poor miserable old hack that staggered on its knees at every step. The steed's back looked like a saw and his neck like a camel's, only longer; there was only one eye in his head and that blind: all this only shows you the dishonesty of his keeper, who made him suffer penance by cheating him of his provender. Thus mounted I progressed, swinging from side to side like an ugly, jointed doll—with all the other boys running after me, decked out like so many puppets; and soon we came to the market place, of which to this day I shudder to think. We reached a greengrocer's stall (good Lord deliver us from all kinds of stalls!) when my poor half-starved mount seized a cabbage, and this no sooner touched his teeth than it shot down his gullet—from the length of his neck it could not have reached his belly for some considerable time afterwards. The lady in charge of the stall (who was, like most of her type, a shameless hussy) set up a loud cry which attracted the others to her. Amongst them was a pack of rascals who began to pelt me—the King—with a selection of rotten carrots, turnips, and oranges. Appreciating that the enemy's forces were unmounted, and that the battle was to be a vegetarian one, I thought it unfair to use the weight of my horseflesh against them. I was about to alight, but before I could do so a chance shot took my noble charger in the head. On this he reared desperately, but suddenly his strength failed him and down we both came—if you'll pardon my plain speech—into a privy. Think of the state in which I then found myself! By this time my subjects had armed themselves with stones and, attacking the stallkeepers, succeeded in smashing a couple of skulls.

For my part, after that fall into the jakes I was the best armed person in the action. Constables arrived on the scene and, having arrested some of the stallkeepers and boys, searched them for weapons. They took what they found, for some of my side had drawn their ceremonial swords. Then they came to me, and seeing me weaponless (for I had sent mine to be cleaned, along with my hat and cloak) they asked me where they were. I stood there all covered with filth and declared that truly I did bear offensive weapons ; but such as applied only to the nose, as indeed they might see from my condition. I forgot to tell you that when the herb-women began to pelt me with rotten oranges, my hat being adorned with bawdy-looking feathers I imagined they mistook me for my dear mother, whom they had often cockshied in the past ; convinced of this I shouted, " Good women, although I wear such rakish feathers in my hat I am not Aldonza Saturno de Rebollo " as if they could not discover that from my figure and face. The fright I was in at the moment may help to excuse my ignorance, especially considering the mishap which so suddenly had befallen me. The constable was ready to march me off to prison—but fortunately he could not pick upon a clean spot to lay hold of me, so much ordure had I received. After that some went one way and some another ; and I went straight home causing martyrdom to many a nose on the way.

I related all my adventures to my father and mother, but they were so furious at my awful state on arrival home that had they dared to touch me I would have received a beating. I made the best excuses I could, taking care to lay the blame on my charger. Nothing I could say would appease them, so I left the house and went to see my friend Don Diego whom I found in bed with a broken head—his parents had meanwhile decided that he should go no more to that school. He told me that my horse, finding himself hard pressed, had wished to salute his enemies with his heels ; but was so feeble that he put out his hip-joints in the attempt, and now lay expiring in the filth. I decided that as our holiday was spoiled, the mob very angry, my parents in a rage, my friend's head broken and my charger dead, I also would go no more to school nor remain at home ; here I determined to stay and wait upon Don Diego, or at least bear him company. His parents consented to this because of our friendship : so I wrote to



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father and mother informing them that I had no need to attend school any longer ; for though I could not write well, a bad fist would become me, as I intended to be a gentleman ; from that moment I should give up all ideas of school and save them expense on that head. I informed them where and how I was—and that they would see no more of me till they gave me a special permission to do so.

### CHAPTER III

#### *How I went to a boarding school as lackey to Don Diego Coronel*

IN order to wean him from the luxury of home and to relieve himself of his care, Don Alonzo determined to send his son to a boarding school. He knew of a graduate\* in Segovia, named Cabra, whose business it was to educate the sons of gentry; accordingly he sent his boy there, with me to wait upon him. It was the first Sunday after Lent that we entered into that house of famine—the penury of it beggars description. The master himself was a fly-blown skeleton, lanky and red-haired: no more need be said to those who know the proverb, “Neither cat nor dog of that colour is any good”. His eyes were deep-sunk in his head, as if seen at the wrong end of a perspective glass or in the background of a linen draper’s shop window; his nose turned up and was somewhat flat, the bridge being almost carried away by rheum. The pox he never had, for that luxury would cost too much. His beard had lost its colour from fear of his mouth, which being so near seemed to threaten to eat its neighbour from sheer hunger; his teeth had many of them departed from want of employment; his neck was as long as a crane’s, with a gullet sticking out so far that it seemed, as if compelled by necessity, to start out for sustenance; his arms were withered; his hands resembled a bundle of twigs, each hanging downwards and looking like a fork or a pair of compasses with long slender legs. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard was shaggy—to save soap and razor he never shaved. Besides, it was odious, he said, to feel the barber’s hands all over his face, and he would rather die than endure it: so he permitted one of the boys to perform this office. In fair weather he wore a cap—gnawed threadbare by cats, an inch thick in grease and dirt, made of a material that was once cloth, and lined with scurf and dandruff. His cassock they used to say was really marvellous: for no man knew what its colour was. Some seeing no hair on it concluded it was made of

frogs' skins ; others that it was an optical illusion—for near at hand it looked blackish and at a distance it appeared blueish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or belt ; so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like Death's own messenger. Each shoe might have served for a stout man's coffin. As for his living room, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice for fear they should gnawsome scraps of hoarded bread. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side from fear of wearing out the sheets. In short, he was the personification of avarice and the very quintessence of wretchedness.

Into this prodigy's hands, then, I fell—to live under him with Don Diego. On the night we arrived he showed us our room and made us a short speech—short so that he might not waste even time. He told us what we were to do ; and the next morning we busied ourselves doing it till dinner was ready. We went in to it in our turn, for the masters dined first and we servants waited. The dining-room was about as big as a band-box—five gentlemen ate in it at one table. I looked about for the cats and seeing none asked an old stager of a servant (whose leanness stamped boarding-school upon him) how it came they had none ? He began snivelling and said, " Cats ? Who told you that cats are fond of starvation and penances ? Ah, your fat ribs show you are a new comer ! " This made me sorrowful enough : but I was worse scared when I realised that all those who had arrived there before us looked like so many pictures of Death. Master Cabra sat down and discharged grace, after which a meal which had neither beginning nor end was eaten. They brought broth in wooden dishes, but it was so clear that in eating it one risked the fate of Narcissus at the fountain. I observed how eagerly they all dived after the orphaned and isolated pea to be found in every plate. Each sip he gave Cabra cried, " My word, there's nothing like stew ! " Say what they will, all the rest is mere gluttony and extravagance ", and pushing away his bowl he would add, as he broke wind, " Aha, that's good for the health and sharpens the wits ".

" A curse on you and your wits," thought I, and at the same moment I caught sight of a servant of ghostly appearance bringing in a dish of meat which looked as if he had picked it off his own bones. On it was one adventurous turnip, at

sight of which our master exclaimed, "What! Turnips? No partridge is in my opinion to compare with them. Eat heartily, boys, for I love to see you eat". He gave every one such a minute piece of mutton that it stuck to nails and teeth, not a shred of it ever reaching their stomachs. Looking on, Cabra repeated, "Eat heartily, for it gives me great pleasure to see what good appetites you have". (Just think, Sir, what a comfort this was to us, gasping from hunger!) When dinner was over, as there remained some scraps of bread and a few odds and ends of skin and bones on the table, the master said, "This must be left for the servants; they too must dine as well as we—we don't want all of it".

"Perdition seize you and what you have eaten, you wretch", thought I. "What a fine state you have thrown my stomach into!" He next rendered thanks, saying, "Now then let us make way for the servants, and you boys be off and exercise until two o'clock lest your meal prove too heavy for you". I could no longer refrain from laughing aloud for my life, on which he grew very angry and bade me conduct myself like a modest youth, driving the admonition home with a few mouldy old saws; after that he took himself off.

We sat down to contemplate this mournful business, I with an inside roaring for justice. As a newcomer with more strength than the rest I seized upon two scraps of bread and bolted them down, together with a morsel of skin. The others began to murmur, for they were too feeble to speak up. On this in came Cabra once more observing, "Come, come! You must eat peacefully together like brothers, since God provides the wherewithal. No need for you to quarrel over it; there's an abundance for all".

Now, Sir, I solemnly declare there was one lad—a Biscayner named Surre—who had so completely forgotten the way to his mouth that on two occasions he put a small piece of crust that was given to him, into his eye; and even on a third attempt to eat it he had not the luck to hit upon the right road. I asked for a drink—the rest who had hardly broken fast never thought of such a thing—and they gave me a dish with some water. I no sooner put it to my lips than the enervated boy (mentioned above) snatched it away as if I were a communion lavatory. I rose from the table grieved, perceiving that I was in a house where they drank to a good appetite, but would not permit it to be appeased.

Wishing then to relieve nature (although there was no immediate stress for it) I asked an old hand to show me the place. He replied, "I really don't know where it is—there isn't one here. On the one occasion that you're likely to require it, you'll have to manage as best you can. I've been two months here myself, and I only had that inclination the day I arrived, as you do now, because I had eaten supper the previous night at home". How can I express my grief and concern? It was such that although I had eaten but very little, I dared not evacuate what was inside me, however much I might wish to do so.

Thus we continued till nightfall. Don Diego asked me how he was to persuade himself that he had dined—his stomach could not be forced to admit satisfaction. The house, in short, was full of dizzy heads of disgusted beings.

Supper came, for afternoon meals were a blank. It was even lighter than the dinner, and consisted of a little roast goat instead of mutton; devil himself could never have contrived a worse. Our master remarked, "It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light suppers, that the stomach may not be overburdened", and then he went on to quote some hellish physician. He extolled spare diet, affirming that it prevented uneasy dreams: though he knew that in his house it was impossible to dream of anything but food. We supped: in reality none of us supped. When we went to bed neither Don Diego nor I could sleep a wink, for he lay awake turning over in his mind how to approach his father to take him away, and I advising him the best way to set about it. At last I said to him, "Are you quite sure, Sir, that we are still alive? To tell the truth I have a strong fancy that we were slain in the battle with the stallkeepers, and are now souls in purgatory; in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your father's fetching us away—unless, of course, he has our souls prayed out of this state of punishment by mass at a privileged altar".

Having spent the night in this sort of discourse we got a little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise. Six o'clock struck, Cabra called us, and we all went to our lessons. But when I began to dress, my shoulders and flanks hung loose in my doublet, my legs had shrivelled to nothing, and my teeth were fur-clad in the yellow garments of despair. Such was my hunger, in fact, that when I was asked to give the

nominative of some nouns I made my breakfast by eating half of the words. It is not difficult to believe this after what Cabra's servant told me : that when he first arrived there he saw two great dray-horses brought to the house, and two days later they had become so light that they went out racers ; that he had seen heavy mastiffs come in and in less than three hours go out whippets , that one Lent he noticed a crowd of people, some thrusting their heads, others their feet, others their whole bodies into the porch. This went on for so long a time, many coming from afar to do it, that one day Cabra in a rage asked what it all meant ; whereupon one of the crowd replied that some were troubled with the itch, others with chilblains, all which distempers disappeared as soon as they came within that house : for not even disease could thrive in it. The servant swore this was true, and I knowing the house believe it—although I am conscious that I shall be accused of drawing the long bow.

But to return to the school. He set us our lesson, and we duly learned it. We continued this sort of life, with the exception that our master added bacon to his stew—because when out walking one fine day somebody advised him to do so. For this purpose he provided a small tin box, full of holes like a pepper canister, which he opened and put in sufficient bacon to fill it ; then shutting tight the box he would hang it with a string in the pot, that some flavour might ooze through the holes whilst preserving the bacon intact for the next day. Afterwards he decided that the expense of this was too great, and from then onwards he only dipped the bacon into the pot. From this class of diet and usage you can picture to yourself the life we led. Don Diego and myself were in such a miserable condition (since we could obtain no alimentary relief) that we contrived at last not to rise so early in the morning. We therefore pretended we were sick, not feverish, because that fraud we thought could easily be detected ; and headache or toothache were not sufficiently serious to help us. Finally we said we had the gripes from three day's constipation, knowing all the time that our master would not spend a farthing to cure us. The old fiend ordered worse than we expected : for he possessed an ancient nostrum which had descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was an apothecary. He diagnosed our ailment, prepared a dose of this stuff, and, sending for a seventy-year-old aunt of his to

act as nurse, ordered her to give each of us—backwards—a liberal helping. She began on Don Diego. The poor wretch doubled up with the attempt, and the half-blind, shaking, old strumpet instead of causing it to flow in the proper place, allowed it to run between his shirt and his back—as far as the nape of his neck : and that which should have served for a lining within, became an ornament outside. The boy shrieked at the operation ; in came Cabra, and seeing what had happened declared that I should be served next—they could return later to Don Diego. By this time I was dressing myself, but to no purpose : Cabra and the others held me whilst the old woman administered the dose ; and I to requite this kindness returned it full in her face. Cabra was raging with me, and said he would turn me out of his house ; he clearly realised that our illness was nothing but a swindle. I had no such luck. We complained to Don Alonzo, but Cabra persuaded him that we had acted out of sheer mischief and would not mind our studies. Our hopes and entreaties came to nothing ; our master engaged the old woman as housekeeper to dress the food and look after the boarders ; and dismissed his manservant because he spied some crumbs on his coat one Friday morning.

God alone knows how we were plagued with this old hag. She was too deaf to hear anything, though she understood signs in spite of being half blind. She used to pray incessantly until one day the string of her beads broke over the stew as it was boiling. On that occasion she placed before us a very sanctified meal. Some of the boys exclaimed, “ *Black* peas ? From Ethiopia ? ” Others cried, “ What ? Peas in mourning ? Who can have passed away ? ” Our master happened to bite on one of them, and it pleased God to break one of his teeth. On Fridays the old jade would dish us up some eggs—so full of her reverend greyhairs that they appeared no less venerable than herself. It was a common practice for her to dip the shovel, instead of the ladle, into the pot ; and to serve up porringers of broth containing coals, nits, chips of wood, and the heads of flax she spun : all was thrown in to fill and swell our bellies.

In this fashion we continued till Lent following, at the beginning of which one of our companions fell ill. To save expense, Cabra delayed sending for a doctor till the patient, almost at his last gasp, was asking for a confessor. Then he

called in a quack, who on feeling the boy's pulse said that hunger had forstalled murder on this occasion. The Sacrament was given, and when the poor lad saw that the end was very near, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, had you not come to me just now, I was convinced that this establishment is hell itself". Everyone in the place was terror-stricken on hearing this: nevertheless the wretched boy died, and they buried him cheaply—for he was a stranger thereabouts.

The dismal story spread about the town, and came at last to Don Alonzo Coronel's ears; and he, having only one son, began to appreciate Cabra's cruelty and to give credence to the words of two mere shadows—for we were no better by that time. Arriving to take us from the boarding-school he asked to see us: though we stood there before his eyes. After a time he succeeded in perceiving us with some difficulty, and realising that we were in a deplorable condition he gave our pinch-gut master some hard words.

We were carried away in two arm-chairs, taking leave of our famished companions; these followed us with their eyes and wishes, sorrowing like the slaves at Algiers who are left behind in their misery when their companions are saved by ransom.



## CHAPTER IV

### *Of our convalescence and our departure for Alcala de Henares to study there*

WE came to Don Alonzo's house where they laid us gently upon two beds, for fear of displacing our bare hunger-shorn bones. With magnifying glasses they began to search all about our faces for our eyes, and were a long time before they discovered mine, which were the more affected because of the harder tasks that fell to my menial position. Doctors were called in who ordered that the dust be wiped from our mouths with the brush of a fox (as though we were valuable works of art—and we looked like pictures of Death) and that we should be nourished back to life with good light broths. Who can conceive the inward joy we felt when we tasted the first good soup, and afterwards when we came to eat fowl? These things were unknown novelties to us. The doctors prescribed that for nine days nobody should talk in our room, because our stomachs being so empty the least word would echo in them. These and other precautions tended in some measure to revive us, but our jaws were so shrunk and shrivelled that there was no getting them to work immediately and so care was taken that every day they should be prised open a little, with the handle of a kitchen pestle.

In a few days we stood up to try our limbs, but we still looked so lean and pale and shadowy that we could pass for descendents of the fathers in the desert. We spent the whole day praising the Almighty for having delivered us out of the hands of that most inhuman Cabra, and we prayed that no Christian might ever fall into his cruel clutches. If we happened ever to think of our wretched fare at school, the mere recollection of it would make us eat so much that on the very same day we visibly put on flesh. We related to Don Alonzo how Cabra, on sitting down to the table, would preach against gluttony, though he never knew what it was in his life and the good man laughed heartily when we informed him that, as regards the commandment, "*Thou shalt not kill*",

Cabra applied it to partridges, turkeys, and indeed to everything of which he wished to deprive us, hunger included : he accounted it a deadly sin either to create or to kill this last.

At the end of three months Don Alonzo began to think of sending his son to Alcalá, to finish his education. He asked me if I would like to go ; and I, longing to leave the vicinity of that torturer of stomachs, promised to serve his son—as you shall see later. He then appointed a sort of steward to keep an account of the boy's expenses, which he was to meet by bills drawn upon a man named Julian Merluza.

We now dispatched our effects in a cart belonging to one Diego Monje : there was a small bed for our master, and a truckle bed to run under it for myself and the steward, whose name was Aranda ; in addition there were five quilts, eight pillows, four bed-curtains, a trunk of linen, and other household furniture. We ourselves took a coach in the evening, an hour before nightfall ; and towards midnight we reached yon ever-accursed inn at Viveros. The inn-keeper was a Moor—and a shark : never in my life have I seen dog and cat so peaceable as on that day. He received us graciously ; for he and the carters would share all he could squeeze out of us—we travelled so slowly that the latter had arrived first. Hastening to the door of the coach and assisting me to alight he asked was I going to the University. I told him I was. He showed me into the house where there were two ruffians with some wenches, beside whom a priest was saying his prayers, a miserly old shopman trying to go without supper, and two ne'er-do-well students plotting how to fill their bellies without paying. My master came in last and being but a boy said, " I say, Landlord, prepare whatever you have in the house for me and my two servants ".

" We are all your servants, and will wait upon you ", said one of those rogues, " Now then, Landlord, do you hear ? Bring in all you've got in the larder and this gentleman will foot the bill ". Another stepped up to Don Diego and, helping him to remove his cloak, laid it aside saying, " Kindly take a seat, Sir, and rest yourself " ; all of which so inflated me with vanity that I thought the inn belonged to me. One of the bawds remarked, " What a fine figure of a gentleman ! Is he on his way to the University ? Are you his servant, Sir ? " Thinking they were honest I answered that I and the other were his servants. They asked me his name and it was

scarcely out of my mouth before one of the students went up to him almost weeping, and embracing him tenderly, cried, " Ah, dear Don Diego ! Who would have told me ten years ago that I should run across you like this ! Alas, I am now in such a state that you will not know me ".

My master and I, both taken aback, swore we had never seen the fellow in our lives before. The student's companion, who meanwhile never ceased from staring Don Diego fixedly in the face, said to his friend, " Is this the gentleman of whose father you have spoken to me so often ? How very fortunate we are to meet him ! How tall he has grown, God bless him ! " and crossing himself he seemed to be overjoyed. Who could believe but that we had in fact been brought up together !

Don Diego paid him many compliments, and just as he was asking his name out came the inn-keeper and laid the cloth. Hearing the conversation that worthy said, " Leave over, now, and talk of it after supper ; otherwise the food will be cold " ; whereupon one of the ruffians placed seats around the table and an arm-chair for Don Diego, while another carried in a dish. The students told my master to eat, and said they would wait upon him and prepare whatever the house afforded. " God forbid, Sir ", replied Don Diego, " you will please take your seats ". Although he was not addressing them, the other scoundrels who were there answered " Presently good Sir, everything is not yet ready ". On seeing this extreme readiness of invitations and acceptances on all sides, my heart was in my mouth and I foresaw what came to pass. The students laid hold of the salad, a good dishfull, and looking at my master said, " It would be very unfair if these ladies went supperless when a gentleman of such quality is present ; I beg of you, Sir, give them permission to eat a morsel ". Like a true gallant my master invited 'all to partake. They sat down, and between them and the students there was soon only the end of a lettuce left of the whole salad for Don Diego himself. As that accursed student was passing it to him he observed, " You had a grandfather, Sir, an uncle of my father, who bore such a strange disposition that he would swoon at the mere sight of a lettuce ! " As he finished speaking he bolted a roll of bread and his companion followed his example. At the same time the damsels were making short work of a loaf ; while the poor priest devoured more

than all the others with his eyes. The rogues then sat down to a halfside of roast kid, a couple of gammon steaks and two boiled pigeons, remarking to the priest, "Well, father, what makes you stand aloof? Come, draw up and help yourself, this splendid Don Diego extends hospitality to all." On these words he too sat down and my master finding he had collected a considerable party began to betray some concern. They divided amongst themselves and the priest all that was going, giving my poor master only a few bones to pick, with the remark, "Be very careful, Sir, not to eat too much lest it should disagree with you", the rascally student adding, "Besides, Sir, you must begin to curb your appetite in view of the strict life you are about to lead at Alcalá."

All this time the other servant and myself were offering hearty prayers that Heaven would put it into their hearts to leave us something, but alas, when they had devoured every scrap (and the priest was re-picking the bones the others had left) one of the ruffians turned about and said, "God bless my soul! We have left nothing for the servants! Draw near, good fellows, and you, Landlord, give them what you have. Here is some money to pay for it." At that moment my master's pretended kinsman—I mean the student—jumped to his feet saying, "You'll pardon me, Sir, but I must say you know little of decorum and nothing whatever of my cousin. He is quite willing to provide for his own servants and for ours too, for that matter, if we had any."

"Please do not be angry, Sir", the other replied, "we did not realize that before."

When I heard this piece of dissimulation I cursed the vile student in my heart but the evil was done, the cloth removed, and by that time they were all advising Don Diego to go to bed. He would have paid for the supper then and there, but they assured him there would be opportunity enough in the morning. They remained for a short time chatting together and my master asked the student his name the latter answered Don something or other Coronel—may the scoundrel burn in hell wherever he be!

Seeing that the miserly looking shopman had fallen asleep he said, "Would you care to have a laugh, Sir? Let us play a trick on this old man, who, rolling in wealth is so mean that he has only eaten a pear on the road." The other rascals cried, "Bravo, master Graduate—go on—it is all right".

Thus encouraged he approached the sleeping old fellow ; and having slipped a wallet from under his feet, untied it and took out a box—all the company flocking round as if it had been a prize of war. He opened it and found it full of sweets, all of which he took out and put in their place stones, chips of wood, and any rubbish he could lay his hand on. He then eased himself over this and on top of all he placed about a dozen pieces of glittering limestone.

When this was all nicely arranged he shut the box and said, " I have not quite finished yet ; there's still his leathern bottle ". From this he poured all the wine and then, having stuffed it with tow and wool from the cushions of our coach, he replaced the stopper. The villainous student put all into the wallet and added a great stone to the hood of the old man's travelling coat. Then he and his companions went to bed.

When it was time to set out, all the company got up ; but still the old man slept on. At last they called him, but he was not able to rise because of the heavy stone in his hood. He looked to see what it was ; and the inn-keeper pretending to fly into a passion exclaimed, " Heavens above, man, could you find nothing else to rob but this stone ? A fine affair, Gentlemen, if I had not discovered it ! I value it above a hundred crowns : it is a talisman against pain in the stomach ". The old man vowed and swore that he had not placed it in his hood. The other ruffians by this time were reckoning up the bill, which came to six crowns—though the best mathematician\* in all Spain could not have made it up to that sum. No sooner was the amount of it paid over than the students were anxious to know if there was anything they could do for us in Alcalá. We ate a light breakfast and the old man took up his wallet to take a sweet from it ; but for fear we should see its contents, and perhaps expect him to share them with us, he untied it in the dark under his great-coat ; laying hold of a well daubed piece of limestone he clapped it in his mouth and attempted to crunch it so hastily that he all but broke his tooth and a half on it. With the pain and nausea of this he began spitting and pulling faces. We drew near and the priest asked him what was the matter. He only invoked the devil, throwing down the " sweets " ; on which the student cried out, "*Get thee behind me, Satan !* See, here is the cross ". The priest opened his breviary and

would have it that the man was cracked ; and the man admitting that he was, begged for a little wine to rinse his mouth. We handed him his bottle and, when he held it to a small bowl, out came only a few drops of filthy wine so mixed with tow and wool that there was no drinking or enduring it. Then he really began to lose all patience : but seeing the company convulsed with laughter he decided to remain calm ; so he took his place in the waggon with the rogues and the " ladies ". The priest and the students mounted their asses and we went to our coach. We had scarcely started out before they all began roaring with laughter at us, and the trick they had played upon us. The inn-keeper too joined in saying, " Ha, ha, master novice, a few more adventures such as this wil' teach you wisdom ". And the damned student said, " Cousin or mine, next time you must scratch when it itches and not afterwards ". And another of them cried, " May you catch the itch, Señor Don Diego ! " We thought it best to pay no attention whatever : though Heaven knows we were thoroughly conscious of our humiliation.

These and many other incidents brought us to the city, where, putting in to a hotel, we spent the whole of that day (for we had arrived at dawn) auditing the account of the previous night's supper : but we never succeeded in making either head or tail of that extraordinary score.

## CHAPTER V

### *Of our debut in Alcalá, and the tricks played upon me as a novice there*

SHORTLY before nightfall we left our hotel for the lodging that had been rented for us outside St. James's Gate ; this was inside an enclosure well patronized by students, although there were only three families in our part. The owner and landlord was one of those sort, who, out of courtesy profess a belief in the Deity but are profane at heart ; they are called Moriscos and are common thereabouts, not to mention shoals of Jews with long noses that cannot suffer even an odour of bacon. By this I do not mean to cast a reproach on the many people of quality who also happen to frequent the neighbourhood.

\*The landlord received me with more solemn face than if I had been the Holy Sacrament ; and I do not know whether he made this beginning to impress us with his dignity, or whether it was the brute's nature : when a man is destitute of principle it is not extraordinary for him to be ill-natured. We brought in our belongings, made the beds, and slept all night. On rising next morning all the students came running to us in their shirts to demand " entrance-money " from my master. He asked me what this meant, but, fearing the consequences of answering the question, I hid myself under the bed-clothes and showed only half a head, like a tortoise. They demanded a couple of crowns and having received them they set up an infernal cry of, " Long life to our new comrade ! Let him be admitted a member of our fellowship ! He shall have all the privileges of an old stager !—let him have the itch, and be as greasy and hungry as we are ! " After that (just think of those privileges, Sir !) they tumbled down the stairs together ; and we put on our clothes and set out in the direction of the schools. Directed by some collegians—friends of his father—my master found his place and took it ; but I, having to go elsewhere, began to quake from nervousness. I had hardly reached the quadrangle before all the bystanders

turned on me crying, " Novice ! " Thinking to get out of an awkward predicament I began to laugh as if I did not mind them in the least ; but this trick would not work, for eight or nine of them grinned in my face, poking fun at me. I blushed (would to God I had refrained) and one of the lads close to me held his nose, remarking, " Surely this can't be Lazarus raised from the dead—he stinks so ! " With this they all held their noses, and I, thinking to make a clever escape, agreed saying, " You are quite right, Gentlemen, the stench is exceedingly bad ". They burst into laughter, and moving away, assembled about a hundred strong, hawking and crowing so that I could see by the forced coughing and movements of their mouths that they were preparing a volley of phlegm. A great coarse lout of a boy, a victim of catarrh, shot an appalling throatful at me, saying, " That, from me ". Perceiving that all hope of salvation was now lost I cried, " I swear before God that . . ." and would have finished my speech but was overwhelmed by the deluge that followed, and for the moment lost my wits.

I had covered my face with my cloak, providing thus so good a target that all the others let fly at me ; doubtless it would be worth seeing how they took aim. By the time I was smothered from head to foot an artful one came forward, and, by way of pretence that I had had enough, cried angrily, " Stop ! You must not murder him ". Thinking it was all ended now, I uncovered my face ; but at that very instant the villain who had appeared to be my friend, shot a gob at me with deadly aim, hitting me right between the eyes. Picture to yourself my anguish ! The hellish crowd raised such a shout at my extreme torment that it quite astounded me : and I concluded from their behaviour towards myself that they took advantage of the arrival of novices to discharge their humours on these, and so save the expense of doctor's and apothecaries. After this they would have necked me like a rabbit ; but there was no touching me without collecting some of their filth, which had turned my black coat a greasy grey. So they left me, for all the world like an old man's spitting-sheet.

I made towards home, though I scarce knew the way. Luckily it was forenoon, for I met only two or three well-disposed youths who were perfectly content with slinging five or six dirty clouts at me ; after which they went about



their business. I entered the house, where my Moorish landlord guffawed at my appearance and made as if he too would spit upon me ; fearing this I cried, " Stop, Landlord ! I am no image of Christ ! " I wish I had not said this, for he pounded me with some weights he had in his hand. Encouraged and feeling myself half revenged by my sharp remark, I went upstairs to search for a spot where I could lay hold of my cassock or cloak. With great difficulty I undressed, hung my clothes in a gallery, and lay down upon my bed.

My master arrived to find me asleep, and in ignorance of my loathsome adventure fell into a passion ; seizing me by the hair of the head he would soon have left me prematurely bald had I not waked. I stood up, crying and complaining, while he still more angry, continued, " Is this the kind of service I am to expect from you, Paul ? Clearly I shall have to teach you a new mode of life ! " When I heard mention a new mode of life I felt that I had already been dead, and answered, " Sir, you are a great comfort to me in my hardships : look at the condition of that cloak and cassock, which have served as handkerchiefs to the most spacious weasands ever seen in Holy Week ", and I began to weep. He believed me. And then when he saw the cassock he took pity on me, saying, " Paul, my lad, you must look out for yourself and remember that your father and mother are not here to take your part ". I related what had happened and he ordered me to undress and go to my room, which I shared with four servants of the other lodgers in the house. I went to bed and fell fast asleep ; and after that and a good dinner and supper I was as well as if nothing whatever had happened. But when a mishap arrives it is followed by a series of others linked up together, one leading on to the next. Those other servants came upstairs to rest, and, having bid me the time of day, asked me why I was so early in bed and whether I was ill. I told them the whole affair, and immediately they began to bless themselves in all innocence, saying, " Why, this would not be tolerated amongst heathens ! Did you ever hear of such wickedness ! " and another cried, " The Rector is to blame, for not taking care to prevent it. Would you recognize them ? " I answered that I should not, and thanked them for the kindness they seemed to show me. This sort of discourse went on till they had undressed, got into bed, and

put out the candle , and then I fell asleep as though I were in the bosom of my own family

It must have been about midnight when one of them woke me with a piercing yell of " Help ! Murder ! Thieves ! " At the same time there was a noise in his bed of talking and of a whip lashing I raised my head and asked what it was all about, but had no sooner shown myself than they laid about me with a great cat-o'-nine-tails I protested and would have got up The other fellow shouted as much as I—but they were only thrashing me I roared, " God's justice be upon you for this ! " while the strokes fell so thickly (I had been stripped bare) that there was no escaping but by crawling under the bed This I did, and the other three, who up till that moment were asleep, immediately began shrieking, " This is iniquitous and unbearable ! " I still remained under my bed, velping like a dog pinched in a doorway and so doubled up that I looked like a greyhound with a spasm The others made as if to shut the door, so I crept out, climbed into bed again, and asked whether anyone had been hurt they all complained bitterly I lay down, covered myself, and soon dozed off again, when, happening to tumble about in my dreams I awoke to find myself defiled up to the very hair of my head The others all got up, but I pleaded the flogging as an excuse not to dress—devils could not make me move from one side

I was full of embarrassment, wondering the while whether the fright and the disturbance had caused me to befoul myself , or whether I had done it in my sleep So I felt both innocent and guilty, but did not know how to make my excuses My companions came over to me, grumbling, and asked naively how it had occurred I replied that I was very ill as I had been cruelly whipped, and asked of them what could be the explanation of it all , to which they replied, " We will make whoever is responsible answer for it , our know-all will inform us of his identity but apart from that let us see if you are badly injured, for you were complaining sorely a moment ago " Saying this they went to take off the bedclothes to uncover me, but by this time my master came in, shouting " Shall I ever make anything of you, Paul ? It is eight o'clock and you are still in bed ! Get up immediately, you shameless scoundrel " In order to make the greater fool of me the villains told Don Diego the whole story, and, begging

him to let me rest, one of them added, " If you do not believe me, Sir, our friend himself will show you ", whereupon he caught hold of the bedclothes. I held fast with hands and teeth lest they discover the turd, and realizing that that way would not succeed one of them cried, " Heaven preserve us ! What a stink there is ! " Don Diego agreed, for in fact there was, and they all began to search about the room to see if there was a chamber-pot, declaring that it was intolerable. One of them added, " This is a nice sort of study for us ". They looked at the beds, and moved them all to see underneath, and then said, " No doubt there is something under Paul's bed. Let us lift him across into one of ours' so that we may look there ". Realizing that there was no avoiding this, and that they were on the point of laying hands on me, I pretended to have a fit and laid about me on all sides, making faces. Knowing all about the mystery they held me the faster, crying, " Poor fellow ! " Don Diego took hold of my middle finger (for this is accounted a good cure for fits) and at length with the help of all five I was lifted up ; and when they exposed the sheets, which were not merely tainted but daubed all over with filth, they burst into such a roar of laughter that the room reverberated with it.

" Poor boy ", cried the impudent blackguards, I feigning to be in a dead swoon, " Pull hard, Sir, on that middle finger " ; and my master thinking to do me good tugged away till he had it out of joint. The others proposed a tourniquet for my muscles to bring me round, saying, " Alas, poor lad. No doubt the motion took place as the fit came upon him ". How can I explain the agony I was in, what with shame and my disjointed finger and the dread of being garrotted ! At last, fearing they would really apply this (for they had already slipped the cords about my thighs) I made as if I came to myself, but not before the miscreants twisted the cords so tight that they sunk an inch into my leg. After that they left off, remarking to me, " Just fancy how tender you are ! " I wept from sheer annoyance but they passed it off, saying " Hold your tongue. Your filthy condition is of far less importance than your health ". Then they washed me, laid me on the bed again, and went away.

Left alone I lay there and decided that what I had endured in one day at Alcalá was worse than all I had suffered under Cabra. At mid-day I dressed, cleaned my cassock as

best I could (washing it like an old clout) and waited for my master, who, when he arrived, asked how I fared. The household went into dinner and I joined them, though I ate very little for my appetite was weak at that moment, afterwards we all met to chat in the corridor. When the other servants had finished twitting me they explained the trick they had played, and laughed heartily. I was more than ever out of countenance and said to myself, "Paul, you must be careful to be on your guard after this."

Having resolved to lead a new life I therefore made friends of them all, and from that day onwards the entire household lived like brothers together. What is more, nobody annoyed me at the schools or in the quadrangles.

## CHAPTER VI

### *Of the housekeeper's wickedness and the pranks I played.*

"WHEN at Rome, do as the Romans do", says the proverb—and rightly. I took it so much to heart that eventually I resolved to be a rogue among rogues, and to beat them at their own game, if possible. Whether I succeeded I do not know, but rest assured, Sir, that I made every conceivable effort. The first decision I reached was to impose the death penalty on any pigs that might wander into our house, and also on any of our housekeeper's chickens that might stray from the yard into our room. It happened one day that two hogs, in the finest condition I ever saw, came in; I was for the moment amusing myself with other servants, and hearing the grunts, said to a companion, "Run and see who it is that grunts in our house". He went and brought word that the culprits were a couple of porkers. No sooner had I heard this that I went out in a temper remarking that it was a piece of great impudence on their part to grunt in other people's houses: and so saying I slit both their throats with my sword, and when the door had been shut we cut off their heads. To prevent their squeals being heard we roared in chorus together as loudly as possible, as if in song; and the two pigs gave up the ghost in our arms. We gutted them, saved the blood, and singed them by burning our straw mattresses in the yard; so that when our masters arrived the task was finished, though indifferently, since the puddings had not been made: not that we did not hurry, for to save time we left behind in the guts half of their natural contents. Don Diego and our steward, hearing of what had happened, flew into such a passion with me that although the other lodgers were ready to collapse with laughter they took my part. My master asked me what I could say for myself if I were charged and taken to court for it. I answered I would plead hunger—the haven of refuge for all students; and if that was not enough I would say, "Seeing the pigs enter the house without knocking, as if it were their own, I took it that they belonged to us". They laughed at my pleas and Don Diego said, "Upon my honour,


Paul, you are beginning to know your business " It was worth noticing the difference between my master and myself, he so sober and religious, and I so villainous, so that the virtue of one served as a contrast to the vice of the other.

Our old housekeeper was delighted, for, playing our parts, we conspired against the larder. I became caterer (of the Judas type) and ever afterwards had an inclination for thieving. The meat did not retain its correct proportions in the old jade's keeping, for it was ever fading away. When she could obtain ewe or goat she would never serve mutton, if there were bones they were short of flesh, and her broth was so clear that solidified it might have passed for crystal. Now and then by way of change, so that the soup might be more substantial, she threw in a few candle-ends. When I was present she would say to my master, " Upon my word Sir, Paul is the best servant in Spain, except for his rogishness—but that may well be borne because he is loyal. He brings us the best to be had in the market " Giving her a similar character we deceived the household. If there was any purchase of coals, bacon, or oil, we stole half of it, and soon after would say, " Gentlemen, you must spend less, for if you go on at this rate you'll need a royal mint of money, the fuel or the oil is consumed—but no wonder at the rate you use it. You had best order more to be delivered—hand the money over to Paul so that you may have a better return for it ". Money was accordingly given to me, and we sold them back the half we had previously stolen with half of what we bought, thus balancing the account.

If ever I happened to buy anything in the market at its real value, then the housekeeper and I would pretend to quarrel, and she, raging by the way, would exclaim, " Do not tell me, Paul, that this is a pennyworth of salad! ", whereupon I would make some show of weeping, crying out, and laying a complaint with my master, persuading him to send the steward to investigate so that the old woman (who continued her sham of scolding) might be pacified. He went and found as I had stated, so that both master and steward were imposed upon, and consequently had the better opinion of me for my honesty and of the housekeeper for her zeal on their behalf. His mind made up as regards his good opinion of me, Don Diego used to say to her, " Would that Paul were

in other respects as virtuous as he is honest ; he is certainly as faithful as you represent him to be ". Thus we kept them in ignorance whilst sucking them like leeches. I do not doubt, Sir, but you will wonder how much we had stolen from them by the end of the year ; the sum was surely considerable ; yet I suppose we were not obliged to make restitution, for although the old strumpet never missed confession every week I never saw in her any disposition to restore the least particle, nor did I ever perceive any twinge of conscience about her, being as I say so great a saint. She always wore a rosary about her neck, so immense that it would have been less burdensome for her to carry a fardel of wood on her shoulders. It was hung with bundles of medals, crosses, and indulgences—on all of which she said she prayed nightly for her benefactors. She counted a hundred and odd saints that were her patrons ! and no less would suffice to assist her out of her wickedness. Her room was over my master's, where she uttered more prayers than a blind beggar : she began with the *Just Judge*\* and finished off with the *Conquibules*\* and the *Salve Rehila* all in her own Latin, to appear the more innocent and simple-hearted—while we were ready to roar laughing at it all. Apart from these she had many other aptitudes, for she could requite the passions and join together pleasures—in other words she was a procuress. She explained to me that this faculty came to her by heredity, just as the monarchs of France used to have the gift of curing King's Evil. You will imagine, Sir, that we always lived in peace : but who does not know that two of the best of friends will endeavour to cheat one another, if they are naturally greedy and live together ?

The old woman kept hens in the yard, one of which I dearly wished to turn into a meal. There were about twelve or thirteen well-developed chickens and it happened one day as she was going to feed them that she attracted their attention [as is customary in Spain]\* by calling, " Pio . . . pio . . . pio ! " This cry she repeated again and again, and I hearing her, shouted as loudly as she, " God save me ! Had you killed a man or forged coins I might have said nothing ; but now with this act of yours I am driven to tell the whole story. The Lord have mercy on us both ! "

Seeing me so much concerned and upset she was somewhat startled and said, " Why, Paul, what have I done ? If you are joking do not keep me in doubt any longer ".  


"What!" said I, "A curse on it! I cannot possibly avoid informing the Inquisition, or if I don't I shall be excommunicated."

"The Inquisition!" she replied trembling, "Why, have I committed any crime against the Faith?"

"That's the worst of it", I answered, "And don't think to play the fool with the Inquisitors! You had better own you were silly and spoke like a fool; and then you must eat your words and not deny the blasphemy and irreverence."

She replied in terror, "But tell me, Paul, will they punish me if I recant?"

"No", said I, "in that case they will merely give you absolution."

"Then I recant", she declared, "But do tell me what it is that I am to recant, because knowing nothing of it I hope for mercy."

"Is it possible you should be so stupid as not to remember!" I answered, "Why I myself hardly know how to express it—the disrespect was so great that I dread to repeat it. Don't you remember you called the chickens 'Pio . . . pio . . .'; and that 'Pio' is the name of Popes, God's vicars and heads of the Church? Now you realize your sin!"

She stood as if she had been struck dead; and after a moment cried, "It is quite true I said so, Paul, but may I be damned if I did it with any malice. I recant; and do consider whether some means may not be found to avoid informing against me: I shall die if the Inquisition gets hold of me".

To this I replied, "Provided you take your oath on a Holy Altar that you did not do it with ill intent, I may upon such assurance refrain from laying an information against you. But you must hand over to me those two chickens that fed while you were calling them by that most sanctified name of Pontiffs, that I may bring them before an officer of the Inquisition to be burned—for they are defiled. In the next place you must solemnly swear never to be guilty of the like again".

"Take them now", she said, "and to-morrow I'll take the oath."

To drive this thoroughly home I went on, "The worst of it is, Cepriana"—that was her name—"I run a great risk;



for the Inquisitor will query whether I am not the guilty person and may come down upon me. Fetch them yourself, for, by Heaven, I am afraid ”.

“ For the Lord’s sake ”, she cried, when she heard this, “ Take pity on me, Paul, and do take them yourself—no danger can possibly overtake you.”

I made her beseech me a long while, till at last—and this was what I aimed at—I allowed myself to be persuaded. I took the chickens, hid them in my room, pretended to go away, and returned saying, “ It has turned out better than I expected ; the officer wished to follow me to see the woman, but I was successful in putting him off by duping him ”. She gave me many embraces, kisses, and then another chicken for my pains ; I placed the latter with his colleagues, had them all dressed at the cook’s, and ate them with the help of the other servants. Next morning Don Diego and the housekeeper knew what trick had been played and all the family enjoyed a great laugh at it. The old hag almost fretted herself to death from mere vexation ; and for two pins she would have exposed my thieving in revenge, but that she was as deep in the dirt as I was in the mire. Being thus on bad terms with the old woman, and without occasion to play practical jokes on her, I sought new ways of amusement and fell back upon what the students call snatching and shoplifting.

At this game I had many pleasant adventures, for one night at about nine o’clock, when there are few people about, while passing along the principal street I spied a confectioner’s shop open, and inside on the counter a trayful of raisins. I slipped in, seized it and made off running, with the confectioner and several of his servants and neighbours after me. Burdened as I was I realized that in spite of my start they would overtake me, therefore on turning a corner I sat down on the tray and wrapping my cloak about my leg I held it with both hands yelling, “ God forgive him, he has trodden upon me ”. They heard, and when they came up to me, I cried, “ By our most Holy Lady ”, and went on to recite in a most abject manner prayers for the dying. They arrived out of breath and said, “ Did you see a man pass this way Brother ? ”

“ Straight before you ”, I answered, “ for he trod upon me here, praised be the Lord ! ”

With this they started off again and vanished. I was left alone to carry my tray home and tell the story, which, though the ingenuity was applauded, none would believe. And because of this I invited them to see me steal a box of sweetmeats another night. They came with me, and observing that all the boxes were so far within the shop that there was no putting hands on them, decided it was impossible ; especially as the confectioner, having heard what had happened to the raisins, was on his guard. Nevertheless I ventured, and drawing my stout blade of a sword about a dozen paces from the shop, ran ahead, and on reaching the door shouted, " You are a dead man ! "—at the same time thrusting past the confectioner's nose. He collapsed, calling for help ; and my sword went clean through a box of sweetmeats, which I drew out with it, and made off. They all marvelled at the dodge and were ready to die laughing to hear the confectioner bidding bystanders attend to him, for he was certainly wounded, and knew the fellow to be a man with whom he had had a dispute ; but turning his eyes and seeing the other boxes in disorder by my withdrawal of one of them, he discovered the hoax and fell a-blessing himself as if he would never finish.

I confess I never enjoyed anything so well in my life. My companions used to say I could maintain the family with what I lifted—a left-handed expression for stealing. Being but a boy, and hearing my ingenuity commended for these roguish pranks, I was encouraged to commit more of them. I used to bring home my girdle hung with drinking vessels which I stole from the nuns by begging for some water to drink, and when they handed it to me through their little windows, making off with the mugs. They being shut up were not able to help themselves ; so that it became customary for them not to pass out anything unless they held a pledge.

After this I promised Don Diego and his friends that one night I would disarm the round. The night was appointed and we set out upon the exploit, I with another servant of the family leading the way. When we came upon the watch I approached as if in a great fright, saying, " Is it the round ? " They answered, " Yes ". " Then ", said I, " Is the Magistrate with you ? " They replied that he was. On this I knelt down and said, " Sir, it is in your Worship's power to give me redress, to revenge a wrong, and to render the public a great

service. Please, your Worship, hear a word or two I have to communicate in private, if you wish to make an important arrest ”.

He stepped to one side while some of his constables grasped their swords and others took out their batons of office ; and I continued, “ Sir, I have come all the way from Seville in pursuit of six of the most notorious malefactors in the world, thieves and murderers all of them, and one that slaughtered my mother and a brother of mine merely to rob them. This is well proved against him : and they are accompanied, as I gather from their talk, by a French spy—I suspect further, from their words, that the latter has been sent ”—here I lowered my voice—“ by Antonio Perez ! ”\*

At these words the Magistrate bounded forward, shouting, “ Where are they ? ”

“ They are, Sir ”, said I, “ In the bawdy house. Do not hesitate, Your Worship. The souls of my mother and brother will requite you with their prayers, and the King will reward you ”.

He said very earnestly, “ Good God ! Let us lose no time ! Follow me all of you and hand me a buckler ”. I took him aside again and added, “ The whole business will be spoiled, Sir, if you do it in that fashion : the only thing to do is for all your men to go in one by one without swords, for the scoundrels are in the private rooms and are armed with pistols ; as soon as they see you come in with swords and knowing that none can wear them but constables they will surely fire. It is better to go in with daggers only, and secure the ruffians from behind—there are enough of us to do this ”. The Magistrate, eager to secure them anyhow, approved my plan. By this time we had come close to the place ; and the official, acting on my advice, ordered his men to hide their swords under the grass in a field just before the house. They did so and moved forward again. I had already told my companion that, as soon as ever they laid down arms, he should seize them and make away as best he could. This he did, and as they were going into the house I remained behind ; and as soon as they were well inside, surrounded by several people they had picked up on the way, I turned short into a narrow lane that comes out near La Vitoria and ran as fast as a greyhound. When the round was all inside and saw nobody there but students and blackguards—the same thing—they

began to look about for me, not finding me, and suspecting what had happened, they went to pick up their swords, but there was no sign of them anywhere. It is impossible to express what rounds the Magistrate, assisted by the Rector of the University, went to that night. They searched every enclosure in the town—to the very beds. When they came to ours I was in bed with a nightcap on and covered over for fear of being recognized, a candle in one hand and a crucifix in the other, one of my companions acting the priest praying by me, helping me to die, and all the others on their knees round the bed. The Rector and the constables came in, and seeing such a spectacle went out again, satisfied that no such prank could be played by anyone there. They made no search, but the Rector offered up a prayer by me, and asked whether I was speechless. They told him that I was and so away they went in despair of making any discovery. The Rector swore he would deliver up the offender if he could find him, and the Magistrate vowed he would hang him though he were the son of a Grandee. I got up, and this prank is a standing joke at Alcala to this day \*

To avoid being tedious I omit any account of my pilfering in the market, as openly as if it had been on a hill-top not a box or case escaped me but I had home, and I kept the house in fuel all the year round. As for the greengrocers, nothing was ever safe on their stalls or tables, for I had declared perpetual war against them because of the affront I had suffered at their hands when I was King at Segovia. I do not mention the contributions I levied on the beanfields, vineyards, and orchards of all that part of the country. These and similar practices gained me the reputation of being a twister and sharper among my fellows. The young gentlemen courted me so much that I had scarcely time to wait on Don Diego, to whom I always gave the respect he deserved for the great love he bore me.

## CHAPTER VII

*Of Don Diego's departure, the news of my father's decease, and the course of life I resolved on for the future*

ABOUT that time Don Diego received a letter from his father, and enclosed in it was one for me from an uncle of mine named Alonso Ramplon, a man of virtuous leanings and very well known in Segovia as a friend of the law, during the last four years its final acts were carried out by him—in fact he was the public hangman, but so smart a hand at his work that it would not annoy one to be dispatched by him, he did it so neatly. This worthy man wrote to me from Segovia to Alcala as follows —\*

MY DEAR PAUL,—(for thus, inspired by great love, he addressed me)—The weighty affairs of this employment (in which it has pleased His Majesty to place me) have prevented me from writing to you before this for if there be any fault to find with the King's Service it is in the hard work it entails, which is, however, in some measure requited by the honour of serving him. It grieves me to have to send you unpleasant news your father died a week ago, with as much bravery and resolution as ever man did, I speak from personal knowledge, having hoisted him myself. He mounted the ass without putting foot to stirrup, and the prison jacket fitted as if he had been measured for it nobody who saw him with the images of Christ before him, would take him for one going to be hanged. He looked up at the windows on the way, very much unconcerned, and bowed courteously to all who left their work to gaze at him, twice he arranged his whiskers. He requested the priests who went to prepare him for death not to hurry themselves, telling them that they were performing their office effectively. On arrival at the gallows he set his foot on the ladder and climbed it nimbly, not crawling on all fours as some do, and noticing that one of the rungs was cracked he turned to the officers and ordered them to get it repaired for the next, because all men had not his spirit. I cannot express how well he impressed the onlookers. At the top of the ladder he sat down, shook the creases from his clothes, took hold of the rope, made the noose, and then perceiving that the Theatin monk wished to preach, he turned to him and said, 'Assume that your speech is ended let us have a few staves of the Creed and have done quickly, for I hate to waste time.' When this was done he charged me to put his cap a little to one

side and to wipe his slaver, which I did ; and then he swung without ever doubling his legs or making a grimace, but kept such solemnity of countenance that nothing better could be desired I quartered him, and the highway was his sepulchre God knows how it pains me to see him providing free meals for the crows but I gather that the pastrycooks hereabouts will soon put our minds at ease by using up what is left I am not able to give you a much better account of your mother for, though still alive, she is a prisoner of the Inquisition at Toledo, for having disinterred the dead, without telling a soul It is related that every night she satisfied a great he goat with her blind eye In her house were found more legs, arms and heads, than in a Church where miracles are performed and she reckoned it a small affair to counterfeit virgins and patch up maidenheads It is said that on Trinity day she represented four hundred of these in a religious play it grieves me sorely, for this sort of thing brings dishonour on all of us, and on me especially who am a servant of His Majesty, and for whom such relationships are bad

Dear boy, there are some sort of goods that have been concealed here belonging to your parents, to the value of over two hundred pounds I am your uncle and what I have is yours In view of this you may come here, for with your knowledge of Latin and rhetoric you will make an exceptional exponent of the hangman's art

Let me have your answer soon and till then may God preserve you

Yours etc

SEGOVIA

I must confess this fresh disgrace was a great blow to me, and yet somehow there was a satisfaction in it—so much may the vices of parents, however great, become a comfort to their children I rushed off to Don Diego, who at that moment was reading his father's letter ordering him to return home but not to take me with him, because of what he had heard of my tricks. He told me he must go, and of his father's order, which he regretted, and I did also more than he He added that he would recommend me as servant to another gentleman, a friend of his. I smiled and answered, "Sir, I have changed and have now other designs and aim at reaching a higher and more influential post, hitherto I have been like anybody else at the foot of the ladder. I have now before me the example of my father". I then related how honourably he had departed this life, and how full of gravity, how he was carved up and turned into cash; that my respected uncle the hangman had written me an account of this, and acquainted me

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with mother's detention—to Don Diego I could speak plainly and without shame, for he knew the family history.

He was very sorry and asked what I thought of doing. I informed him of my new resolutions, and so the very next day he left for Segovia, very sad ; and I remained indoors taking no heed of my misfortune. I burned the letter for fear it might be lost and somebody read it ; and began to prepare my departure for Segovia, with the intention of taking possession of my property, and of making the acquaintance of my relations—so that I might shun them.

## CHAPTER VIII

*Of my journey from Alcalá to Segovia and what happened to me on the way, till I came to Rejas, where I slept that night*

THE day came for me to say good-bye to the finest life I had ever known. God knows how I felt leaving so many good friends and dear acquaintances. I sold what little I had hidden away, to cover the expenses of the journey, and with a few sleight of hand tricks made about six pounds more,\* hired a mule, and left my lodging from which I had nothing to take but my shadow. What a hue and cry there was after me—with the shoemaker shouting for the shoes with which he had trusted me, and the housekeeper clamouring for her wages, and the landlord for his rent! One of them cried, "I felt in my bones that something like this would happen", and another said, "Those who told me that this fellow was a swindler were very much in the right". To cut a long story short, I was so generally esteemed and respected that when I took my departure there was one half of the town in tears and the other half laughing at the mourners.

Whilst amusing myself with such thoughts along the road, and having passed through Torote, I overtook a man riding on a pack-mule, talking rapidly and so lost in himself that he did not perceive me even when I had reached his side. I saluted and he returned the courtesy. I then asked which way he was travelling, and after a few such questions and answers had passed between us, we began to discuss the war with the Turks, the possibility of their defeat, and the disposition of the King's forces\*. He began to propound a scheme for the conquest of the Holy Land and for the taking of Algiers, from which I gathered that he was politics- and government-mad. We continued this conversation, ever the specialty of scoundrels, and drifting from one subject to another we came at last to the Netherlands problem. There I touched him on the quick, for fetching a deep sigh he exclaimed, "Those countries have cost me as much as they have the King; during the last fourteen years I have been



meditating upon a project, which, were it not impracticable—as indeed it happens to be—would have set everything right long ago ”.

“ What can it be that is so apt and at the same time impossible of achievement ? ” I asked.

“ Who told you, Sir, that it cannot be achieved ? ” he replied sharply. “ The fact is, it can be executed—as for being impracticable, that is quite another matter ; and if it were not likely to cause you annoyance I would explain what it is. But it will all come out in time, for I intend to publish it almost immediately together with some other trifling works of mine, in which I suggest for His Majesty’s consideration two distinct ways of taking Ostend ”.

I entreated him to acquaint me with them, and pulling some documents from his pocket he showed me a sketch of the enemy’s stronghold and of our’s, explaining, “ It is plain to be seen, Sir, that all the difficulty lies in this inlet of the sea. Now to get over this I would order it to be sucked dry with sponges, thus removing the obstacle ”.

This crack-brained notion made me roar with laughter, and looking me solemnly in the face he went on, “ Everybody to whom I have shown it has behaved the same as you : they are all delighted with the idea ”.

“ Of course I am overjoyed to learn of a plan so novel and at the same time so sound ”, I replied, “ But do not overlook the fact, Sir, that having once sucked up the water of the inlet, the sea will put more in its place ”.

“ The sea will do no such thing—I hold that to be self-evident ”, he answered, “ and besides, I have an invention for lowering the ocean thereabouts by about twelve fathoms ”.

I dared not reply to this, lest he should come forward with a project for bringing the sky down on our heads. In all my life I never met such a scatter-brained idiot : he told me that Juanelo [the renowned engineer who had tapped the Tagus for a supply of water to Toledo] had done nothing, for he himself was now thinking out a plan to bring the whole Tagus to Toledo—a much easier way out of the difficulty. When he came to explain the method, it was by means of a spell. Now, Sir, did you ever hear of such a thing ! He went on, “ Yet I do not count on putting this into practice unless the King will first of all present me with a fair sized estate ; I am quite up to maintaining one, for my pedigree is most

honourable". This sort of extravagant discourse lasted us to Torrejón, where he remained behind to visit a kinswoman.

I went ahead laughing heartily at the projects which occupied his time, but had not gone far before I spied in the distance a mule beside which a man was walking, who, as he looked at a book was drawing lines and measuring them with a pair of compasses. He leaped and skipped about from side to side, now and then laying one finger over another and making all kinds of strange movements. I must confess that (on stopping short for a moment some distance away to observe him) I believed at first he was a sorcerer, and almost decided not to proceed. I made up my mind at last to venture, but when I approached he became aware of my presence shut his book, and putting his foot in the stirrup he slipped and fell. I helped him up and he said, "I did not measure the proportion well enough to make the circumference on mounting". I did not understand what he was driving at, but soon enough had an inkling of what he was; a more crazy being was never born of woman. He asked whether I was going to Madrid rectilinearly or by a circumflex route: not understanding a word I replied, "By a circumflex". He next asked me whose sword I had by my side, and when I told him it was mine he viewed it and remarked, "Those side-lines ought to be wider to ward off cuts made on the centre of thrusts". On he went, using such preposterous words that I felt compelled to ask what profession he followed. He told me he was a master of swordmanship and would make good his claim to the title on any ground in Spain.

I answered smiling, "To tell the truth, Sir, I took you for a magician when I saw you describing circles in the field".

"The reason for that", he replied, "was because I had an idea for a quarter-circular thrust by the major compass which would engage my opponent's sword and kill before he could realize what it was, and without knowing who was responsible for it; I was busy reducing it to terms of mathematics when you saw me".

"Is it possible for mathematics to enter into such a proposition", I asked.

"Not only mathematics", he answered, "but theology, philosophy, music and medicine".

"I do not question as to the last", said I, "since the aim of that art is slaughter".

"Don't make a joke of it", he continued, "for you are going to learn an admirable blade-cleanser, by making some major strokes which in themselves contain the spirals of the sword".

"I haven't the least idea of what you are talking about", I replied.

"Why, it is all explained in this book,\* which is called *The Wonders of the Sword*", he went on, "an admirable work describing miracles. To convince you of this you shall see me perform marvels with a couple of spits when we stop for the night at Rejas: don't hesitate to believe that whoever studies this treatise will be able to kill as he pleases".

"Either it teaches men how to turn themselves into pests", I replied, "or the book was written by some Doctor".

"What? By a Doctor?" he answered, "No doubt a doctor would know all about the subject, and is a learned type of man: I could say more but will not".

We continued in this fashion till we arrived at Rejas and came to an inn. As we were alighting he called out to me in a loud voice to form first an obtuse angle with my legs, and then by reducing them to parallel lines to deposit myself perpendicularly on the ground. The landlord seeing me laugh followed suit, and asked me whether, from his mode of speech, the gentleman was an Indian: between them I thought I should lose my reason.

Presently he went up to the host and said, "Will you, Sir, lend me a couple of spits for two or three angles—I will return them immediately".

"Lord bless me, Sir", answered the host, "Hand over the angles to me, and my wife here will roast them for you: though they are birds I never before heard of".

"They are not birds", replied the other, who, turning to me remarked, "Just see, Sir, what it is to be ignorant. Give me the spits as I require them merely for an exhibition of swordmanship: and maybe you will see me to-day do something which will perhaps be of more value to you than all you have gained in your life".

As it happened all the spits in the house were in use, and he and I had to take two ladles for the performance. Never was anything so worthy of ridicule seen in this world. He gave a hop and said, "This sally gains me more ground and puts aside my opponent's sword; now I take advantage of

the remiss to kill in the natural way : this should be a cut and that a thrust ". He did not come with a league of me but danced round with his ladle, and as I too was moving it looked like scoops taken at a stew boiling over the fire. Then he said to me, " When all is said and done this is the true art of swordsmanship, not like the drunken exhibitions of villainous fencing-masters, who understand nothing but carousing ".

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when an enormous mulatto stepped with a show of tusks from the next room. He wore a hat as big as an umbrella and a buff-coloured doublet under a short, loose coat ; and was bandy-legged, had an imperial hooked nose, a face well scarred by his enemies, a bristly beard with a pair of side-whiskers sticking out like a couple of handles, a dagger with more holy accoutrements than a nunnery reception-room, and a hang-dog look. This worthy interrupted us saying, " I have passed the tests and hold a diploma, which I can show, as master of swordsmanship : and by the sun that makes the wheat grow I'll cut in slices any man who dares to cast reflection on the many brave fellows who profess that noble science ". Seeing what this might lead to, I stepped between the two and declared that as the other had not spoken to him there was no cause to take offence.

The mulatto's only reply to this was, " Draw your blade if you possess one, and we'll soon see who is the swordsman here : and stop playing the goat with those ladles ".

On this my wretched companion opened his text-book and cried in a loud voice, " This work lays down what I have been explaining, and it is published with the King's authority : and I'm willing to stand by all it contains, as truth, with ladle or without ladle, either here or in any other place : and if you doubt my words, why, we'll settle it by taking measurements ", and opening his compasses he went on, " Now this is an obtuse angle ".

The fencing master drew his dagger and replied, " I know nothing of Angle, nor who is Obtuse ; I never heard of such men ; but with this dagger I'll carve you in pieces ". He ran at the poor devil, who tried to escape, jumping about the house and crying, " He cannot harm me, for I have won on points by a short-cut ". The landlord and myself, with the help of others present, separated them, though I was scarcely able to move for laughing.

The good man was led up to his bedroom, and I with him. We supped, everybody went to bed, and at about two o'clock he got out in his shirt and began to ramble about the room in the dark, skipping about and shouting nonsense in terms of mathematics. He woke me, and not content with this went down to the landlord to obtain a light, declaring that he had found a fixed objective for the cross-pass on the bow. The landlord sent him to the devil for having disturbed his rest, and was so vexed that he called him a lunatic ; on which he returned to inform me that if I would get up I should see the famous stroke he had invented to meet the Turks and their scimitars, adding that he wished to go immediately to demonstrate it to His Majesty, because of its advantages for the Catholic cause. By this time it was daybreak and we all got up and paid our reckonings.

We reconciled the madman and the fencing master, who went away saying that my companion's theorising was good in itself : but as most people did not understand the least part of it, it made more lunatics than skilful swordsmen.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Of what happened to me on the road to Madrid with a poet*

I SET out on my journey to Madrid, and my scatter-brained friend took leave of me to go another way. When he had gone a little distance he turned back in great haste, calling after me as loudly as he could and then (though we were in a field where nobody could hear) whispered in my ear, "I beseech you, Sir, on your life not to make known any of those great secrets of swordsmanship I have told you, but keep them to yourself as a man of sound judgment". I promised to do so, he went his way again, and I could only laugh at the facetious secrets.

I travelled on about a league without meeting a soul, contemplating the obstacles I would encounter on the path of virtue and honour, for it was essential in the first place for me to collect what little my parents had left me and then, having obtained it, to dissociate myself from all knowledge of them. These thoughts seemed to me so honourable that I complimented myself on them, observing to myself, "I have more to be proud of in not having anyone from whom to acquire virtue, than they have who take it by heredity from their forefathers."

My head was full of such thoughts when I overtook an aged cleric riding on a mule in the direction of Madrid. We fell into conversation and he asked me whence I came, I told him from Alcalá. "God's curse be on the vile people there", said he, "for not one man of ability exists among them". I asked him how that could be said of such a town, where there were so many learned men. He answered with passion "Learned! I'll tell you how learned they are, Sir! During the last fourteen years I have been engaged composing all the carols and verses for Corpus Christi and Christmas in the Majalahonda,\* where I was sacristan, and when I submitted some of my works for public consideration your learned men took not the slightest notice of them. In order

that you may realize the gross injustice they did me, I will read some of my works to you ", and he began as follows :—

Shepherds, is it not nice to say  
To-day is Saint Corpus Christe day ?  
When everybody dances.  
And the white Lamb meek and mild  
Fills our paunches undefiled,  
Yes—happily chances  
To fill our human gut.  
Sound the merry sackbut !—  
Our well-being from day to day.  
Shepherds, is it not nice to say, etc.

Of this doggerel,\* he went on to say, " Could the very inventor of wit have penned anything finer ? Just think of the mysticism in that word *Shepherds* : it took me more than a month of hard study to fit it in ".

I could no longer restrain my laughter, being ready to burst, so with a great guffaw, I said, " What an admirable flight ! But I observe, Sir, that you call him Saint Corpus Christe, whereas Corpus Christi is not a saint, but the day of commemoration of the Blessed Sacrament ".

" That's a nice sort of statement to make ! " replied he, ridiculing me, " I'll show you his name in the Calendar, and I'll wager my head he has been canonized ".

I was unable to argue further from laughing at his complete ignorance, but declared that his verses deserved a prize and that I had never read any more full of wit in my life. " Really ? " said he, quickly, " Then just listen to a short extract from a small work I have composed and dedicated to the eleven thousand virgins, to each and every one of whom I have made fifty verses : a sheer delight ".

To excuse myself from listening to so many millions of his villainous lines I begged him not to recite me anything so divine ; whereupon he began to read a comedy which had as many acts as there are days in a journey to Jerusalem. He said, " I wrote it in a couple of days, and this is only the rough draft ", and might fill about five quires of paper. The title was *Noah's Ark*, and the characters were all cocks, mice, donkeys, foxes, and wild boars, after the manner of Æsop's fables. I praised both form and plot, and he answered, " It is my very own work—and unequalled in this world ; besides it is altogether a great novelty. If only I can get it staged it will be renowned ".

"How could it be acted", I asked him, "If all the characters are dumb animals".

"That's just the difficulty", he replied, "and if it were not for it could anything be so sublime? However, I have thought of substituting parrots, jackdaws, magpies, and starlings—all talking birds—and I would introduce monkeys for the farcical interludes".

"It is surely a great piece", I answered.

He continued, "Far greater works have I composed for a woman I love: here are nine hundred and one sonnets and twelve roundelays" (as if he were counting up pounds, shillings, and pence) "in praise of my mistress's hips".

I asked him whether he had ever inspected the latter; he replied that he had not—because of his sacerdotal calling—but that all his concepts of them were by way of prophesy. I must confess that though it was amusing to listen to him I was in fear of so many of his dreadful verses, and therefore endeavoured to change the conversation—I told him I could see hares in our path. "Hares?" he cried, "Then I'll open a verse with one, comparing her legs to that creature", and off he went. To draw him away from this theme I interrupted with, "Don't you see that star, Sir, shining in broad daylight". To this he replied, "As soon as I have finished this I shall read you the thirtieth sonnet in which I call her a star—for you seem to appreciate my fancies".

It vexed me to realize that nothing could be mentioned about which he had not composed some nonsense, and I was delighted to see that we were approaching Madrid, believing that he would then have to give over for shame: it proved quite the contrary, for, to show what he was as we came into the street he raised his voice. I entreated him to be silent, explaining that if the boys once got the scent of a poet every cabbage-stump in the city would be on our heads; and that poets had been declared insane in a proclamation set out against them by a man who had been one, but recanted to preserve his life.

In great consternation he begged me to read it if I had a copy. I promised to do so in our lodging, and making our way towards one where he usually put up we found over a dozen blind men outside the door. Some recognized him by his smell and others by his voice: all of them gave him a noisy welcome. He embraced them and several began to ask him



to compose prayers for them for the Just Judge, in solemn and sententious verse such as would produce great results ; others would like to have prayers for departed souls ; and so they went on, each giving him a couple of shillings as earnest. Having sent them about their business he said to me, " I shall make over two shillings a head out of these blind men, so, with your permission, Sir, I'll withdraw for a short time to make verses for them ; and after dinner we will hear that proclamation ".

Oh wretched life ! For none is more so than that of those mad creatures who earn their bread by such as are themselves lunatics.

## CHAPTER X

*Of what I did at Madrid and my adventures on the way to  
Cerecedilla where I slept the night*

THE poet withdrew for a short time to concoct heresies and stupidities for the blind men till it was dinner-time When we had dined I was asked to read the proclamation \* and having nothing better to do at the moment I pulled it out and read it over I have inserted it here because I reckon it clever and apt for what it intended to reprove It was somewhat after this fashion —

### *A PROCLAMATION AGAINST ADDLE-BRAINED BLABBERING AND FUTILE POETS*

When the old sacristan heard this he laughed heartily and said, " You might have said so before ! For by Heaven I thought this concerned me, whereas it only concerns numbskull poets " It amused me to hear him talk like this, as if his effusions were of the choicest variety Missing the preamble I began with *Article I*, which ran as follows

' INASMUCH AS that species of disgusting vermin which men call poets, are our neighbours and are Christians (though bad ones) AND CONSIDERING THAT they spend all their days in the worship of eyebrows, teeth ribbons, and slippers, besides committing many other greivous sins, WE HEREBY ORDAIN that all common and street-corner rhymsters be collected together in Holy Week, as bad women are, and that they be enlightened of their evil practices and efforts made to reform them to this end we appoint houses for penitent poets

*Article* CONSIDERING the extreme heat of the dog-days, resulting from the warmth of the inextinguishable verses of those sun-like poets (who shrivel everything as the stars of a sultry sky dry up raisins) WE DO HEREBY IMPOSE perpetual silence in all such heavenly quarters, and name

close months for the Muses, as for the chase and fishing, in order that they may not spend themselves utterly in their energetic performances.

*Article:* FORASMUCH AS this infernal sect of men, condemned to eternal flights, lacerators of diction and transposers of reason, have infected our women with this pestilence of poetry, WE DECLARE THAT in return for such evil we cry quits as regards the bad turn they did to us at the creation ; AND SEEING THAT the world now groans under poverty and want WE DO FURTHER ORDAIN that all poets' couplets be burned like old trimmings, to extract the gold and silver and pearls from them—since in most verses the ladies are made of those rich metals and jewels."

At this point the sacristan could stand no more, and rising to his feet he cried, " Enough ! They would even as good as rob us of all we have ! Let us have no more of it, Sir, for I intend to launch an appeal against it ; not in the Supreme Court for that would ill befit my cloth and dignity, but in the Ecclesiastical Court, where I shall spend my substance in following it up. A nice thing, indeed, it would be for me, a man in holy orders, to submit to such a wrong. I intend to prove that a clerical poet's verses are not subject to that proclamation—I would like to go immediately and prove it in Court ". I would have liked to keep up the laugh at his expense but to avoid wasting time, for it was growing late, I said, " Sir, this proclamation is made only by way of a joke ; it has no binding force and is made without legal authority ".

" Dear me ", replied the old man greatly vexed, " You might have told me that before now, Sir, and saved me from all this annoyance. Do you fully realize what such a Decree would mean to a man of eight hundred verses ? Proceed, Sir : and may God forgive you for the fright you gave me." Then I continued :

" *Article:* SEEING THAT MANY since they have abandoned their heathen practices (though clinging to some remnants of them) are turned shepherds, wherefore the cattle are thin from drinking nothing but tears, scorched by souls afire, and so enchanted with their music that they forget to feed, WE DO ORDAIN that they quit that calling ; and hermitages shall be appointed for such as love solitude, the rest to be mule-tenders because such an employment is a lively one and much given to lewdness ".

He cried, "Some pimping whoreson of a sodomitical cuckold Jew is responsible for this, and if only I could identify him I would pen such a satire as would overwhelm him and all who read it. A beardless man like myself in a hermitage! And a vinegar-faced sacristan and tender of holy altars to become a tender of mules! Fie, Sir! Such things are intolerable."

"I told you before", I replied, "that this is all in fun and as such you should take it." This said I proceeded

"*Article* TO PREVENT atrocious robberies WE DO ORDAIN that in future no verses be imported from Aragon into Castile nor from Italy into Spain UNDER PENALTY that whatsoever poet guilty of this offence shall be obliged to wear decent clothes and to keep himself clean for the space of one hour."

This pleased him greatly for he wore a cassock grey with age and so splashed with dirt that to bury himself he had only to place it over his cloak—a couple of hereditaments could be manured with it. Half-laughing, I went on telling him that it further provided "That all women who fell in love with a poet only, should be considered mad, like those who hang themselves or fling themselves over a precipice, and as such should never be buried in consecrated ground AND CONSIDERING the vast harvest of roundelays, songs, and sonnets there had been these fertile years WE DO ORDAIN that all bundles of them found to be unsuitable for grocers' shops, be placed in privies without further appeal".

To put an end to it I came to the last head which runs thus "NOTWITHSTANDING the above and looking mercifully at the matter AND CONSIDERING that there are three sorts of persons in Spain so utterly wretched that they cannot exist without such poets (they being low comedians, blind men, and sacristans) WE DO ORDAIN that there be permitted a few official versifiers, provided they be licensed by the political boss-poets of their neighbourhoods, with this limitation that the stage poets shall not be permitted to use gallows or devils in their farces, nor end their comedies with marriage AND WE COMMAND that blind men be forbidden to harp continually on the events in Tetuan, and that such words as 'brotherly' and 'point of honour' be eschewed, and that they be forbidden to call their verses

'opera' instead of 'misfortunes', as for sacristans, WE FORBID them using 'Jo-y' and 'Eastertide' in their carols nor shall they contrive their thoughts in so loose a fashion that by merely altering the titles they can be made to serve for every festival that comes round TO CONCLUDE WE COMMAND ALL POETS in general to discard the names of Jupiter, Venus, and Apollo, and of all other Gods and Goddesses on pain of having them for advocates in the hour of death "

All that heard the proclamation read were delighted with it and begged for copies, but the old sacristan swore by his Holy Prayers, the *introito* and *kries*, that it was a satire against him (because of the references to blind men) and that he knew his business better than anyone living Finally he said, "I am he who once put up in the same inn with Liñan\* and dined several times with Espinel, and that in Madrid he had been as near to Lope de Vega as he was to me, and that he had seen Don Alonso de Ercilla a thousand times, and that he had a picture at home of the divine Figueroa, and that he had bought the old trousers discarded by Padilla on becoming a friar—which he continued to wear though rotten whereupon he showed them to us, which sent us all into such a fit of laughter that we felt no desire to leave the inn

It was two o'clock by this time and having to push ahead we left Madrid, I took leave of him though I felt the parting, and began to make my way to the city gate It pleased God, by way of turning my thoughts from evil, to put a soldier in my path, and soon we were conversing together He asked me if I came from the Court I said that in passing through the city I had called there "And that is enough", replied he, "for it is a place for vile people By the Lord, I would rather be at a siege up to the waist in snow, waiting for a stray bullet, and reduced to eating wood, than put up with the deceptions they practise on honest men" I replied he must know that at Court there were all sorts of people, and that a man of fortune was greatly esteemed

He replied with some heat, "Esteemed! Why I have been these six months at the Court asking for a decoration, after my twenty years' service, and having shed my blood in the King's service—as these wounds show" He pointed to a scar as long as your hand in his groin—a bubo as clear as

daylight—and two marks on his heels which he said were shots: but I decided they were chilblains, from a couple of the same sort which I have myself. He removed his hat to show me his face, torn with the marks of sixteen bullets and a long gash which split his nostrils, not to mention smaller cuts which made it look like a map all covered with lines. “These”, said he, “I received at Paris, in the service of God and King, for whom I have suffered my countenance to be carved; in return I have received nothing but fair words which are nowadays equivalent to foul actions. Read these papers, learned Graduate, for by Heavens, a more remarkable man, as God lives, never went into field of battle”, and he spoke the truth as his markings showed. With this he began to pull out tin cannisters to show me his papers, which must have belonged to another whose name he had borrowed. I perused them and praised him lavishly, saying that neither the Cid nor Bernardo had achieved such feats. At this he jumped and cried, “Such feats as mine! No nor García de Paredes\* nor Julián Romero nor any others of their kidney. To the devil with all they did! Why there were no big guns in their time: I swear by God that Bernardo would not last for one hour nowadays. Just make enquiries, Sir, in Flanders, about the exploit performed there by Toothless and you will hear what they have to say of it”.

“Are you, by chance, that person, Sir?” I asked him, and he replied, “Why, who else? Don’t you see the gap I have in my teeth? But let us say no more about it; for it ill becomes a man to praise himself.”

This sort of talk engaged us till we overtook a hermit riding on an ass; he had a long beard trailing in the mud and looked a bundle of skin and bone inside his sackcloth. Having saluted him with the customary *Deo Gratias*, he began to extol the wheatfields and in them the mercies of the good Lord. The soldier turned on him sharply and said, “Ah Father! I have seen the blades against me thicker than those in the fields, and I swear before Christ I did my level best at the sacking of Antwerp\*—that I did by the Lord!” The hermit reproved him, telling him not to swear so fluently, and he answered, “It is easy to see, Father, that you were never a soldier; since you reprove me for practising my profession”. It amused me greatly to hear his view of soldiering, and it dawned upon me that he must be some rascal

acquainted only with the infamous part that is used solely by the scum of that noble profession.

In due course we came to the brow of the pass, the hermit praying heavily on a set of beads as big as a load of wood, letting one drop at every Hail Mary; and the soldier went on to compare the rocks thereabouts to the forts he had seen, drawing attention to the strong points which would make good emplacements for cannons. My attention was fixed on them both, and I was as much amazed by the hermit's beads as by the soldier's lies.

"How easily", the latter remarked, "could I blow up with gunpowder a great part of this pass, and thus render all travellers a service."

Passing the time in this way we came to Cerecedilla and went into an inn, all three together, after nightfall. We ordered supper (though it was a Friday) and while waiting for it the hermit said, "Let us have a little amusement, for idleness is the mother of all vice: let us have a game at 'Hail Mary'," slipping a deck of cards from his sleeve. I could not but laugh at that, in view of the beads; and the soldier cried, "We can have a friendly bout—as far as this pound of mine will go". Being covetous, I offered to venture a similar sum, and the hermit, not to be disobliging, consented, informing us that he had with him the oil-money for the Church lamp to the amount of two pounds. I must confess I had aims at becoming his suckling to drink it all up: but may the Turks always succeed as I did. We played at "Cut-throat"\* and the best of it was he pretended he did not know the game, and made us teach it to him. He permitted us to win for two deals, and then he turned on us, cleaning up all on the table; and became our heir before we were dead. It was shameful to see how he palmed the cards; now and then he lost a stake and then he would win a dozen in villainous style. Whenever the soldier lost a point he would let fly a dozen of dreadful oaths, followed by twice as many curses well lined with blasphemies. I bit my nails while the hermit used his to pick up my money: and there was not a saint in heaven to whom he did not pray before he had left us penniless. We were anxious to continue with counters, but having won all of my six pounds and the soldier's orphan, the holy man said that it was only a game, that we were all friends, and therefore he would not take a hand any further.

“ And do not swear ”, he added, “ for you see I have won because of my prayers to Almighty God ”, and we, not knowing the trick he had of packing the cards, believed him , but the soldier swore he would never play again—and so also did I

“ A curse on it ”, cried the poor Ensign (for he then informed me of his rank), “ I have been among infidels and Moors but was never so badly tripped in my life ”

The good hermit merely laughed at this and drew forth his beads to continue his devotions Not having a cross left I asked him to treat me to supper, and pay for our lodging till we came to Segovia, since we were broke He promised to do so, devoured a quantity of eggs the like of which I have never seen in my life, and then declared that he would go to bed We were accommodated in a great hall among other people, for every room had been taken I lay down with a sore heart, and the soldier called the landlord and gave him charge of the papers in the tin cannisters, together with a bundle of superannuated shirts We went to sleep, the hermit making the sign of the cross , and we blessed ourselves from him He slept and I turned over in my mind how to obtain the money from him The soldier talked in his sleep about his pound, as though it was not beyond retrieving When it was time to get up he called sharply for a light which was brought , and the landlord gave the soldier his bundle, forgetting the papers The wretched Ensign made the house ring with his shouts for the services to be delivered [and as you know, Sir, “ services ” is the polite expression for chamber-pots] At this the landlord was alarmed, and as we pressed for him to hand over the services he ran out, supposing we were all taken with a looseness, and returned with three close-stools saying, ‘ Here is one for each of you Do you require more ? ’ ” This dissimulation made the soldier stand up sword in hand and in his shirt pursue the landlord, swearing he would murder him for that scurvy joke (he who had been at the battles of Lepanto, Saint Quentin, and a host of others !) of bringing chamber-pots instead of the documentary evidence of his services We ran after him to restrain him and were hard put to do so, whilst the landlord cried, “ You asked me for services, Sir, and how was I to know that they give such a name to certificates of military exploits ? ” In due course we pacified them and returned to our room to find



the hermit, suspicious of all that was happening, keeping to his bed ; and saying that the fright had done him harm. However, he paid our scores, and we set out towards the mountain very vexed ; the more so because we had not been able to get our money from him.

We met a Genoese—I mean one of those anti-Christ's of bankers—going up the pass looking very prosperous with a servant behind him carrying a parasol over his head. We fell into conversation with him and he turned every remark to talk of finance ; for they are a people that seem born for nothing but the purse. He presently mentioned Besançon, and weighed the advantages of such an investment, until at last the soldier and myself asked him who that gentleman was. He answered smiling, “ It is a town in Italy where all the great money-merchants (whom we call ‘ sharpers of the pen ’ here) meet to settle the bank rate and the value of corn ”, from which we understood that Besançon was the centre of attraction for usurers. He entertained us on the way by telling us how he lost over thirty thousand pounds he had in a bank which had gone broke ; to this he swore by his conscience, though I fancy that conscience among merchants is like a maidenhead among whores, which they still continue to trade after they have lost it. Few of this ilk have any conscience ; on learning that it stings for very little cause they leave it behind, with the navelstring, when they come into this world.

We continued our conversation till we saw the walls of Segovia, which brought joy to my eyes—though the memory of my sufferings under Cabra might well have checked it. When I came to the town I spied the quartered remains of my father greeting me by the roadside. My heart melted. But I hurried on, being much altered since I left there, with my beard and good clothing. I parted from my companions, turning over in my mind who would be most likely to know my uncle—apart from the gallows—and I could not find a soul to facilitate my enquiries. I went up to several people asking for Alonso Ramplón, but nobody could give me any tidings of him : I rejoiced to find there were so many honest folks in my native town.

Whilst contemplating this I heard the shouts of the town crier, and a moment later those of my uncle ; then came a procession of hatless wretches stripped to the waist walking

ahead of my kinsman, and he, cat-o'-nine-tails in hand, playing a tune with unrestrained violence on the five human violins, whose strings were pinion-ropes. I stood staring at this (beside a man to whose query I had replied that I was a gentleman of quality) and saw my worthy uncle approaching, who, when he came up, ran to embrace me, shouting, "Nephew". I thought I should die from shame; but without ever looking back to take leave of the man with me, I went with my uncle, who said, "You may accompany me till I have finished off these cases; we are now on the way back, and you shall dine with me this day". Being mounted (and thinking that in his company I should be but a degree less exposed to violence than those who were being scourged) I told him I would await his return there; and I stepped aside so utterly ashamed that had not the recovery of my legacy depended on him, I would never more have spoken to him, —or ever again been seen in the place.

He concluded his task on the prisoners' backs, returned, and brought me to his house where I alighted; and then we dined.

## CHAPTER XI

*Of my uncle's hospitality, the visits I received, and how I obtained my legacy and returned to the Court*

My good uncle had his abode at the residence of a water-carrier next to the slaughterhouse. As we were going in he remarked to me, "My lodging is not a castle: but I assure you, nephew, it is conveniently placed for my business". We went up so strange a flight of stairs that I longed to reach the top, to see whether it differed there from a gallows' ladder. In we went to a room with a ceiling so low that we were forced to move about with our heads bowed down, as though receiving benedictions. He hung the cat-o'-nine-tails on a peg, about which there were others with ropes, halters, carving-knives, flesh-hooks, and other utensils of the executioner's craft. He asked me why I did not take off my scholar's gown and be seated; I answered it was not my custom to do so. God knows how much shame I felt at my uncle's infamous profession! He informed me I was lucky to arrive at that moment, for, as he had invited some friends, I should dine well.

In came one of those people who make a trade of begging money for prayers for souls in purgatory; he wore a cloak down to his feet and rattled his collecting-box, saying, "My souls have gained me as much to-day as your floggings—shake hands on it", and the two made vulgar gestures to each other. The soul-bereft beggar tucked up his cassock, showing a pair of bandy legs and loose canvas breeches; he shifted about and asked whether Clement had arrived. My uncle replied in the negative, when at that very moment in came an acornist—I mean a pig-tender—wearing a tattered clout and a pair of clogs. I knew what he was from the horn in his hand, which (saving your presence) had it been in its proper place would have been on his head. He saluted us after his own fashion; behind him came a left-handed, squinting mulatto, wearing a hat with a brim as broad as a hill, and a crown like a tree; his sword had as many iron

trappings about it as the King's hunt ; he wore a doublet and a face as full of scars as if made of patches stitched together. This worthy man came in, sat down, saluted all the company, and said to my uncle, " By my faith, Alonso, our friends Flat-nose and Snaffle have caught it to-day ".

Up jumped the beggar and cried, " I gave Flechilla, the Ocaña hangman, eight pounds to hurry on the ass and use a light cat-o'-nine-tails when I was flogged in that town ".

" By the Lord ", said the mulatto [who was a kind of inferior constable or arresting-officer], " I gave too much to Lobreznó at Murcia ; the ass crept like a tortoise all the way and the scoundrel laid on so heavily that my back was all bruises ".

" My back is still virgin ", observed the swineherd.

" To every pig comes his Martinmas ",\* commented the beggar.

" I can congratulate myself ", said my good uncle, " that of all wielders of the whip, I am the only one who gives fair value for a consideration ; those fellows to-day handed me a goodly sum, and therefore received only a few friendly strokes from the single-tailed ' cat '."

I blushed so deeply to see the sort of distinguished company my uncle kept that I was quite out of countenance, and the constable observing this said, " Is this the holy father who suffered the other day, receiving certain stripes on his back ? " I replied that I was not of the class of people who suffered as they had, and my uncle started to his feet saying, " This is my nephew, a Graduate at Alcalá, and a great personage ", on which they begged my pardon and made advances of great friendship towards me.

I was mad to receive my dinner and property ; and to get as far away as I could from my uncle. They laid the table and the meat was brought up in an old hat (as they do alms in prison) and dished up in broken platters and pieces of old crocks and pans, being prepared in a stinking cellar ; you cannot imagine my feelings of disgust at it all. They sat down, the beggar at the head of the table and the rest anyhow. I will not say what we ate : but all of it created a thirst. The constable in a twinkling gulped down three pots of red wine, and the pig-tender catching my eye, snatched the mug and pledged more healths than all of us together—nobody asked for water or so much as thought of it.

Five good pies were served up. When they had removed the crusts my companions filled up and said a *Requiem eternam* for the souls of the deceased owners of the meat in them. Just then my uncle said to me, "You remember, nephew, what I wrote to you about your father?" : now it came back to my memory.\* They went on eating, but I was satisfied with the ends of the pastry ; to this very day when I eat pie I say a prayer for its soul departed.

The pots went round without interruption. The constable and the beggar drank so hard that when a dish of sausages (looking like negro's fingers) was brought, one of them asked why stewed stenchies were served up. My uncle was by this time in a dreadful condition, with one eye trying to find its partner, which swam in wine. Laying hold of one of the sausages he said in a thick, threatening voice, "Nephew, by this food, which God made in his own image and likeness, I never tasted better black flesh in my life!" As I looked the constable stretched out his hand and seized hold of the salt, crying, "The soup is hot!" and at the same time the swineherd took a handful saying, "This is good for creating a thirst!" and he clapped it in his mouth : I began to laugh with one side of my face and look daggers with the other. After this they fetched more soup, and the beggar holding his porringer with both hands, cried, "God's blessing on 'cleanliness!"—but instead of putting it to his mouth he poured it down his cheek, scalding his face, and covering himself with it from head to feet in a most disgraceful manner. Observing his condition he tried to stand upright ; but his head being rather heavy he was forced to rest with both hands on the table, which, as it was only set on tressels, overturned, splashing all the others. Then he said that the swineherd had pushed him over ; and the swineherd, on whom he had fallen, scrambled to his feet, grasped his horn trumpet, and gave the other a sound thwack with it. On this they grappled, and being at close quarters the beggar took the opportunity of biting the pig-tender's cheek as they both lay on the floor—which caused the latter to cast up all he had eaten in his opponent's face : my uncle, who had his wits about him more than the others, asked what had brought so many holy men to his house. Seeing that they were beginning to multiply their numbers I stopped the affray, disentangled the two combatants, and helped the constable

to his feet, who lay on the floor weeping bitterly. I flung my uncle on his bed, but not before he made a low bow to a tall wooden candlestick, thinking it was one of his guests. I took away the swineherd's horn ; but there was no silencing him after all the others were asleep ; for he continued to ask for his instrument, saying that nobody had ever been able to play more tunes on it than he, and that he wished to regale us with an imitation of the organ. In short, I never left them till they were all fast asleep. Then I went out, spent the afternoon in seeing my native town, and, passing by Cabra's house heard the news that he was dead ; but I did not bother to ask of what, knowing there was such a thing as hunger in this world.

At night I returned home after four hours had passed, and found one of the guests awake, crawling about the room on all fours searching for the door, saying he had lost the house. I lifted him on his feet ; and left the rest to sleep till eleven o'clock at night, when they awoke, stretching themselves. One of them asked what o'clock it was. The pig-tender, who had not slept off his carouse, answered that it was not late—only siesta time, in fact—and that the weather was very sultry. The beggar asked, as well as he could, for his long cloak, saying, " Those poor souls in distress have been long neglected, their whole support being in my charge ", but instead of going to the door he went to the window where, seeing the stars, he shouted to the others that the sky was full of them and that there was a vast eclipse. On this they all blessed themselves and kissed the floor. I was much scandalized at this, having previously noted the deceitfulness of the beggar : and I resolved to beware of men of that type. The abominations and infamies which I had witnessed made me all the more keen to be among persons of quality and gentlemen. I got them away, one by one, as best I could, and put my uncle to bed (who, though not helplessly drunk, was yet sufficiently so) and made shift for myself with the help of my own clothes and some others I found scattered about the place, whose owners were by this time in God's keeping.

Thus we passed that night : and in the morning I talked to my uncle about soon seeing my legacy and taking possession of it ; we discussed my affairs at great length, but I found it a hard task to deal with him, he was so debauched and coarse. At length I prevailed on him to show me a part of my

inheritance—not all of it—and he gave me one hundred and fifty pounds, picked by my worthy father with his own fingers and left in the charge of a virtuous lady who acted as receiver for all that was stolen for ten leagues round. Not to weary you, Sir, I received and pocketed what money my uncle had not yet drunk or spent—and that was a great deal considering he was a man of so little understanding : but the reason was that he thought I would take my degree with it and, by study, become a Cardinal ; which to him (as he could easily create a plague of them in the form of scavenger-flies, also called “ cardinals ”) did not appear a difficult matter. When he saw I had the money he said to me, “ Paul, my boy, it will be your own fault if you do not prosper and be a good man ; for you have a good example before you, you have money, and I will never fail you—all I have and all I earn is yours ”. I thanked him profusely for his offer ; and we spent the rest of the day talking extravagantly and in returning the visits of our friends whom I have mentioned above.

They passed the afternoon playing a vulgar game called “ Sheep’s shanks ”, my uncle, the pig-tender, and the beggar ; the last named squandered the money he had gathered for masses as if it were for a very different purpose. You should see how they knocked over the set, one catching as the other threw, and having turned them on his wrist, return them to the first ; and, as at cards, they made “ Sheep’s shanks ” an excuse for drinking—the pot was ever ready to hand before them. Night came and they parted company, my uncle and myself to sleep ; for he had now provided me with a feather bed. At daybreak I rose before he was awake and made off unnoticed to an inn, locking his door on the outside and throwing the key down a cathole.

I have stated I went away to an inn—to hide myself and await a suitable opportunity to make towards Madrid. I left a sealed letter in his room, giving an account of my departure and the reasons for it, and warning him not to seek me out ; for I wished never again to see his face in eternity.

## CHAPTER XII

*Of my flight, and what happened to me on the way to the Court*

THERE happened to be setting out from the inn that morning a carrier for Madrid, who had a spare beast which I hired, and walked ahead to wait for him outside the town gate. He followed after me and, catching me up, I mounted the saddle and began my journey saying to myself, "Remain, there, rogue of an uncle, disgrace that you are to decent people, you throttler of windpipes"

I calculated on going to the Court, where (to my great consolation) nobody knew me, there to put my trust in industry and ingenuity. The first thing I proposed to do was to cast aside my scholar's garb and clothe myself in short, fashionable garments. But let us return to my uncle who was greatly annoyed at the letter I left him, to the following effect --

MR ALONSO RAMPLON

As it has pleased the Almighty to manifest most signal mercies to me in depriving me of my worthy father and encarcerating my mother at Toledo, where she is certain to vanish in smoke, all I could wish for now would be to see you, Sir, served as you serve others

I intend to keep my lineage unique being unable to make more than one unless I come under your hands and you quarter me as you do others. And since I intend to deny the blood-relationship that exists between us, do not enquire after me

Serve God and honour the King

No doubt he heaped blasphemies and scurrilities on my head. But to return to my journey. I was mounted on a dapple ass like Sancho Panza, and longed that nobody should cross my path, but I spied in the distance a gentleman approaching on foot, accoutered with sword, tight breeches and top-boots, and to all appearance well got-up with an open collar and a hat perched jauntily on one side. I suspected he was some person of quality who had left his coach behind him, so when I came up I saluted. He looked me up and down saying, "Very likely, Mr Graduate, you travel with more comfort on that donkey than I do with all my equipage",



from which remark I concluded he referred to the coach and servants he had left behind. I replied, "To tell the truth, Sir, I think this makes easier travelling than a coach; for (though you might ride smoothly in the one you have left behind) the jolts are very discomfoting."

"What coach behind?" he asked in great consternation, and turning sharply to look about him his breeches fell down, for his quick movement broke the only suspender that held them up; and though he saw I was ready to die with laughing, he asked me to lend him a support. Seeing that he had only a tatter of a shirt (which scarcely reached far enough to acquaint his hindquarters that there was one) I replied, "By the Lord, Sir, if you can't wait till your servants come up, I am unable to assist you, for I am singular myself in that respect".

"Sir", he answered, holding up his breeches with his hand, "If you get amusement at my expense, let it pass: I do not understand your reference to servants".

He plainly showed me he was poverty-stricken, for before we had gone half a league together he admitted that unless I permitted him to ride my ass for a while, he should never be able to reach the Court—he was so tired of walking and holding his breeches. Moved to compassion by this I alighted: as he could not disentangle his drawers I had to help him mount and was astonished to discover, on touching him, that his buttocks were exposed, and that the only covering to his hindquarters was the cloak. He realized that I had seen everything and very tactfully forstalled any remark I might make by saying, "Mr. Graduate, all is not gold that glitters: no doubt when you saw my collar and my imposing presence you imagined I looked like some Count from a romance.\* How many fraudulent exteriors there are in this world to posteriors such as the one you have just touched!" I assured him that I fancied his affairs were very different from what I had discovered.

"Why, Sir", he replied, "You have seen nothing: there is so much to see about me, and yet no part of me is really covered. Outwardly I appear the finished gentleman in his own right, with a mansion-house and a seat in the mountains (which, if it maintained me as I maintain a show of gentility, would give me no cause for complaint). But, Sir, there is no sustaining good blood without bread and meat,

and by God's mercy it runs red in every man's veins a man cannot be a somebody with nothing I have been made to realize the value of Letters Patent of nobility, for one day when I was starving they wouldn't give me a couple of cuts from the joint in a cookshop in exchange for mine As if its letters were not made of gold ! The gold on pills is of more value than that of letters , and few men of letters have any gold I myself have sold up everything I possess—even to my very grave—that nothing of mine may remain after I am dead my father Toribio Rodriguez Vallejo Gomez de Ampuero—he had every one of those names—lost all his worldly property by going security for others I have now nothing left to sell but my titles of ' Don ' and ' Esquire ', and am so unfortunate that I can find nobody who wants them Why, there is scarcely a man living but takes either the one before his name or the other after, as for example, Don Botcher, Don Dullard, Flat Esquire, Boor Esquire, Bore Esquire , and so forth \*

I confess that although the poor gentleman's account of his calamities was blended with a smile I could not but pity him I asked him his name, whither he was going, and what to do ? He answered reciting all his father's names, to wit Don Toribio Rodriguez Vallejo Gomez de Ampuero Jordan I have never heard such a pompous, high-sounding name , for beginning in " Don " and ending in " dan ", it was like the clanging of a bell He went on to say that he was making towards Madrid , for a poverty-stricken eldest son (such as he himself was) grew mouldy in a couple of days in a country village and could not subsist , and therefore he was going to the common haven of the distressed, where there is room for all, and an abundance of open houses for stray cadgers He said, " In that city I never want for five or six crowns in my pocket , nor a bed, meat, and drink , nor, on occasion, the married man's pastime for the possession of wit in Madrid is like the philosopher's stone, which converts all it touches into gold " This discourse opened a great vista before me , and by way of dispelling the tedium of our journey I asked him to inform me, how, and by whom, he and others like him who had nothing in this world, could live at the Court , for to me it seemed a very difficult problem , because everybody there seemed to be little satisfied with what was his own, and therefore had designs on all that belonged to others

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To this he replied, "There are many of that kidney. But *flattery* is the master-key to open the way for a man, whithersoever he pleases in such great cities. And in order that you may have no difficulty in believing this, listen and I will tell you of my own adventures and artifices : and when you have heard you will cast away all doubts ".

### CHAPTER XIII

*In which the nobleman, according to his promise, passes the time on the journey with an account of his life and habits*

“THE first thing you must know is that at the Court you will always find the dullest and the wisest, the richest and the poorest, and extremes of all sorts. There the wicked pass unnoticed and the virtuous remain concealed, and there are many like myself, who are well known to possess neither land nor chattels, while their origin is a mystery. We differentiate amongst ourselves by giving each other names: some are called unpropertied gentry, others pinchguts, others humbugs, others insipid asses, others barebones, and others are those with dogs’ appetites, but in general we live by our wits and for the most part go about with empty bellies, for it is too troublesome to have our food brought by strange hands. We are the terror of all banquets and make a trade of cadging in the cookshops, being always unbidden and unwelcome guests, living on air, and yet pleased with life. When we high-born people happen to dine off a leek, we make as much show as if it were a plump capon, whoever comes to our lodgings to visit us will find picked mutton and fowl bones, and parings of fruit scattered about, and the door blocked up with feathers and rabbit-skins—all of which we collect by night for the sake of our honour by day. As the visitor enters we pretend to be annoyed and cry, ‘Is it possible that I can never by any chance make that lazy maid sweep the place clean. Pray excuse me, Sir, for I have had some friends dining with me, and these servants etc.’ and those who do not know our little ways believe that we speak the truth, and the mess passes off for the leavings of a party the night before.

“As for dining at other people’s houses if we happen on one occasion to have exchanged a word or two with a man, we know exactly where his house is, and are sure to make for it at meal time, when we know he is at table, and then we ask him to give us an account of his love affairs, for no entertainment in the world could be better. Should he ask us

whether we have dined and they have not yet begun, we answer 'No': and if they invite us we never wait to be asked twice, for hesitation has often cost us wearisome lucubrations; if they have begun we say we have already dined. And then (though the master of the house be an artist at carving his fowl or meat) so that we may have the chance of swallowing a mouthful or two, we cry, 'By your leave, Sir, permit me to be your carver. For I remember (naming some deceased duke or count)—God rest his soul—used to take more delight in seeing me carve than in eating', and with this we lay hold of the knife, cutting off all the tit-bits whilst remarking, 'How delicious it smells! It would be an insult to the cook not to partake of it! What a delicate hand at seasoning!' and then we act: down goes one half of the meat in the dish by way of *hors d'œuvre*. If there be bacon we call it our favourite dish; a turnip becomes for the occasion an excellent morsel; and so on, everything on the table is ever the dainty we like best. But should such artifices fail us we are sure of a dish of gruel at some monastery, which we do not accept in public, but on the sly, whilst contriving to persuade the holy friars that we take it from sheer devotion rather than from necessity.

"You should see any one of us in the gaming-house, how devotedly he makes himself useful by snuffing the candles, passing round the chamber-pots, fetching the cards, and solemnly approving everything the winner says—all for the sake of a miserable crown from his gains.

"We know every stitch of our ragged wardrobe by memory, and as in certain places there is a set hour for prayer so we have a fixed hour for darning. What an assortment of rubbish is brought forth on such an occasion! We look upon the sun as our declared enemy because he shows up our, darns, stitches and patches. Nevertheless we sometimes make use of his morning rays to discover from the shadows thrown on the ground by standing with our legs apart, what rags and tatters hang down; then with the aid of a pair of scissors we trim the whiskers from our drawers: but, as the part between the thighs becomes frayed so quickly, we are forced to make gaps in the backside to fill up the front, with the result that very often our posteriors are so shorn that they retain only nature's covering; the outside cloak alone is aware of this, so that we must move cautiously on windy days

and when going up well-lighted stairs, or mounting a horse. We make a study of certain poses against the light on a bright day we walk with our legs close together and make bows from our ankles, because if we were to bend our knees the vent would be seen. There is nothing about us but has been something different in the past and has its own history, for example, you see this waistcoat, Sir,—it was once a pair of wide breeches, grandchild of a short coat and great-grandchild of a long cloak, from which it descended in the first instance, now it is ready to be converted into footings for hose, and many other things. Our socks were once handkerchiefs, which in turn descended from towels, which had been shirts, and these were the issue of sheets, after all this they are made into paper on which we write, and finally are burned to make dressing for our shoes—which I have seen restored from the incurable stage by such physic. It is wonderful to see how, in the dark of night, we never fail to get far away from lights for fear of showing our bald hind-quarters and threadbare coats with no more nap on them than a cobble-stone for though it pleases God to give us some on our faces, our clothes lack it. To save the expense of a barber we always contrive to wait till two of us want trimming, and then we operate on one another in accordance with the advice in the Gospel, ‘*Be helpful to one another like loving brethren*’. Moreover we always take care not to trespass in houses reserved by others of our company, if we happen to know that one is after the same objectives as the other, for empty stomachs show great jealousy.

“It is a duty among us to ride once a month in the public places, though it be on a colt, and once a year to go in a coach, even though we sit beside the driver or footman, but should we sit inside we make sure to keep as close to the door as possible, thrusting out our necks and bowing to be seen by all who pass, talking to our friends and acquaintances—though they be looking elsewhere.

“If our fleas bite us in the presence of ladies, we know a trick of scratching in public without attracting notice, for if it happens to be on the thigh we tell a tale of a soldier we saw shot there, clapping our hand on the place that itches and clawing with our fingers instead of pointing, if we are in church and they bite our chest we thump a divine *sanctus* though it be time for the *introito*, and should they be active

on our back, why we rise, lean against a wall and rub the spot against it, acting as though we only stood up to observe something.

“ And what shall I say of lying ? Never a word of truth crosses our lips ! In our conversations we run over a roll of dukes and counts, naming some as our friends and others as our relations, always taking great care that the noblemen in question are either dead or far away. The best of all is that we never fall in love unless with a view to obtaining our daily bread : for good order forbids us fastidious ladies, be they ever so beautiful. Consequently we always court a store-keeper’s wife for our food, the landlady for our lodging, the laundress for our collars, who all favour us in return for that which man carries with him : and although eating so little and drinking so poorly leaves us too weak to cope with them all, yet we contrive to satisfy them in turns.

“ Would anyone who sees these boots believe that they touch the bare skin, without stockings or other protection between ? Or would anyone who sees my starched collar believe I have no shirt ? Let me tell you, Mr. Graduate, a gentleman may do without those items, but he cannot live without a stiff collar. This ornament is necessary to grace a man’s person : and besides, when he has turned it a few times, the starch in it will provide him with a meal—if he knows how to chew it in the right way. In short, Sir, a gentleman of our stamp has to go without more courses than a woman nine months pregnant ; and that is the way he lives at the Court. Sometimes he has money and prosperity ; sometimes he is in the almshouse ; but still he lives, and he who knows how to manage is a king with what little he has ”.

I was so well pleased with the nobleman’s mode of life and so greatly entertained by his stories that I found I had walked all the way to Rozas, where we slept that night. He joined me at supper, for he had not a brass farthing ; and I thought myself beholden to him for so much instruction, which opened my eyes to many things and put me in the way of rascality. I acquainted him with my plans before we went to bed, whereupon he embraced me a thousand times telling me he had always hoped that his words would make some impression on a man of my intelligence. He offered to introduce me to the fraternity of rogues at Madrid, and to find me a lodging amongst them. I accepted, not telling him

of my legacy of so many pounds, but that I had only a hundred crowns ; with this, and the kindness I had already shown him and continued to manifest, I purchased his friendship.

I bought him a pair of suspenders from our landlord. He tied up his breeches, we slept the night there, rose early next morning, and away we went towards Madrid.





# THE SECOND BOOK

## OF THE

### LIFE OF THE GREAT RASCAL

#### CHAPTER I

*Of what happened to me from the time I arrived at the Court  
until nightfall*

WE reached Madrid at ten o'clock in the morning and went, by common consent, to the house of Don Toribio's friends. Arriving at the door we knocked, and a miserably clad old hag opened to us. My companion enquired after his friends, the old strumpet replied that they had gone out cadging. We remained alone in the house passing the time until noon struck, he exhorting me to follow the profession of sharper, and I, listening to his eloquence. At half-past twelve a deformed person strode in at the door. This fellow wore an extraordinary rig of black baise which reached to his heels and was so utterly threadbare that a louse could not find a safe footing on it. He and my companion jabbered together in thieves' jargon, with the result that the newcomer embraced me tenderly and offered to do all in his power to help me. After that we all chatted merrily together, when suddenly he pulled out a glove containing sixteen crowns and a letter, by pretending that this document was an authority to solicit alms on behalf of a poor woman, he had collected so much. Shaking the money from his glove he pulled its fellow from his pocket and folded them neatly together, as your doctors do. I asked why he did not wear them, he informed me that they were both for one hand, but that two of them served admirably for a pair to carry. All this time I noticed that he did not remove his long cloak and (being but a newcomer amongst them I was anxious to learn) I took the liberty of asking why he was so wrapped up, to which he replied, "My boy, there is a great rent down my back covered with a patch of odd

material ; besides there is a vast grease-spot there : now this system of close-wrapping hides all such blemishes, and enables me to appear respectable in public ". When he at length unfolded himself I observed underneath his long garment some considerable bulk, which, to judge by its shape I took to be his wide breeches ; until he, diving his hand in to louse himself, tucked up his clothes, and I saw two hoops of pasteboard hanging from his waist and joined to his legs in such a way that they pushed out his black cloak, as a pair of breeches might have done : and in reality he had neither shirt nor breeches, but was so naked that he scarcely provided a refuge for friendly insects. He went into an apartment reserved for lousing and before closing the door after him he reversed a little notice-board, similar to those that hang in vestries, on one side of which was written " ENGAGED FOR LOUSING ", so that he might perform this office undisturbed. Realizing from this how great was the heavenly gift of ingenuity to men, I thanked God with all my heart for such providence, even though he made us do without riches.

" As for me ", said my friend, " The journey has played such havoc with my trousers that I must withdraw to do some mending ". He enquired whether there were any oddments of rags, and the old jade answered no ; for it was her business to gather them about the streets twice a week, as rag-women do for the paper mills which provide cures for the incurable diseases of gentlemen's shoes. She added that Don Lorenzo Ifiguez del Pedroso had been in bed for a fortnight for want of them, his coat being grievously ill.

As we were thus engaged, in came a fellow booted for travelling, wearing a grey suit and a hat with the brim turned up on both sides. The others told him about me. He greeted me with great show of affection, laid down his cloak and (marvellous sight !) the front part of this was of grey cloth and the back part of white linen, well soaked with perspiration. I could not refrain from laughing at it, but with great toleration he said, " You'll find weapons in your hands before you know where you are, and then you won't laugh ; I'll wager you don't know why I wear my hat thus, with the brim turned up ". I answered, " Why, to look gallant ; and in order that you may have no obstacles in the line of sight ". Said he, " I do it that there may be an obstacle in the line of sight—I have no hatband, and this fashion prevents it from being

noticed " A moment later he pulled out over a score of letters and as many pieces of silver, saying he had not been able to deliver the former Every letter was marked a crown postage, and they were all folded alike It appears he wrote news of his own invention to people of quality, signed any name that occurred to him, and delivered the bulletins, collecting the amount of postage due on them He used to do this once a month to provide a regular income, all this was to me very surprising

Two others came in, one of them with a coat reaching half-way down his wide knee-breeches, he had a cloak somewhat after the same style and a collar well ruffled to hide the rents in it, the visible part of his breeches was of goat-skin, and all the rest was of red baise This man was arguing loudly with the other, who wore a scarf for want of a collar and a short coat for want of a cloak and had one crutch and one leg, this was bandaged with rags and pieces of hide because he had only one stocking, he made himself out to be a soldier, and indeed had been, though a mighty bad one and in the quiet places, by virtue of the soldier's privilege he used to enter any man's house He of the short coat and one-legged breeches cried " A half, or at least a considerable part is due to me, and if you do not hand it over, I swear to God "

" Do not swear so ", replied the other, " For I'm not lame when I'm at home and for two pins I'd lay about you with this crutch " They both became very angry snarling, and calling each other liar, on which they came to blows, causing their extraordinary clothes to fly in tatters at the first touch

We pacified them, and made to enquire into the cause of the dispute The soldier cried, " How dare you try your low tricks on me ! You shall not have even a half of it and turning to us he went on, " You must know, gentlemen that at St Saviour's Church a child came to this wretch and asked whether I was Ensign Juan de Lorenzana, and he, catching sight of something in the child's hand, said I was He brought the child to me and (referring to me as ' Ensign ' ) said, " Here, Sir, see what this child wants with you " I saw what the game was, and said I was the Ensign in question, took the child's message and with it a dozen handkerchiefs, and gave him a suitable reply for his mother, who had sent him after some person of that name Now this scoundrel

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here demands a half of the spoil : and I'll be torn in shreds before I'll give it him. My own nose shall have the pleasure of wearing them all out !” The case was decided in his favour, but he was forbidden to blow his nose in them since that would be against the rules of the fraternity ; so he was ordered to give them to the old strumpet to make cuffs for sleeves, to be used by all.

Night came. We all went to bed and lay as close together as knives in their sheaths. As for supper we abstained from such a luxury. Most of the gang never undressed, but went to bed in the same clothes they had worn all day—thus complying with the precept about sleeping in their skins.

## CHAPTER II

*In which the same subject is continued ; and other strange adventures are related*

THE morrow came and we all bestirred ourselves. I was already as well acquainted with my new companions as if we had been brothers : for there is ever an ease and apparent sweetness about what is evil. It was wonderful to see how one of them put on his shirt in a dozen instalments—it consisted of twelve clouts—and, like a priest vesting, say a prayer with each ; another lost track of his leg in an attempt to get into his drawers, to find it again when he had solved this complicated puzzle ; a third begged for assistance in putting on his jacket, and after half an hour's gymnastics nobody knew the top from the bottom.

When this was completed (and the result would make you laugh) they laid hold of their needles and thread, to darn, stitch, and patch each other's rents : to botch up a hole under his sleeve one made himself into an T ; and another became a S to darn his long hose ; whilst another who tried to arrive at a breach on his buttocks by clapping his head between his legs, became like an entangled contortionist. Bosco\* never painted such weird postures as I saw there : they sewed and sewed, the old jade handing them raw materials, in the form of motley-coloured rags and tatters which she had picked up in the streets the previous Saturday. And when this Hour of Restoration (as they called it) was over they inspected one another narrowly to see if any spot remained exposed.

It was then decided that they should go out. I informed them that I was anxious to be suitably clad for my new profession, and to spend my hundred crowns on a new suit of clothes so that I might discard my scholar's cassock. " Not at all ", said my companions, " Let the money be put in the common fund : we will soon clothe him from our reserve store : and then we can appoint him to a diocese in the town, which shall be for him alone to explore and exploit ".

This seemed satisfactory, so I deposited the money and in a twinkling they made me a mourning-coat of my cassock, cut the tail off my long cloak to make it fashionable, and what was left was metamorphosed into a newly-dyed old hat with a band of cotton dipped in ink. My collars and wide breeches were taken away and in their place I had a pair of tight hose which were slashed only down the front, for the back and sides were of a sort of leather. They gave me a pair of silk socks which were not exactly half-hose—for they reached only four inches below the knees, and these four inches were hidden under a pair of tight boots over my own red socks. The collar they gave me hung open in rags, but having adjusted it somebody said, "The band of this collar is decayed, both back and sides and should anyone look at you, Sir, you must be sure to keep him facing you, and when he moves round you must move round with him emulating the sunflower. If there be two persons and they regard you from both sides—step back and to avoid being seen from behind, your hat must hang down over your neck, so that its wide brim may cover this perishing collar whilst leaving your forehead bare. And to him who asks you why you wear it in that fashion you must reply that you do so because you can show your face to the world." Next they gave me a box containing black and white thread, silk, pack-thread and a needle, a thimble, some cloth linen and satin, and a few other odds and ends, and a knife. They stuck a packet in my girdle, with a steel and flint in a little case, saying, "With this you may travel the wide world, and without help from friends or relations it contains all we ever need—take it and keep it carefully." San Luis was the name of the district to which I was then appointed, and this formality completed, I set out with the others on my day's rounds. Being a new hand they gave me the gentleman who had introduced me to their gang and converted me to their mode of life, to be my initiator and sponsor in rascality.

We set out from the house walking very sedately with our rosaries in our hands, and making towards my newly appointed district to all we paid courtesy, taking off our hats to the men, as we longed to take off their cloaks for ourselves, to women we made reverences, because we knew they received satisfaction from reverences—especially in matters of paternity. My sponsor would say to one passer-by

[a creditor, of course], " I shall have some money to-morrow ", and to another, " Please wait for another day : I am having a squabble with my bankers ". Here we met one who asked for the return of his cloak, and there we met another who demanded his girdle : by which I knew that my friend was so true a friend to his friends that he owned nothing of his own. To avoid houses where we might be dunned, we zigzagged from one side-walk to the other. We met one who asked my companion for rent, another claimed money for the hire of his sword, and presently another demanded the hire of sheets and shirts ; from which I concluded my sponsor to be a hired-out gentleman, like some mule. At that moment he spied a man from afar, who, he said, was ready to tear his eyes out for a debt which he vainly sought to collect. So that he might not be recognized, my companion let fall his long hair which was tucked up behind his ears ; thus changing himself into a Nazarene or sort of cross between a true image and a woolly knight ; and to complete this fraud he clapped a patch over one eye and began to speak to me in Italian. He had ample time to do this before the other fellow, who was busy arguing with an old bawd, came up to us. I solemnly declare that when he did arrive opposite to us, I saw the man walk round and round my friend, like a dog before he lies down : and then he blessed himself over and over again like a sorcerer, before he finally went away saying, " God bless my soul ! I could have sworn it was he. It just shows how true the proverb is which says, ' He who has lost his oxen, is haunted by the sound of their bells ' ".

I was ready to die with laughing to see the figure my friend cut. He stepped into a porch to tuck up his locks again and pull off the patch, whereupon he remarked to me, " This is a disguise I keep for the special purpose of escaping duns. Take note, brother ; for there are a thousand such tricks you must have in this city ". We went our way and at the corner of a street, as it happened to be morning, we accepted a couple of helpings of electuary and a dram or two of brandy from a prostitute ; this she gave to us for nothing—after having welcomed my sponsor to town. My companion remarked to me, " With so much a man can make shift without further nourishment for the rest of the day : at the worst he is never short of such help from ' ladies ' ".

I was greatly troubled to learn that it was doubtful



whether we should have any dinner, and I pleaded disconsolately on behalf of my stomach : to which he replied, " Oh man of little faith in the religion and practices of the streets ! The good Lord does not fail the kites and daws—nor even the moneylenders—so why should he fail poor starving wretches ? Truly you have a poor heart ! "

" That's true enough ", said I, " But I fear it will likely become poorer, with nothing to sustain it ". As we spoke thus a clock struck noon ; and being yet a stranger to the business, my stomach found little satisfaction in the electuary—for I was as ravenous as if I had touched nothing. The striking of the clock struck my memory, refreshing it ; and turning to my friend I said, " Brother, your hungry calling is a rigorous novitiate for me : I have been accustomed to a liberal diet—and now am I to fast like a monk ? It may be nothing for you to starve in this manner, who have been bred to it from infancy—as King Mithridates was to poison—so that you can subsist on it : but as you seem to make no strenuous effort to obtain something to chew, I've made up my mind to shift for myself "

" By the Lord Harry, you're a nice one ! " he replied, " It has struck only twelve and already you're in a desperate hurry ! Your internals are mighty punctual in their habits ! They must practise patience and learn to be in arrears at times. Would you be stuffing yourself all day long ? Why, what better are the brute-beasts ? It has never been written in the history of our fraternity that one of us suffered from looseness, for our rations are so light that we are in no hurry to dispose of them. I have already told you that God fails no man. Yet, if you are in such haste, I will go to St. Jerome's for the free gruel they give out there—where the holy friars are as fat as Christmas turkeys. I will line my inside with their gruel : if you care to follow me, come along ; and if not, why, let each take his own course "

" Good-bye ", said I, " My wants are not so trifling as to be satisfied with what others leave. Each one of us shall shift for himself "

My companion stepped out valiantly, every now and then looking down towards his feet ; taking a few crumbs of bread (which he kept in a little box of disguises) he scattered them down his beard and clothes, with the result that he looked like a man who had come from having a meal. I

coughed and cleared my throat, by way of concealing my weakness ; I wiped my whiskers, muffled my cloak over my left shoulder, and toyed with my ten beads—all I had on the string ; these manœuvres made all who saw me think I was a man who had been fed ; and had they applied this to my lice they had made no mistake.

I had confidence in the few pounds which I kept back from the common fund, though conscience told me it was against the rules of our rogue's calling to pay for a meal ; as we were, strictly speaking, supposed to feed upon the public : but I resolved to break my fast and their regulations. By this time I had arrived at the corner of San Luis Street, where there is a pastrycook's. A beautifully baked pie appeared before my eyes ; the delicious fragrance of the oven filled my nostrils, sensitive from hunger ; and I made a set for that pie, as a dog might at a partridge, fixing it with my eyes and staring so hard that it shrunk as if bewitched. I stood there inventing a host of ingenious ways of stealing it—and then again I would decide to buy it. One o'clock struck at that moment and this made me so depressed that I decided to have a meal in the next cookshop. As I was making my way towards one it pleased God to put in my path a Graduate named Flechilla, a great old friend of mine, who came swinging his cassock down the street, his face sanguine with pimples, and so many dirty, ragged streamers floating after him that he looked like a dung-cart. When he spied me he ran to embrace me—no small matter for me, seeing he was in that state. However I returned the embrace ; he asked how I fared and I answered, "I have so much to tell you, Mr. Graduate, that I greatly regret I must be leaving here to-night".

"I am sorry to hear that", said he, "And were it not getting late, and that I am hurrying on to a dinner, I should like to remain with you—but the fact is I have a married sister who, with her husband is expecting me".

"What?" I cried, "Anna here? In that case my business can wait. Come along, I must call on her—this is a duty which I cannot decently ignore", for on hearing him indicate that he had yet to dine, my eyes had opened.

Away I went with him and on the road I told him of a wench (whom he had loved with all his might at Alcalá) whose whereabouts in town I knew ; and into whose house I could

gain him an admittance. My polite offer touched him : I made a point of talking in a way that would be sure to please him. This conversation occupied our time till we arrived at his sister's house. I went in and paid my compliments to his brother-in-law and sister (it never occurred to them that I must have known very well what I was about, to come at dinner time) and they made excuses saying that if they had known they were to be honoured by such a guest they would have made some extra provision for the occasion. I jumped at this opening to invite myself, telling them not to make any ceremony on account of my presence, for I disliked ceremony ; and moreover I was no stranger, but an old friend of the family. So they sat down, I with them : and to put them all at ease (for you must remember they had not invited me, nor dreamt of such a thing) I reminded Flechilla from time to time of the Alcalá wench, how she often asked after him, and how she still clung to his memory ; which, with a host of lies of that sort, distracted his attention from my gorging—for a shell from a cannon never made shorter work of anything than I did of the first course. Stew was served and I wolfed the best part of it in a twinkling, without prejudice, or loss of time ; as though it were not safe even when I had it in my mouth. By Heaven, the famous pile of La Antigua at Valladolid never consumed a corpse more rapidly (although it destroys one in twenty-four hours) than I dispatched that day's fare : I raced through it with more speed than a courier-extraordinary. Doubtless they must have noticed how quickly I gulped down the soup, how smartly I drained the dish, how neatly I polished the bones, and how deftly I made away with the meat : and I must confess that at every move I slipped a good slice of bread into my pocket, till it was full.

When the table was cleared, the Graduate and I stepped aside to discuss the question of a visit to the house of the above mentioned whore, which I gave him to understand would be a very easy matter ; but as we were standing at the window during this conversation I replied to the call of an imaginary person outside in the street, saying to him, " I am coming this very moment, Sir ", asking leave of my friend, to whom I promised an immediate return. He is still waiting for me. I vanished from before his eyes as quickly as my hosts' dinner a short time previously. We often met afterwards, when I

excused my behaviour with a thousand lies ; which are of no importance now.

From that point I rambled at will about the streets till I came to the Guadalajara Gate, where I sat down on a bench outside a tradesman's shop. It happened, as God would have it, there came two ladies (of the type that uses beauty as a pledge for gain) to the shop ; they were both of them closely veiled, leaving, however, one eye uncovered to see their way about ; an old woman and a little page-boy kept them company. They enquired of the shopman after some extraordinary embroidered or worked velvet : and using their query as an excuse for chipping in I began to play on their words, saying I knew of a certain piece of velvet, not very far away, which of its kind was extraordinary, was often mixed with embroidery and as for work, why it worked admirably. I felt that this sort of waggish freedom of speech would be a sufficient assurance to guarantee them a present from the shop, so (knowing I could lose nothing) I offered them whatever they should be pleased to accept. But they hesitated, or in other words held out for a better prize, saying they were not accustomed to accept anything from persons they did not know ; on hearing which I told them it was surely a presumption on my part to offer them anything ; but that they would do me a great favour in accepting some silks I had brought from Milan, which my page-boy across the road (and I pointed to one who stood bareheaded over the way waiting for his master) should fetch to them after nightfall. To emphasize my status as a man of quality I raised my hat to every gentleman within our hearing who happened to be passing that way—I did not know one of them, but I bowed and courtesied as if they were old acquaintances. From this and the sight of a golden coin I took from my little store on the pretence of giving it to a poor beggar, they judged I was a gentleman of substance. However they were anxious to make towards their home for it was getting late, and taking leave of me they told me to be careful that the page-boy should go secretly ; I besought them to give me, as a token of good-will, a rosary set in gold which the pretty one of the two had, as a pledge for our meeting the next day. They made a show of hesitation to tell me the whereabouts of their abode, but then (to swindle me the better on a later occasion) they trusted me, and asked where my lodging was ; for as

they were respectable upper class people, a page-boy could not come to their house at all hours. I brought them with me along the main thoroughfare and, before reaching any of the less imposing side streets, I picked upon the biggest and best looking house I could find, with its coach standing at the main entrance—and informed them it was mine, at their service with its horses and master, my name, I informed them, was Don Alvaro de Cordova, and with that I marched straight into the house before their eyes. I remember now that on coming out of the shop I had beckoned, with great show of authority, one of the pages from the other side of the street, ostentaciously ordering him and his companions to await my return. In reality I had merely asked whether he did not serve my uncle, a great knight, to which he replied that he did not. This was the way I used the servants of others—like a true person of quality.

When darkness came the fraternity of rogues and sharpers made towards our habitation. I entered the house to find the ragged soldier holding up a wax torch he had received for the purpose of attending a funeral, of which he thought the better and had consequently made off with the torch. This fellow's name was Megazo, from Olias—a leading man in comedy and a famous fighter of Moors—in a sword dance. When he talked with anybody that had served in Flanders he would say he had been in China—and if he happened to meet a man who had been in China he would declare he had served in Flanders. He spoke continually and at great length of forming a camp, but could never lay hands on the wherewithal except maybe by lousing his own body, he raved about castles although he had scarcely seen one, even on a coin, he extolled the memory of Don Juan of Lepanto and often in my hearing commended Don Luis Quijada for a generous and true friend, he knew by heart the names of notable Turks, famous galleons and great captains, which knowledge he acquired from a popular ballad brimfull of such things. As a matter of fact he was so utterly unacquainted with maritime affairs that if he happened to be discoursing about Don Juan of Lepanto's famous encounter, he would say that yon fellow Lepanto was a very brave Moor. The poor wretch was such an ignoramus that he served as an excellent butt for our wits.

Soon after that my sponsor came in, with his nose all but knocked off his face and his head tied up in blood-covered

clouds We asked him the cause of all this He told us of how, having gone after the free gruel at the monastery of St Jerome, he asked for a double portion, pretending it was for some unfortunate folks who were too honourable to be seen begging, the frairs gave him what he asked, but stopped an equal quantity from the other beggars share The others were very angry at having to go on short rations and dogged his footsteps until they caught him hidden in a dark corner behind a door, busily occupied in gulping down the double share of free gruel An argument was opened as to whether it was right for one of them to fill his belly by cheating the others out of their just share, a contest of wits which soon grew into a wordy battle followed by one with sticks—which had raised all the knobs and lumps on his poor head They also fell upon him with the pots and pans they used for receiving the gruel, and the particular damage to his nose was caused by a jolt from a wooden dish they gave him to smell, in a manner more hasty than was called for Not until they had taken away his sword did the porter arrive, who had his work cut out to separate them in short, our poor brother had been so roughly handled that he offered to deliver up all that he had eaten But even that would not satisfy them, for they made out that he had begged and received on behalf of others and was therefore a most undesirable specimen of cadger

‘Look at him’, said one of the beggars “Stitched together in clouts like a child’s rag-doll, and as miserable looking as a pastrycook in Lent, with as many holes as a flageolet, as many patches as a dapple mare, and as many colours as the rainbow Yes”, went on this loutish mendicant scholar who had come for gruel and was a great lecherous rascal, “and he has as many points as a folio of music Why there is many a man who comes to receive the gruel provided by these holy saints, that is fit to be a bishop—or for any other dignity, for that matter I myself am a Graduate at Siguenza and this Mr Finic thinks it would be disgraceful to eat in our presence!” At that moment the monastery porter came between them, for a little wretch of a man was shouting that though he was reduced to coming there for the free gruel, he was a descendant of the Great Captain\*, and had a host of other notorious relations

But I must draw a line here, for our companion had escaped and was now shaking his bones back into their places

### CHAPTER III

*The narrative continued, till we all were thrown into prison*

ONE of the gang named Merlo Díaz came in with his girdle weighed down by a collection of earthen drinking vessels and cups which, having little fear of the Lord, he had stolen from convents on the pretence of asking for something to quench his thirst. Our Don Lorenzo del Pedroso went one better, for he arrived with an excellent cloak which he had lifted during a game of billiards, instead of his own—the latter was so threadbare that there was not a single whisker on it to indicate its woollen origin. This fellow's plan was to take off his cloak and leave it casually among the rest as if he intended to play; and then, without making a match, he would return, pick the one that best appealed to his fancy, and walk off with it; he used a similar artifice at games of rings and ninepins. But all this was child's play in comparison with the achievements of Don Cosmo, who came in soon after that followed by a battalion of young people that were troubled with King's Evil, cancer, or leprosy; or were wounded or lame. With the aid of certain gibberish formulæ and mysterious passes he had learned from an old witch, he would heal by magic; and in this fashion he earned as much as all the rest together—for should anyone arrive for a cure without a parcel showing under his cloak, or the jingle of money in his pocket, or the cries of a few turkeys, he would refuse to work his miracles. He had ruined half a kingdom by making people believe whatever he wished; for there never was born so great a master of lying, insomuch as he never spoke the truth even by accident. His conversations were full of references to the "Child Jesus"; he entered every house with a "God be with you", and on leaving would say, "The Holy Spirit remain with you all". He had the complete outfit of hypocrisy: there was a rosary of enormous beads; under his cloak you might see the stain of blood intended to represent a holy penance—but it came from his nose; he would move and shrug his shoulders to make you believe he wore a hair

shirt—whereas it was merely a lousy activity ; he would give out that his ravenous appetite was the result of a voluntary fast—and it was simply his dog's nature ; many were the temptations he defeated—so he said ; mention the devil and he would cry, “ God deliver us and preserve us ” ; he kissed the ground when he entered a church and carried himself like an unworthy humbled sinner ; he never raised his eyes to women in public, though he frequently lifted their skirts in private. These frauds and cheats had been so effectively executed before the multitude that they would entreat him to pray for them. They might just as well have requested the devil to do so, for our man was a shark and rascal of the most villainous type, who seldom took God's name in vain ; for he invariably profited by his blasphemy. With regard to women, naturally he had his little ones : two nuns in a holy sanctuary were pregnant because of his activities. In short, of God's ten commandments he never failed to crack those he did not break outright.

The next to arrive was Polanco, making a great noise and asking for his drab-coloured sack, the great cross, and a long false beard : he used to march about the streets with this outfit at night, crying, “ Remember that you too must die. Be generous, therefore, and subscribe for masses for the dear departed ”—a mode of gaining a livelihood which was very lucrative. If he happened to find a door open and there was nobody who might witness or disturb him, he would go in and steal all he could lay his hands on ; and if he were observed he would sound his bell and feign the penitent tone for which he was notable, and shout, “ Remember, brethren, . . . etc.”. All such-like tricks and ways of augmenting my possessions and income I had at my fingers' ends in a month's time among the gang of rogues.

Now to return to where I left off. I showed my companions the rosary and told them its story. They greatly approved my sharpness and our old hag took the set of beads to make a profit out of them : and having a story ready for every emergency she went about telling that they belonged to a poor maiden who wished to sell them so that she could buy food. The old strumpet wept at every step, wrung her hands, and sighed most bitterly. She used to address everybody as “ My child ” ; and wore (over a very good smock, jacket, gown, and petticoats) a ragged sackcloth robe, given



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to her by a hermit friend she had in the Alcalá hills. Her business among us was to manage the thieves' den, give advice, and conceal stolen goods. But the devil, who never neglects his own, ordered matters so that one day when she went out to a house to sell some clothes and other oddments, a person there recognized a piece of their own property; and sending for a constable had the old jade (whom we called "Mother" Lebrusca) arrested. On this she made a complete breast of all our affairs, telling how we gained our livelihood; and that we were a gang of gentlemen of prey.

When the constable heard this he marched her off to gaol and then came to our headquarters, where he found myself and my friends. He had half a dozen assistants with him—executioners on foot—who helped him to move the whole rogue's academy off to prison; a place where our gentle chivalry ran the risk of contamination.

## CHAPTER IV

*In which the prison is described and an account given of what happened to us in it, till the old hag went out whipped, my companions exposed to public shame, and myself on bail.*

WHEN we arrived in the gaol they clapped us in irons and were for throwing us into a calaboose. But I, seeing myself on the road to that filthy hell, took advantage of the money I had, and, pulling out a gold piece, said to the gaoler, "Would it please Your Honour to have a word with me in private?" : having caught a glimpse of the gold he took me aside. "I beseech Your Honour", I went on, "to have mercy on a respectable man", and (as though in supplication) I felt for his hands—of which the palms were created to bear such succulent dates—slipping him the perquisite to which he answered, "I will inquire into your malady, and if it is not dangerous, down you must go to the dungeon". I understood perfectly, and replied with humility; upon which he left me to lead down my companions. I need not dwell upon the amusement caused by our arrest, both in the prison and in the streets; for hurried along, as we were, some without cloaks and others dragging them, it was in truth a comical spectacle of patched and mottled rascals marching along like so many magpies. The constables could not grip them properly, they were so tattered and torn; some they thought to hold by the flesh, but found it not—scant living had caused it to vanish; others had lost their coats and breeches in the rough handling by the unmerciful catchpoles—and when the latter untied the leading rope, rags and clouts fell off right and left with it. That night I moved over to the side of the gaol reserved for gentry like myself, and found I had a little bed allotted to me; and thought it odd to see some of the prisoners lie down just as they stood, without casting off a single clout of their day apparel; while others with one sweep took off all, until they were stark naked; and more amused themselves by playing at cards, until the time came for us to be manacled and the light put out.

Soon we forgot all about our irons and were at peace with the world. The great earthen chamber-pot for easing the body stood at the head of my little bed, and round about midnight all my fellow-prisoners began to take turns at letting fly volleys of such a nature that, from the noise, I concluded there was a thunderstorm ; and I began to pray and bless myself, calling upon the good Saint Barbara to succour me—until, perceiving that the claps were followed by a very ill scent, I decided it was one of mixed variety : the stink became so oppressive that I had to hold my nose under the bedclothes, for some there were who suffered from a looseness, though others sat peacefully enough in that orchestral stall. At last I was driven to request those around me to remove the utensil to some other spot—at which a few of them took offence, and we came to high words. I resolved to anticipate events—for the first stroke is half the battle—and accordingly lashed one of them across the face with my belt. The fellow started up so hastily that he upset the vast depository, which disturbed the whole company with its fall. In the dark we struck out at each other's eyes with our girdles, and the stench was so intolerable that every prisoner in the place stood up, making a hideous outcry. The gaoler—trembling lest some of his flock might desert him—arrived at the double, armed, and accompanied by the guard ; whereupon he struck a light and began an enquiry into the case. The others put the blame for it all on me, and I could only plead that in opening their blind eyes they had not allowed me to close my good ones all night. The gaoler, believing I would slip him another gold piece rather than be sent to the calaboose, took advantage of the situation to order me below with my old friends ; and I resolved to go, rather than part with another coin. I was conducted to the dungeon, where my former companions received me with great shouts of joyful welcome.

I lay cool that night, without a stitch to cover me ; and when God sent daylight we were removed from the black hole. We soon received notification that the usual garnish-money was due, on pain of a sound thrashing ; we looked at each other ; I subscribed six crowns ; but, as my companions had nothing to give, their cause was postponed till night. There was, among the rest in the calaboose, a tall one-eyed young lout with a great pair of whiskers, an embittered mien, and round, fl-flogged shoulders. He had more iron on his person than

there is in the mines of Biscay : a double helping of fetters on his legs and a ponderous chain hanging from his neck. They nicknamed him " The Giant ", and he said he was in there for some airy trifles, which I suspected were light fingered thefts of a miscellaneous kind, such as ladies' fans, oboes, bellows etc. ; but when anybody enquired of him if that were the crime, he answered in the negative, saying he was there for posterior sins. I fancied he meant some old offences of the past, but was informed he was there for sodomy. When the gaoler reproved him for some of his pranks, he would call him the hangman's butler and storekeeper of sins. Other times he would shout, " You are a poor fool to meddle with one destined to vanish in smoke—and by the Lord I will stifle you as I go off ", for you should know that he was waiting to be burned at the stake. The villain had pleaded guilty, and was such a hellish dog that we were all compelled to wear protectors on our backsides to guard them against his advances ; and scarcely dared we break wind for fear of exciting him with a reminder of those parts. He contracted a friendship with another scamp named Robledo, nicknamed the Acrobat, who said he was in gaol for his adroitness ; which consisted in making everything vanish he laid hands on. He knew more about whips than any postillion, and had been lashed by all the constables and executioners in the realm ; his face was all over cuts and scars and between his ears a great gulf was fixed, for he wore only one, having discarded the other in his travels ; his nostrils had been cleft with a sword-cut, and were now sewn together. Along with these were four other rampant beauties, all loaded down with chains and condemned to thrash the ocean : or in other words row the galleys. They would say that soon they might boast having served the king by land and sea ; and you could scarcely believe how impatiently they waited for their new commission.

All these fellows were greatly vexed that my comrades had not discharged the duty of contribution ; and therefore arranged to give them a sound beating at nightfall, with a rope's end dedicated to that purpose. When night came we were all herded together in the dismal calaboose, and as soon as the light had been extinguished I crept underneath my bedstead ; at that very moment two of them whistled and a third laid about him with the rope's end. My good gentleman friends realized it was likely to fare ill with them, and crowded

so closely together—lice and mange having stripped the bones of all semblance of flesh—that they were able to find shelter in a cranny between the boards, by lying like so many nits in a seam or bugs in a bedstead ; while lashes rattled on the boards the parties they were designed for lay tight without uttering a word. The enemy, observing that my friends did not complain of this treatment, put aside the rope's end and began to pelt them with stones, bricks, and rubbish collected for this purpose ; a plan which succeeded better, for a stone, catching Don Toribio on the neck, raised a lump as big as your fist. He yelled " Murder ", on which the rogues fell to singing in chorus, rattling their chains so that the yells might not be heard. Don Toribio struggled with my companions to get undermost ; and in the scuffle their bones clattered like castagnets, their garments ended their lives in tatters, not a rag being left upon them. Stones and rubbish flew about so thick that in a very short time poor Don Toribio had a head covered with knobs, like a pineapple. At last, finding there was no sheltering himself from the dreadful shower that fell around us, but that he was likely to die a martyr's death—innocent of piety or goodness—he cried out begging to be permitted to get out of the tight corner, and offering to pay the necessary garnish-money, delivering up meanwhile his clothes as a pledge. The persecutors consented ; and though his companions would have held him because he served to shelter them, he rose as best he could and came over to my side of the dungeon. The others were not in so great a hurry to promise, but, having received as many knocks as there were hairs on their heads, they also offered their clothes towards payment of the bribe, thinking it was better to lie abed without clothes than with broken bones. Accordingly, they were left in peace for the rest of that night and when morning came they were ordered to strip, which they did ; and then it was obvious that all their apparel put together would not make a wick for a candle. They remained in bed, wrapped up in the prison blanket which was utilised to cover prisoners who wished to louse themselves. It was not long before they began to obtain lively benefits from this scurvy cover : there were ravenously hungry lice on it—some of the insects had not broken their fast for a whole week—and there were others stalwart enough to put a bull on its ear ; in short they fully expected to be devoured that

morning for a lousy breakfast, so throwing away the verminous blanket they cursed Fate and clawed the very skin off their bones with their hands.

I slipped out of the calaboose, begging them to excuse me for not continuing in their company ; for it was not convenient for me to do so. I greased the gaoler's palm once more with three gold pieces, and having learned who the Prosecuting Attorney would be when my case came for a hearing, I sent a young prison rat to find him. He came, and we went off to a private room together. After some talk about the cause to be tried, I mentioned that I had a sum of money—I could not say how much—which I would like him to keep for me : and that perhaps, as far as possible, he might turn a friendly eye on the case of a certain unfortunate young gentleman who had been unadvisedly drawn into what was considered to be an offence.

" Believe me, Sir ", he said, after having weighed the golden evidence, " the whole decision in these cases depends upon us Attorneys : and he among us who has a mind to be unfair, may do a great deal of mischief—I have myself sent more men to the galleys, merely for my own pleasure, than there are words in an indictment. However, put your trust in me : and you'll find that I'll get you off safe and sound ".

Having said this he made to go away, but came back from the door to beg a trifle for honest Diego García, the constable—for it was essential to stop his mouth with a silver gag ; and then he dropped a hint concerning the Clerk of the Court, saying, " It is in the power of this Clerk, Sir, to undo a man : for by rolling his eyes, raising his voice, and making a great fuss of the case, he could rouse a sleeping Magistrate or Recorder—as indeed often happens—and so ruin the cause of any good Christian ". I grasped his meaning and he grasped fifty more of my silver crowns ; whereupon he made to put my collar straight and told me a couple of cures for the cold I had caught in the gaol : in conclusion he said, " Put your mind at ease. The warden will treat you kindly if you give him a solitary gold piece ; for men of his kidney do nothing from virtue, but for interest ". The observation amused me, and he went about his business : I gave the gaoler a crown, whereupon he knocked off my irons and invited me to his house.

He had a great whale for a wife and a couple of stupid

and ugly devils for daughters, who were active whores in spite of their faces. It so happened that this gaoler (whose name was Blandones de San Pablo, and his wife's Doña Ana Moráez) came home to dinner one day when I was there, fuming with rage; and refused to eat. His wife, dreading that something terrible had happened, approached and tormented him so long in the usual way, that at last he said, "What do you think ails me? That Almendros scoundrel, who looks after the prison common-room, told me, when I was discussing the question of farming the gaol, that your so-called Christian blood is not pure".

"Has the villain stolen what I can't lose?" cried she, "Upon my soul you're a nice sort of man not to tear his beard off! Do I ask any of his minions to purify me?" and then, turning to me, she went on, "By the Lord, he can't say I am, like himself, Jewish—since he's half rogue by his father, and half Hebrew by his mother. I tell you, Paul, if I had heard the villain I'd have put him in mind of the fact that the Holy Inquisition had laid the cross of St. Andrew upon his back". The gaoler was greatly moved by this, and replied, "Alas, wife! I held my peace because he told me you were doubly and trebly allied to that race: for he did not remark on your not being spotless because of your piggish nature, but because you do not eat pork".

"Or, in other words he meant I was Jewish?" said she, "And you took it calmly! Bless my soul! Is that the regard in which you hold the honour of Doña Ana Moráez, the daughter of Estefanía Rubio and Juan de Madrid—both known to God and all the world".

"You say daughter of Juan de Madrid—is that so?" I asked.

"Of Juan de Madrid—the one from Auñón. Who else?" she cried.

"By the Lord", I replied, "if that is the case, then the scamp who made the allegation is a Jew, a sodomite, and a cuckold!" and turning to face them I continued, "This Juan de Madrid—God rest his soul—was my own father's first cousin: and I will prove both what he was and whence he came—since it concerns me. And if I were only out of prison I'd make the lying dog eat his words, for I have here in town my gold-lettered pedigree, which makes quite clear the descent of both our families".

They were overjoyed with their new relation, and much encouraged by my reference to the pedigree, naturally, I had no such thing—nor the least notion who they were. The husband began to sift out the exact relationship, getting down to details, so to avoid being caught in a deliberate lie, I pretended to take offence and made for the door, swearing and cursing foully. They held me back, anxious that there should be no further reference to the whole question. Every now and then I would exclaim, “Juan de Madrid! Haven’t I his pedigree!” And again I would let it drop—as though musing “Juan de Madrid the elder, father of the Juan de Madrid who was married to Ana de Acebedo the fat”, after which I would hold my peace for a while.

To cut a long story short, I managed this whole affair so tactfully that the gaoler gave me bed and board in his house and the honest Attorney—at my host’s request and because of the bribe I had given him—arranged matters so well that the fat old wife was arrested, tried, and paraded out on the back of a dapple grey ass, preceded by a prayer-singer, a proclaimed thief, and followed by the executioner who lashed her with his cat-o’-nine-tails in accordance with instructions given by the stately robed judges. She was followed by a procession consisting of all my old friends upon spotted palfreys, bareheaded and faced, exposed to public shame, and so ragged that even their nakedness was not hidden: they had received a sentence of six years’ banishment.

For my part I was set free on bail—thanks to the efforts of my good friend the Attorney and the Clerk of the Court also played his part to a nicety, for at the hearing of my case he modulated his tones, spoke almost in a whisper, skipped words—and swallowed whole sentences.



## CHAPTER V

*How I took a lodging, and the misfortune that befell me in it.*

WHEN I came out of the prison I found myself alone in the world, without my old companions ; and although I heard they were travelling towards Seville on public charity, I felt no desire whatever to follow them. I picked upon a lodging, where I found a fair, clear-skinned wench, who was free and pleasant—but on occasions pert and at times apt to play the coy jade. She lisped affectedly, feared mice, and took great pride in her hands : the better to make a show of these she always reserved to herself such duties as the snuffing of candles and the carving of meat at table ; when at Church she would hold them up for all to see ; in the street she pointed to the residences of everybody ; if she were sitting in company she always contrived to be pinning up her head-dress ; and of all the games she played her favourite was pinching hands.\* She would often yawn when there was no natural urge to do so, in order to show her teeth ; and then she would raise a hand to make the sign of the cross, before her mouth. In short, the household saw so much of her hands that even her parents were out of all patience with them.

They treated me very well in that house—for they made a business of taking in lodgers, but could accommodate only three at one time, who were then, myself, with a Portuguese and a Catalán gentleman. All behaved courteously towards me : I liked the wench well enough for her complaisance ; and thought it convenient to have her so close at hand in the house. I ogled her, told her yarns I had by heart for entertainment purposes, and brought news when nothing happened ; I rendered whatever service I could—provided it cost nothing ; and persuaded them I knew all about enchantments, was a magician, and could make it appear as if a house were sinking, or afire, without doing the least harm : the silly, credulous women believed every word of this. Although the whole family was civil and kind to me, there was no actual esteem in their attitude ; for I was not

too well dressed—notwithstanding that I had somewhat mended my apparel with the help of the gaoler, at whose house I sponged continually, keeping up our kinship my hosts did not give me nearly so much attention as I wished to have

To gain the reputation of being a man of wealth (though I kept my methods a secret from them all) I arranged for a few of my acquaintances to come there enquiring after me, when I was not at home. The first arrived and asked for Don Ramiro de Guzman—for I gave that name, having been informed by my friends that changing one's name was not an expensive affair, and often useful. The man, I repeat, enquired for Don Ramiro, a great merchant who worked a couple of revenue-farming contracts for the king. The women did not know me from this description and replied that no such person lived at that house, but they had a lodger—a Don Ramiro de Guzman, who had more rags than riches, was small in the body, had an ugly face, and was indeed poverty stricken.

“That's the very person I mean”, replied the man, “and I should not ask for more—if it were God's will—than to have his income of over five thousand pounds a year.” He went on, telling a host of similar lies. They were astounded, so he left them with a sham Bill of Exchange he had drawn on me for five thousand crowns, begging them to persuade me to accept it. From that moment both mother and daughter believed in my wealth, and there and then marked me down as a suitable husband. I walked into the house later, quite unconcerned and as if I knew nothing whatever of the incident, but they at once handed me the Bill of Exchange saying, “Ah, Don Ramiro! It is difficult to hide wealth and love! Why do you keep what you really are a secret from us, who have shown you so much kindness?” I pretended to be in a huff with my friend for leaving the Bill, and went off to my room. How their tones changed as soon as they thought I had money! From then everything became me, every casual remark was admired, and I was the most accomplished person in the world.

Perceiving they had swallowed the bait I had prepared for them, I made the wench acquainted with my affections, which she received with great joy, and a thousand expressions of endearment, and then, for the time being, we separated.

The more to impress upon them an idea of my wealth, next night I shut myself up in my room, which had only a thin partition dividing it from theirs, and, taking out fifty of my crowns, I counted and recounted them until the people on the other side had heard six thousand. This trick, to make them believe I had so much ready money, succeeded as well as I could desire ; for they did nothing but study how best to please me, and make much of me.

The Portuguese who lodged in the same house was called *O Senhor* Vasco de Meneses, and was a knight of the famous Order of Christ. He wore a long, black cloak, a pair of high boots, a small collar and large whiskers ; and was passionately enamoured of Doña Berenguela de Rebolledo, for that was the young girl's name. His courting bouts consisted of long-winded speeches, deep sighs—like those of a holy nun at a Lenten sermon—and songs, out of tune. He and the Catalán gentleman bickered incessantly, for the latter was the most miserable and wretched creature God ever put breath into. Like a tertian ague, he fed only once in three days ; and his bread was so hard that the most mordacious man alive could not bite through it : you would take him for a hen from his pretentious cacklings, but that he dropped no eggs. These two, having observed that I had gained upon them in the amorous intrigue, made it their whole business to rail at me. The Portuguese said I was a shabby, lousy scoundrel. The Catalán gave out that I was a mean coward. I knew all about their remarks, and sometimes heard them ; and had not the spirit to make any sort of reply. However, the wench gave me a full hearing and received my love-letters, which I began, according to the time-worn practice, with, “ Your Ladyship must forgive this presumption on my part, but the power of your beauty . . . etc.” After that I would insert the hackneyed terms of fire and passion, offering myself to be her slave ; and at the bottom I would place a heart with a dart through it. After having exploited these formalities fully, the time came when we addressed each other in terms of the greatest familiarity : and then to drive home completely the notion they had already conceived of my quality, away I went, hired a mule, muffled myself well in a cloak, and—having changed my voice—I asked after myself, enquiring whether His Honour Don Ramiro de Guzmán, Lord of Valcerrado and Vellorete, resided there.

" Yes—a gentleman of that name lives here ", answered the wench, " he is short in stature . . . " and she described me. I replied he was the man I sought and requested her to inform him that Diego de Solórzana, his steward, was on the way to collect the rents from his estate ; and had called, in passing, to kiss his hand. With that I went away and returned home a little later.

They received me with the greatest joy imaginable, asking why it was I had not told them I was Lord of Valcerrado and Vellorete, and delivered the message they had for me. This new information made the young girl mad to secure so rich a husband : therefore she arranged that I should come to talk with her at one o'clock in the morning. In order to do this I would have to step from a gallery to the tiles on the roof-top, where the window of her room was. But the devil, acute in all things, so arranged matters that when night came—for I was anxious to take full advantage of such an opportunity—I went up into the gallery, and, stepping out on the tiles where I was to entertain my lady, my feet slipped and down I went on a neighbouring lawyer's residence ; with such force that I smashed his tiles and took an impression of them in my sides. The clatter woke half the house, and fancying there were thieves—for lawyers are always apprehensive of them—out they all came on the housetop. I tried to hide myself behind a chimney-pot—an action which augmented suspicion ; whereupon the lawyer, with the assistance of two servants and a brother, beat me till I was black and blue, and then, ignoring my protests, trussed me under my lady's eyes. She laughed heartily : because, having previously informed her that I knew hosts of tricks I could perform with the aid of magic, she concluded that my fall was merely a necromantic turn ; and called me to return, for it had pleased her well. This, added to the beating, made me roar ; and the best of it all was that she believed my noise to be part of the exhibition, and redoubled her laughter. The lawyer began to draw up an indictment : and, hearing some keys rattle in my pocket, marked them down as pick-locks, although I showed them to him—and it was quite impossible to knock this notion out of his head. I told him I was Don Ramiro de Guzmán, at which he laughed heartily ; and seeing myself in a wretched plight, unmercifully beaten in the presence of the lady I wooed, and threatened with gaol

and a scandalous name—though innocent—I had not the faintest idea of what to do. I fell upon my knees before the lawyer and begged of him for the love of God to let me go, but all my supplications (in whatever form I might present them) had not the slightest effect.

All this happened on the housetop—for people of that kidney are not less likely to bear false witness, for being nearer heaven ; and they ordered me to be brought down, which was done through the skylight of a room they used for a kitchen.

## CHAPTER VI

*In which the same is continued, and various other happenings  
are noted*

I NEVER closed my eyes all that night, thinking of my misfortune, which was not so much falling on the tiles as into the fierce and cruel hands of the notary and when I called to mind the alleged picklocks, and the pages he had drafted of my process, I began to realize that there is nothing in nature which grows so fast as a crime in the hands of a lawyer I passed the night thinking of the best course to pursue sometimes I decided to beg mercy for Jesus Christ's sake—and then, reflecting how our good Lord was used, when alive, by members of the legal profession, I soon gave that the go-by I attempted over and over again to untie myself, but he soon heard me and came to see if all was fast, for he was more watchful in studying how to make out his lying case than I was to clear myself He rose at daybreak and was dressed before any creature in the house stirred (except himself with his trumped up testimony) and, grasping a leather belt, he thrashed me unmercifully, reproving me the while for the vile sin of thieving—a crime with which he was well acquainted This was our posture, he beating me, and I almost ready to yield money—the only diamond capable of taking effect on so hard a heart—when my mistress, who had witnessed the fall and the first cudgelling, was now convinced that mine was a genuine misfortune, and had, by earnest prayers and entreaties, prevailed upon the Portuguese and the Catalan to come to my assistance—which they did and when the lawyer heard them addressing me, he took out his pen to add them to his indictment, as accessories

The Portuguese had no patience with this, and gave the lawyer a volley of abusive language, telling him I was a great gentleman of the King's Household and that it was sheer villainy to truss me up in such a way, which speech being delivered, he set about liberating me. Seeing this the lawyer cried out, " Help ! " and in came a couple of his minions, half

bumbailiffs and half runners, trampling on their cloaks and tearing off their collars—as these beauties usually do in such a case, to make it appear they have been assaulted in the course of their duty—and calling upon all men to come to their assistance in the king's name Notwithstanding this the Portuguese and the Catalán unbound me, and the lawyer seeing there was nobody to stand by him, said, "I swear I am not to be served in this fashion, and were you not gentlemen and persons of quality, this affair might cost you dear However, just mete out satisfaction to these two witnesses—and observe at the same time that I am treating you generously, and without any prospect of gain" I understood the hint, pulled out a coin and gave it to him with a good mind to return the beating he had given me, but forbore rather than acknowledge the receipt of it, and therefore I went away with my two liberators, returning hearty thanks for my deliverance, my face was all bruised with the cuffs and my back wealed with the cudgelling The Catalán was greatly amused with it all, and advised the wench to marry me to reverse the old saw, "Cuckolded first and beaten afterwards", making it, "Beaten first and cuckolded afterwards". From then he used to call me a stout fellow—in ironical illusion to the thrashing I had received, and this, with other sarcasms put me out of countenance, for if ever I happened to pay them a friendly visit he would, soon after I put in an appearance, begin a conversation with references to thrashing, or about sticks and cudgels

Finding that I was badgered and affronted in this manner, and that they were beginning to suspect what a sham my wealth was, I set about contriving how to leave the house with all my effects while avoiding payment of bed, board, and shelter, which now amounted to a fair sum in crowns I arranged for a Graduate named Brandalagas of Hornillos, and a couple of his friends, to come to arrest me They arrived on the appointed day, and, having informed the landlady that they were sent by the Holy Inquisition, charged her with great secrecy. The whole family quaked with fear, because I had made out to them that I was somewhat of a magician. and they remained in silent awe as I was marched off, until they saw my baggage also being removed, when they would have distrained on it for what I owed my confederates, however, pointed out that all my effects were now the property of the

Holy Office This hushed them completely and they peaceably allowed everything to go, saying afterwards that they had always feared something of the sort might happen The Portuguese and the Catalán positively affirmed that the people who came to enquire after me were devils, and that of a certainty I had a familiar spirit When the women told them of the vast sums of money I had counted, they swore it was no money—though it seemed so and, as the household believed all this, I got off without incurring the expense of my board and lodging with them

With the aid of the fellows who had stood my friends for this turn, I altered my dress into one of fashionable cut, having straight breeches and a great collar, and found a couple of young lackeys to act as footmen, or grooms, as the custom then was My friends encouraged me in this change of character, explaining how I might use it to set myself up at once, by cutting a dash, and getting a wife with a great fortune—a trick which frequently succeeds at court, adding that they would put me in the right way of doing this, by discovering one for my purpose, whom I could follow up Greedy cunning and the desire to fish for a wife prevailed and having made up my mind I went shopping to purchase the tackle for catching one I could not find a suitable footman, but knew of an establishment where horses were for hire, and that very day saw me mounted, I trotted towards the High Street and drew up at a harness-shop, as if to acquire an outfit

Two gentlemen on horseback who came there asked me whether I was thinking of buying a saddle I held up for inspection, I put it down immediately, saying it was at their service if they liked it—and I went on chatting for a short time, using a thousand polite expressions to flatter them At length they said they had a mind to pass the time by disporting themselves in the park called the Prado I said I would accompany them, if they saw no objection, and left word with the saddler that should my pages and footman (whose livery I described) come to his shop, he must send them after me to the Prado, and then having slipped in between the two gentlemen, we moved off I decided to my own satisfaction that not a person who saw us could possibly guess whose were the pages and footmen that accompanied us, or which of us had none I began a tall talk, referring to the tilting and other sports on horseback at Talavera, and to a



piebald racer I owned ; and highly commended a lusty-stoned charger I was expecting from Córdoba. Every page or groom who came our way on horseback, I stopped ; asking who might be the owner of the animal : and then, having gone over his points I enquired whether he was for sale. After that I would ask for him to take a turn up and down the street, and though the beast were faultless I would pick upon some flaw in the bridle, explaining to the rider how to mend it : as fortune would have it I met with several opportunities of exhibiting my talents in this fashion. During this time the gentlemen were musing, and, as I fancied, asking themselves, " Who is this importunate upstart of a shabby squire ? " for one of them had a badge of knighthood on his breast, and the other wore his insignia hanging from a chain set in diamonds ; and so, to distract them, I said I was looking for a few choice animals for myself and a kinsman of mine—as we had entered our names for some of the bouts on horseback.

When we came to the Prado I took my feet from the stirrups and turned my heels out jauntily ; walking easily with my cloak thrown gracefully over one shoulder and my broad-brimmed hat in my hand. Everybody stared at me and one fellow said, " I have seen that spark footing it before now ", and another, " Gaily goes the rascal ". I pretended, haughtily, to hear nothing ; and merely walked on.

The two gentlemen went up to a carriage full of ladies, asking me to banter with them for a short time. I moved round from the side where some young ones were, and went to the other, where there was a mother and an aunt—a pair of merry old dames, one of about fifty summers and the other a trifle less. I told them many a sweet lie, and they listened ; for there is no woman—however old—whose years are greater than her susceptibility. Having promised them some presents I enquired whether the other ladies were married, and they replied they were single ; as indeed could easily be gathered from their conversation. Having learnt this I went on to bestow the usual compliment about wishing to see them as well settled in life as they deserved to be ; and the two old ones showed great interest in the word *settled*. Next they asked me how I passed my time at the court : to which I replied that I was keeping out of the way of parents who wished to marry me—against my will—to a woman, ugly, stupid, and of low family, merely because of her vast dowry.

I continued, "And for my part, ladies, I would rather have a well-bred wife in her pelt, than the best endowed Jewess living. For—God be praised—my patrimony is worth about twenty thousand pounds a year ; and if I succeed in a lawsuit, which so far goes favourably for me, I shall want for nothing". When the aunt heard this, she cried sharply, "That's what I like ! Do not marry, but for happiness and a woman of good family. For I assure you that, although I am not very rich myself, I have refused my niece to many rich suitors because they were not of the right quality. It is true she is not well off—her portion is a mere three thousand pounds : but where breeding is concerned, she bows to none".

"I quite believe it", said I.

By this time the damsels had brought their conversation with my friends to a close with the remark that they would like a morsel to eat :

"They gazed into each other's eyes,  
Their whiskers shuddered with surprise."\*

Whereupon, seeing my chance, I said I deeply regretted that my pages were not about ; and that I had nobody I could send to fetch some boxes of sweetmeats from home. They thanked me for this, and I asked them if they could come next day to the Pavillion in the Prado, when I would arrange for some cold delicacies to be brought : immediately they accepted, told me where they lived, and enquired after my quarters ; after which the carriage drove off, and I, with my companions made our way towards our homes. Seeing how forward I had been to offer the ladies a treat, the two gentlemen began to have a liking for me ; and to show their pleasure they asked if I would sup with them that night. I demurred slightly—not too much—and supped with them ; during the meal I sent out several times for my servants, and, as they did not put in an appearance, I swore I would discharge them. When two o'clock in the morning struck I informed my friends that I had fixed an hour for an affair of the heart, and would they therefore excuse me if I left them ; they agreed, and away I went, reminding them of the meeting next afternoon at the Pavillion in the park.

I went from their quarters to the establishment where I had to return my hired mount to his owners ; and thence home, where I found my companions playing a game of cards.

I gave them an account of what had happened and of the engagement I had made. We made up our minds that we must treat the ladies, without fail ; and we resolved to expend a couple of hundred crowns on this occasion. With this line of action decided upon we went to bed, where, I confess, I could not sleep a wink from thinking of how I should deal with the dowry. I was unable to determine whether to build a mansion with it, or invest it ; for I did not know which of the two would be most to my advantage.

## CHAPTER VII

*In which the story is continued, with an account of the grave accidents and misfortunes which befell me.*

WE rose at dawn to set about finding servants and plate for the picnic; and at last—as there is nothing in the world but can be obtained with money, which all men worship—I found a gentleman's butler, who, for a consideration, undertook to provide the necessary plate and three fellow-servants to wait upon us. The whole of the forenoon was spent in preparing everything for the occasion; and after dinner I hired a hack and made towards the Pavillion at the appointed hour. I had quantities of paper packets sticking out of my girdle, like so many briefs—besides these there were others peeping out of my bosom; for I had half-a-dozen buttons of my coat unbuttoned, as though I were a man about some mighty business. When I arrived at the appointed place the ladies and gentlemen were all there: the former received me with a great show of affection and the latter addressed me in terms of familiarity. I had previously informed them that my name was Don Felipe Tristán, and, for the rest of the day, all you could hear was Don Felipe this and Don Felipe that. I opened the conversation by telling them that my time had been greatly taken up with some business for His Majesty; and this (together with the settling of some accounts relating to my estate) had left me much ado to be as good as my word to them: and consequently they must expect a picnic which had been prepared on the spur of the moment. By this time the butler arrived with all his furnishings, plate, and servants: whereupon the ladies and gentlemen all gazed at me, holding their peace. I ordered my man to go into the dining-room and prepare the table, and, in the meantime, we went to while away the time at the fish-ponds in the park. The old lady came to my side, fawning and flattering; and I was overjoyed to see the unveiled faces of the young girls—for, since I was born I never saw so beautiful a creature as the one I had picked upon for my future wife. Her skin was as white

as alabaster ; she had fine hair ; her cheeks bloomed fresh above a tiny mouth, showing small teeth set close together ; her nose was regular and she had great dark eyes, was tall, shapely, with pretty little hands : and she lisped slightly as she spoke. Her companion was not amiss, but more inclined to be forward in her gestures—I suspected that she had sometime fallen. We went to the ponds and saw all that was to be seen, and, in the course of our conversation, I gathered that my intended bride, had she lived in the time of Herod, might have run great risk of being taken among the innocents ; for she knew nothing. But as I do not desire women for the sake of listening to their counsels and buffoonery, but for the pleasure I get by sleeping with them—and if they be ugly and well worn, one might as well go to bed with Aristotle or Seneca or some sort of book—therefore I usually pick upon such as be of good parts for the art of misconduct ; and from this I drew my consolation.

After that we made towards the dining-room ; and as I passed along by the hedge, a twig caught the lace of my collar and tore it a little. On this the young girl stepped forward and pinned it with a silver pin, and at the same time her mother bid me to send it next day to their house and that Doña Ana—for so my intended was called—would mend it. The treat that I had provided was all in order, and excellent ; the hot and the cold, the fruit and the sweetmeats. But when the cloth had been removed I spied in the distance a gentleman who was coming our way along the garden, accompanied by two servants : and who should this be, when I least expected it, but my old master, Don Diego Coronel !

He drew near : and seeing me in my strange attire, could not take his eyes off me. He spoke to the women, addressing them as cousins ; and all the time kept turning to gaze at me. I busied myself talking to the butler, while the other two gentlemen, who were friends of my master, were in deep converse with him. He asked them (as it afterwards appeared) for my name ; and they replied that it was Don Felipe Tristán—a very honest gentleman of great estate. I saw my old master bless himself, and after a time he walked up to me in front of them all, and said, “ Sir, will you forgive me ; for, by the Lord, till I heard your name, I took you for a very different person than you are. In my life I never saw anyone so like a servant named Paul that I had once in Segovia

the son of a barber in that town ". At this they all laughed very heartily ; and I used all my art to avoid betraying myself by blushing, saying that I longed very much to see that fellow ; for many had told me I was extremely like him.

" Lord ! " cried Don Diego, " like him ! I never saw such a resemblance ! His very figure, voice, and mien ! I declare, Sir, it is extraordinary : I never saw any two people so exactly alike." The two old women, aunt and mother, asked how it was possible that a gentleman of such high quality should be so like that low scoundrel : and then to avoid my annoyance with them, one declared, " Why, I know Don Felipe very well—it was he who entertained me at Ocaña, at my husband's request ". I took the cue and replied that I should always be ready to do them whatever service lay in my power, anywhere. Don Diego put himself at my service and begged my pardon for the affront of taking me for the barber's son, adding, " You will scarcely credit it, Sir, but his mother was a witch, his father a thief, his uncle the public hangman, and he himself the wickedest man and the greatest rascal God ever sent into the world ". You may imagine how I felt on hearing such things said of me to my very face ; I was sitting upon thorns, though I did my best to dissemble my uneasiness. By then it was time to return home, so my two new acquaintances and I took leave of the party, and Don Diego went into the carriage with the ladies. He asked them what the picnic meant ; and their being in my company. The mother and aunt told him I was heir to a considerable fortune and had a notion to marry Nancy ; and they asked him to go into the matter, that he might see for himself not only how safe it was ; but how advantageous it would be for their family.

With this sort of talk on the way they reached home, which was situated in a street near St. Phillip's Church. I went with my companions to their house, as we had done the previous night ; and they, having a mind to fleece me, asked whether I would play. I guessed what was in their minds and settled down to the game. A deck of well marked cards was brought, and, having permitted them to win in the beginning, I soon reversed these tactics, winning three hundred crowns ; upon which I took my leave and went off home.

There I found my friends, the Graduate Brandalagas and Pete López, busy working out some new tricks for cheating with dice ; but when they saw me they left off to ask how I had fared. All I told them was that I had been in great danger, how I had run across Don Diego, and how I came through the adventure. They comforted me and encouraged me to proceed with the enterprize ; and not, in any circumstances, to desist.

We received notice that there were certain people who used to frequent an apothecary's house close-by to play cards. At that time I understood tolerably well the game they used to play ; and had a pack of specially prepared cards for the purpose, being acquainted with all sorts of cheating methods : so we resolved to give them a run for their money. I sent my friends before me ; and they, coming into the room, asked those present whether they would care to have a game with a Holy Benedictine Friar, who had come to town to be cured among friends and relations of a tedious distemper ; and was well provided with silver and gold. On hearing this they became excited, crying, " Let the Holy Friar come and be welcomed ".

" He is a man of note in the Order ", added Pete López, " and being at the moment away from his monastery, wishes to amuse himself ; which he does only for the sake of company."

" Let him come ", said they, " and never mind what his motive is."

" And now, as regards keeping this matter quiet . . ." began Brandalagas.

" Enough ! " said the master of the house, " you need say no more ! " This satisfied them that it was a genuine affair ; so the lie went down glibly. My two acolytes came for me, finding me in my night-cap and dressed in a Benedictine habit (which had come into my possession on a certain occasion) with a pair of spectacles on my nose and my short bushy beard, which I wore because of my delicate health. I tripped in very demurely, took a seat, and began to play. They all conspired to swindle me : but being much sharper at the game than they, I swept all before me ; so that in about three hours I won upwards of a thousand and three hundred crowns. I scattered some coins among them by way of bounty and took leave of them with the usual, " Praised be Our

Lord ", charging them not to be scandalized to see me play ; for it was merely for diversion—nothing more. The fellows who had lost their money cursed themselves to the pit of hell. Again I took my leave and away we went to our lodging, reaching it about half-past one in the morning ; we parted our booty and went off to bed. This gain was some compensation to me for the unfortunate incident which had happened shortly before.

I got up next morning to hire a horse, but found they were all out ; from which I concluded there were more in my circumstances besides myself—for to foot it about the streets did not become a gentleman, especially at that time. I went in the direction of St. Phillip's Church, where I found a lawyer's groom holding a horse while he waited for his master, who had alighted to hear mass. I clapped a bribe of four crowns in his hand, to permit me to ride along the next street where my lady-love lived. He consented ; and I rode twice up and down the street, but did not see a soul : on the third turn Doña Ana looked out. Catching a sight of her I thought to act the gallant before her by giving a display of my horsemanship ; and—being a very indifferent jockey, and unacquainted with the horse's qualities—I gave him a couple of lashes, reining back at the same time. The nag reared first and then struck out behind and set off at full gallop ; while I went clean over his head into a puddle. I could do nothing in this pitiful plight—all beset with boys, as I was—but shout, " You whoreson of a nag ! My own Sorrel would never have played me such a trick ! Some day I shall pay for my mad pranks : they told me he was an unlucky brute—yet I must needs have a game with him ". By this time the groom had brought me the horse again, for he had stopped very soon after he had thrown me ; I remounted, and Don Diego Coronel (who resided in the same house as his kinswoman) looked out. The sight of him gave me a great start. He asked me if I was badly hurt, and I answered that I was not—though at the time one of my legs was almost crippled. The groom was pressing me to give him his horse, lest his master should come out of the Church and see me ; for he was then on his way to the law court. As ill-luck would have it, just at the moment when he was telling me to begone, the wretch of a lawyer came up from behind ; and, recognizing his steed, he made for the groom, pummelling him about the head, and



shouting at the top of his voice to ask had he dared have the impudence to permit anyone to mount his horse. The worst of it all was that he turned to me and asked me, in God's name, to get down—in full view of my lady and Don Diego ; which put me as much out of countenance as if I had received a public whipping. I was terribly downcast—and no wonder: to have two such misfortunes befall me on so small a spot of ground. In short, I had to alight ; whereupon the lawyer mounted and went his way, and I, the better to smooth over the affair, remained in the street talking to Don Diego, observing, " I never mounted such an unlucky beast in all my days. My own cream-coloured horse is over yonder by St. Phillip's Church—a hard-mouthed animal when once he sets off on a trot. I was telling some of the bystanders how I used to ride him at full gallop and pull him up with one check ; and they remarked that I could never do that with a horse that stood before us—the lawyer's. I determined to try : but you cannot imagine what a restive brute it is—and with such a vile saddle that it was a wonder I wasn't killed outright."

" That is so ", answered Don Diego, " and yet, Sir, you seem to be feeling some hurt in that leg."

" Truly I do," I replied, " and therefore I'll take my own horse and be off home." The young lady was fully satisfied that all I said was true, for I could perceive she was much concerned at my fall : but Don Diego was mistrustful, after what had happened in the street. That incident proved to be the cause of my ruin, not to mention many other unlucky accidents that came my way.

Of these the greatest was that, on arriving home, I went to examine a box I had in my portmanteau, where I had left all that remained of my inheritance together with what I had won at play (excepting the hundred crowns I had in my pocket then) and discovered that my good friends Brandalagas the Graduate, and Pete López, had taken it and vanished. I was thunderstruck. I did not know what on earth to do and walked about repeating, " Cursed be he who puts his trust in ill-gotten wealth—which goes as it comes ! Unhappy man that I am, what shall I do ! " I could not decide whether it were best to search for the two rogues myself ; or put the law on their track. The latter course did not appeal to me, because should they be captured they would lay a charge

against me of having impersonated a Holy Friar—not to mention other affairs, which would bring me straight to the gallows : and then, as for following them myself, I did not know which way to take.

At last, driven by fear of spoiling my marriage—which I looked upon as a certainty from which the dowry would compensate for all losses—I resolved to stay where I was and push this ahead vigorously. I dined, and that evening I hired a horse and went towards my lady's street, but, having no footman—and not wishing to be seen without one—I waited at the corner until a man passed by who looked like one ; and away I went after him, making a footman of him, though he was not one. At the other end of the street I did likewise, standing out of sight until another like the former went by ; and then I rode down again. I do not know whether it was the certainty that I was the very rascal he suspected I was, or the fresh cause for mistrust after the incident of the lawyer's horse and footman, or what else did it, but Don Diego was careful to enquire who I was and how I lived ; moreover he watched all my movements. Finally he was at such pains that he discovered the whole intrigue, in the strangest manner that could be imagined : for I continued to press my matrimonial suit very hotly, plying the ladies continually with letters. Don Diego was greatly importuned by them, who were in haste to have it concluded, and one day when he was on my track he happened to meet the Graduate Flechilla—the man with whom I had invited myself to dine, when first I joined the gang of rogues. This fellow took it ill that I had never gone again to see him, and, while conversing with Don Diego, knowing I had been his servant, told of our meeting and how I had gone to dine with him ; and how, only two days previously, he, having met me on horseback, was informed by me of my prospective marriage with a great fortune. Don Diego did not wait to hear more ; and, returning home immediately, found the two knights—of the breast-plate and chain—near the Puerta del Sol. To them he related the whole story, requesting them to be ready that night to give me a sound thrashing in the street, and saying that they might recognize me from his cloak, which he would take care I should be wearing. Having agreed to this they met me soon afterwards in the street ; and their behaviour on that occasion was so pleasing that I never thought myself so assured

of their friendship We went on, discussing together how we would divert ourselves, till it was getting towards the *Ave Maria*, whereupon the two knights took their leave and went off down the street Don Diego and I were left by ourselves and turned towards St Philip's Church When we reached the turning which leads to Peace Street, Don Diego said to me, "Let me beg the favour of you, Don Felipe, of changing cloaks with me, for I am anxious to pass unknown through this quarter"

"With the greatest of pleasure", said I, taking his cloak very innocently, and giving him mine—which led to the reverse, and I offered to stand by him in case of necessity, but, having projected to stand by me to break my bones, he replied that he must proceed alone, and therefore requested me to leave him

No sooner had I parted from him but two fellows who were waiting to thrash Don Diego to settle a wenching score, thinking from the cloak that I was their man, rained a shower of blows with their cudgels on my shoulders, I cried out, and they discovered from my voice and countenance that they were mistaken, on which they made off and I, left alone with my beating, concealed the three or four good bumps they had raised, halting, did not dare to go into my mistress's street for a short time Eventually, at about twelve o'clock (which was the time I used to talk to her) I came up to the door, and one of Don Diego's friends that waited for me, prepared with a stout cudgel, gave me a couple of blows across the shins, which laid me flat upon the ground No sooner was I down than the other played his part, giving me a slash across the face from ear to ear, they took away my cloak and left me stretched on the ground, saying, "That's the reward given to false, deceitful, and base scoundrels!" Not knowing to whom I was indebted for such treatment, I cried aloud for help, though, from their parting remark, I wondered whether it could be the landlord I had bilked with the trick of being taken by the Inquisition, or the gaoler on whom I had sponged so long, or my companions who had disappeared for, eventually, I was expecting that cut from so many quarters that I could not be positive from whom it might in the end come The person I had least expected it from was Don Diego, and in that fashion but still I continued to cry, 'Thieves!' which at last attracted the watch, who picked

me up When they saw a gash as long as your hand on my face, and that I had no cloak, nor any idea how the misfortune came, they carried me away to the house of a surgeon-barber , where I was bandaged After that they asked where I lodged, and thither they brought me

I went to bed and lay awake all night, my head full of confused thoughts, my face sliced in two, my body bruised, and my legs so crippled from the blows that I could not stand, being almost without feeling in them There I lay, wounded, robbed, and in such a condition that I could not follow up my friends, nor proceed with the matrimony, nor remain at the court, nor go away

## CHAPTER VIII

### *How I recovered my health, and other peregrine adventures.*

By daybreak the following morning my landlady appeared at the head of my bed. She was a choice old drab at the years of discretion—past fifty-five—with a great rosary in her hand, and a face so full of furrows that it looked like a dried fruit or a walnut-shell. She had a great reputation in the neighbourhood : and would lie abed with any that could fancy her. She promoted pleasure and contrived delight. Her name was something De La Guía and her business was to let lodgings at home, and procure for others outside ; her house was never without lodgers all the year round. You should see her instruct a young girl how to veil herself, teaching her what parts of the face she must be sure to expose to sight ; if the wench had good teeth she advised her to be for ever smiling, even when condoling ; if she had fine hands she was always to be playing with them ; if she was golden-haired, she must have some loose curls and a suspicion of forelock peeping from under her hat and veil ; if she had good eyes, she must ogle continually ; and if they were of the small, sparkling sort, she must shut and open them wide, and be sure to gaze upwards. The old strumpet dealt in washes and other cosmetics for the skin ; and could alter a woman as black as a crow into one as fair as a lily, so that many of her lady clients went home so altered that their own husbands did not know them. But her greatest art consisted in adjusting doubtful virgins and patching up maidenheads : by the time I had been only a week in the house I had witnessed all these things. The best of it was the way she directed her hussies in the picking of pockets, and how she taught them the pretty turns of speech to use while so engaged : she showed them how to wheedle a piece of jewellery out of a man—young girls were to do it by wit and jest, ripe maids were to make him give it as a duty, and old women were to obtain it from respect and as an obligation. She put women in the way of begging money, rings, and other trinklets ; and on occasion

she would cite the precepts of Madame Vidaña, a famous member of the calling at Alcalá, and those of the celebrated La Planosa of Búrges—both champion cheats.

I have given this account of the old baggage that I may be pitied, considering into what hands I had fallen ; and that more notice may be taken of her words to me. She began her speech in this manner, being always fond of proverbs : “ Constant dropping, Don Felipe, will wear away a stone ; as you sow, so shall you reap, and, if you walk barefoot among thorns you must expect to be scratched. To speak plainly, my child, I do not understand you ; nor can I conceive how you live. You are young—and it is not astonishing that you should be rather wild ; and fail to consider that even as we sleep we are travelling towards the grave : I, as a heap of clay, can tell you that. But what is this story I hear, to the effect that you have squandered a great income, no one knows how ; and that, since you came to town you have appeared sometimes as a scholar, sometimes as a trickster, and sometimes as a man of quality—all through keeping bad company ? Tell me, my child, your company, and I’ll tell you what you are ; for birds of a feather flock together ; and there’s many a slip twixt cup and lip. Ah fool ! if it were that you liked women, you well know that I am perpetually blessed with a good stock of that commodity, that I live by their postures, breed them to hand, fit them for the profession, and consequently have them ever ready in the house. Why should you be misled by one scamp to-day and another rascal to-morrow, picking up a dirty slut here and a pickelled jade there—such as wear out their skirts to keep another man in starched cuffs ? I vow and swear you’d have saved yourself many a crown had you applied to me, for I’m no great lover of money : and, by the souls of my forefathers and as I hope for mercy, I would not trouble you now for what is due for bed and board but that I want it to buy a few little candles and some medicinal herbs ”, for she dealt in pots though no apothecary ; and if anybody oiled her palm she anointed her person and disappeared at night time in smoke.

Realizing that all her discourse and sermon had ended in a dun (for although that was her text, she did not begin with it as others do, but made it her conclusion) I was not surprised at her visit—the first with which she had honoured me whilst I lodged there, excepting that one day she came to

give an explanation on learning I had been told some story of her witchcraft ; and when the officers came to seize her she had cast such a mist before their eyes that they could neither find the house nor the street. On that occasion she had come to inform me it was all a mistake and that they were searching for another Madame Guia\*—and no wonder ; for people of that name are guides to perdition. I paid over the money : and, as I was counting it out, ill-fortune, which never leaves me, and the devil, who ever plagues me, would have it that officers came to seize her for leading a scandalous life, having received information that one of her gallants was in the house. They came to my room, and, seeing me in bed with her by me, they laid hold of us both, gave me five or six hard knocks, and dragged me out of bed ; while two others held her fast, calling her procuress and witch. Who would have thought as much of a woman that lived as I have described ! My cries and the noise made by the constables gave the alarm to the gallant—a fruiterer—who was in the next room ; so that he made off. But, observing this, and being informed by another lodger that I was not their man, they raced after him, caught him, and left me well beaten with half my hair missing : yet for all I had suffered I could not forbear laughing, to hear how the scoundrels complimented the old trollop. One of them, looking her up and down, cried, “ How gracefully a mitre will become you, mother ! By my soul, it will be a great satisfaction to me to see a thousand turnip-tops fly after you ”, and another said, “ The magistrates have already chosen their fine feathers for the celebration of your execution ”. At length they caught her fast man, and, having trussed them both, begged my pardon and left me to myself. It was a great consolation to me to see my good landlady on the way to preferment ; and my whole care was to be up and about in good time to throw a rotten orange at her ; though in view of what I was told by a servant who was left behind, I doubted very much whether they could hold her in prison ; for she talked of vanishing and other things, which I did not at all like. I lay for a week in the house under the surgeon’s hands and was then scarcely able to get about ; for they had put a dozen stitches in my face, and I had to walk with the help of crutches.

By this time I was penniless, for the hundred crowns all went in lodging and cure ; so that to avoid further

extravagance when my treasure was gone, I resolved to go out on crutches and sell my linen and clothes, which were all in good condition. I did so : and with a part of the money so received I bought me an old leathern jerkin, a canvas waistcoat, a beggar's patched overall, which went down to my ankles ; I obtained a clumsy pair of leggings and heavy shoes, placed the hood of a great-coat over my head, hung a large brass figure of Christ about my neck, and held a set of beads in my hand. A mumper, who was a master of the art, taught me the correct tone of voice and the broken-hearted phraseology of begging ; which I began immediately to practise about the streets. The sixty crowns which remained I sewed up in my doublet, and, in this manner I set up as a professional beggar, with full confidence in my good prose.\* I went about the streets for a whole week, howling lugubriously, and repeated my plaint in this fashion, "Merciful Christian and servant of the Lord, have pity on a poor, distressed, miserable, wounded, and maimed creature, such as you see in me". That was my workaday formula : on religious festivals I altered my note and cried, " Oh faithful followers of Jesus Christ ! for the sake of the great Princess of Heaven, Queen of the Angels and good Mother of our Saviour, give alms to a wretched cripple whom the hand of God has stricken ", on which I paused slightly—an important point of technique—and then went on again, " See my poor legs, blasted, unhappy wretch that I am, as I was working in a vineyard, where I lost the use of my precious limbs ; for I was as strong and able-bodied as any one of you now is—for which the Lord be everlastingly praised ! " This brought the farthings dropping in by shoals ; I got heaps of money, and was in the way of obtaining much more had I not been thwarted by an evil-looking, lusty young rascal, who was crippled in both arms and one-legged ; he crossed my district in a wheel-barrow and picked up more pence than I—though his manner was not so finished as mine. He used to cry aloud in a hoarse voice, ending in a squeak, " Faithful servants of Jesus Christ, behold how the Lord hath afflicted me for my sins. Give something to the poor, and God will reward you ", and then he would add, " for sweet Jesu's sake ". This brought him a mighty revenue. I took note of it and for the future cut off the *s*, saying only *Jesu* ; and thereby moved the public to greater efforts of devotion. In short, I altered my



little phrases from time to time and reaped a wonderful harvest I kept both my legs tied up in a leather bag, wore a pair of crutches, and slept in a surgeon's porch with a beggar from the next corner, one of the greatest villains God ever put life into—a very rich man, who was, as you may say, our Rector, earning more money than all of us This fellow had an enormous broken bubo, and, furthermore, bound his arm fast above the shoulder with a rope, thus making his hand look as if it were inflamed as well as maimed He used to lie flat on his back to show the naked sore as big as his head, crying, "Behold my misery, and see what a present the Lord has made to a Christian" Should a woman pass, he would say, "Sweet, beautiful lady, may the Lord bless your dear soul", and most of them would give him alms for calling them handsome, making a point of passing his way on their rounds, though it was out of their road If a ragged soldier came by, he called him a "Noble Captain", if any ordinary citizen passed it was "Sir Knight", anybody who rode past in a carriage was "Right Honourable Lord", and a priest on muleback became "Most Reverend Archdeacon" To sum up, he was a most intolerable flatterer and had a special code for begging on festivals I contracted such intimacy with him that he let me into a secret which in a few days made us rich, and it was that he kept three small boys for begging about the street and stealing all they could, to be brought to him as receiver, in addition to these he had two little children skilled in picking pockets, with whom he divided their spoil \*

Under such good instruction by so able a master I adopted the same methods, while he provided me with fit instruments for the purpose In less than a month's time I had gathered over two hundred crowns nett, and at length, intending that we should retire together, he disclosed to me the greatest secret and cunningest design that ever beggar had in his head, in which we both joined and was, that between us we every day stole four or five children On hearing the loss proclaimed we would appear and enquire by what marks they were known, saying, "Why, Sir, I found this child at such a time And had I not arrived as I did, a cart would have been over it but I have taken it to my home for safety" They readily paid us the reward, and the business throve so well that I got about fifty crowns more, by which time my legs were well again, though I still wore them wrapped in clouts

I made up my mind to leave Madrid and go to Toledo, where I knew nobody and was known to none. With this resolution I bought an old suit of grey clothes, a sword and collar, said good-bye to Valcázar—the beggar I mentioned above—and went about the inns to find some means of getting to Toledo.

## CHAPTER IX

*How I turned player, poet, and courtier of nuns ; whose properties are prettily discovered.*

AT an inn I fell in with a company of strolling players, who were going to Toledo with their waggons. It pleased God that among them I found a fellow who had been my school-mate at Alcalá, had left, and had become an actor. I told him of my inclination to go with them, though it was with some difficulty he recognized me, because of the scar across my face ; and he could only bless himself incessantly *per signum crucis* at sight of me. In the end—for my money—he was so much my friend as to prevail upon his colleagues to permit me to go with them. Our mode of life was mixed, for men and women lived together higgledy-piggledy : and I was mightily taken with a lady, their principal ballet-dancer, who also acted queens and other heavy parts in their plays—and appeared to me to be a great jilt. Her husband happened to be sitting next to me, and, not thinking to whom I spoke, but following my lewd inclination of enjoying the jade, I asked of him, “ How should a man set about having a little chat with this woman ? I might spend a score of crowns upon her, since she attracts me greatly ”.

“ It does not suit me to answer your question, as I am her husband ”, replied the man, “ Nor is it fit I should talk of any such thing. But, speaking without passion—since it is nothing to me—she is worthy of any sum being spent upon her ; for there is not a more dainty bit of flesh on earth, nor such a pretty wanton girl ”, saying which he skipped out of the cart and climbed into another—in all likelihood that I might have an opportunity of concentrating my addresses on her. I was pleased with the fellow’s answer : and perceived it may be said of such men that they kept wives as if they had none, maliciously perverting the word. I embraced the opportunity ; she asked me whither I was going, with some questions concerning my life and circumstances ; and in conclusion, after much talk, postponed

close-grips to Toledo ; so that we had to amuse ourselves on the way as best we could.

I had no sooner begun to act a part in a comedy called " San Alejo ", that I remembered from boyhood, playing so well, than they took a liking to me ; and, having heard from my friend in the company an account of all my misfortunes and hard circumstances, I was asked to join them. They so highly extolled their strolling mode of life, and I was in such want of a means of support (and so fond of the wench) that I contracted with their leader for two years. Writings were signed between us to oblige me to stay with them ; so they gave me my allowance and allotted my parts ; and in this way we came to Toledo. They had given me two or three Prologues to learn by heart, and a few other heavy parts which well suited my voice. I applied myself carefully to the work, and recited the first Prologue in the town ; it was about a ship, which, like all ships, was in distress and wanted provisions, with something in it about, " This is the port " ; referring to the audience as *senate* I begged for their attention, and their pardon for the mistakes : and then made my exit. My recitation was received with a peal of applause, and my stage manner was liked. We acted a play which had been written by one of our actors : and I regarded with surprise the way they became poets, for I considered poetry to be an art only for the learned and ingenious, and not for people so ignorant. But things have come to such a pass that there is not a leader of a band of strolling players, but writes plays ; nor an actor but uses Moors and Christians as a seasoning for his farces : though I remember that in the past no plays would be approved but those written by the good Lope de Vega and Ramón.\* However, the comedy was acted the first day—and nobody could understand a word of it. The second day we put it on again, and, as the Lord provided, there was some sort of a warlike exploit in the opening ; and I came upon the stage clad in armour, with a shield on my arm—a good thing for me, otherwise I might have been pelted to death. Such a hailstorm was never seen : and the play deserved it ; for it was a piece without rhyme or reason, representing a king of Normandy in the guise of a hermit, with a couple of villainous footmen thrown in to make buffoonery. When the plot came to be unravelled, there was nothing in it but the marrying up of all the company—and there was an end to it : so that, to

tell the truth, we received only what we deserved. We, in the company, fell foul of our poetical colleague, and I bade him consider the peril we had escaped and take warning from it : his reply to this was that he had not composed one word of the play, but had merely collected oddments and scraps, from one play here and another there, as they came his way ; making a patchwork of them, after the fashion of a beggar's ragged motley cloak—which would not have mattered but for the clumsy stitching. He owned that all actors who wrote plays were forced to make restitution—an easy matter, since they merely stole them from the parts they had acted ; and were willing to run all such risks for the sake of gaining three or four hundred crowns. Besides, while travelling about the country they were shown plays by many people, borrowed them to read, and then stole them ; after which they merely added some scurvy part and cut out the wit, calling the result their own offspring : and he informed me that no player ever knew how to write a scene any other way.

The trick did not seem a bad one : and I confess I felt inclined to try it myself, having a slight genius for poetry, and being versed in the poets, since I had read Garcilaso ; so I resolved to take up the part. With this, and my actress doxy, and my own playing, I made a shift to live. By that time we had been a month in Toledo, where we put on several good plays and endeavoured to retrieve our first fiasco, from which I had acquired fame ; I had given out that my name was Alonso, to which most people added the title of “ the Cruel ”, because I had played a part of that nature—to the great amusement of the soldiers and the rest of the rabble. I was now well established, with three new suits of clothes ; and some leaders of other strolling companies of players were endeavouring to entice me away from my own band. I also made myself a dramatic critic and railed at the most celebrated actors, finding fault with Pinedo's\* gestures, censuring the gravity of Sánchez, and admitting that Morales was a tolerable actor ; and my advice was in continual demand for arranging scenes and stage decoration. If a play was submitted for a reading, I was the judge ; it was left to me to examine. In course of time—inspired by this appreciation—I launched out as a poet, in a lyric ; and then wrote a short farce, which was not at all bad.

I ventured on the composition of a play ; and so that it

might be a full and divine thing, I introduced Our Lady of the Rosary. It had a musical opening and a great show of souls in purgatory, with devils—as was the fashion then—speaking weird gibberish when they appeared and uttering strange shrieks as they vanished. The mob was delighted with the name of Satan in my couplets and discourses as to whether he fell from heaven—and so forth. In short the play was acted, and was a success, and then I had more business than I could cope with, for all sorts of lovers flocked to me, some for songs to be made to their mistress's eyebrows, others wanted them about eyes, others on their hands, and others on their locks. There were fixed rates for each sort, but I sold cheaply to draw the more custom, as there were other shops besides mine. As for godly carols, I supplied all the sacristans and convent runners thereabouts with them, and the blind were my best friends—at eight pence a piece—and I remember that I made them the famous one about the *Just Judge*—solemn and sonorous to cause the pulling of a wry face. I wrote for a blind beggar the famous lines which run,

Good mother of the human word,  
And heavenly father's seed divine  
Thy maiden grace upon me shine!

I was the inventor of endings for couplets similar to those employed in sermons, such as that one "Grace here and glory hereafter", as in the following\* about a captive at Tetuan

Oh Lord we beg do not mistake us,  
But see the way devotions take us,  
Thy grace upon us here bestow,  
And glory after death let flow  
Amen

Considering all these things I had the wind in my sails and became rich and prosperous so much so that I aimed at becoming leader of a company. My house was handsomely furnished, for the devil had put it into my head to buy up at a cheap rate, to decorate my rooms, a lot of mouldy old tapestry from taverns, costing me twenty or thirty crowns, and these oddments afforded me a better prospect than any king has, being so ragged you might see through any part of them, which you cannot do through his.

One day the oddest thing happened to me that ever was heard of, which I will not spare to make known—though it be

to my shame. When I was busy writing a play I used to shut myself up in the garret : there I remained, and there I dined. The maid used to bring up my food, leaving it for me ; and it was my habit to act all I wrote, declaiming aloud as if I were on the stage. As the devil would have it when the maid was coming up the stairs (which were dark and steep) with the dish of meat and plates in her hand, I was composing a scene about a bear hunt ; and being wholly intent upon my play, cried out,

“ Take heed the bear, the raging bear :  
I'm torn to shreds flesh and hair !  
He's on the way to catch you there ! ”

The poor wench—who was a silly Galician—hearing me roar that I was torn in shreds and that the bear was coming after her, thought it was real matter of fact and that I was warning her to save herself ; upon which she took to her heels, and, treading on her skirts in the confusion, tumbled down the stairs. The soup was spilt, the earthen crocks broken and out she went into the street, shouting that a bear was killing a man. In a twinkling all the neighbours were about me, clamouring to know where the bear was ; and it was all I could do to make them believe that it was the maid's foolish mistake, and that I was only acting a part of a play : I lost my dinner that day ; my companions were told of it, and it became a joke about town. Many such accidents befell me while I followed the trade of poetising, and while I refused to forsake that wicked mode of life.

It happened (as is frequently the case with such people) that the leader of our company being known to have been successful at Toledo, was arrested for some old debts, and thrown into gaol ; and this broke up our party, after which every one went his own way. For my part (though my colleagues would have introduced me to other bands, but I had no great liking for the profession, having taken to it from sheer necessity) I thought of nothing so much as enjoying myself, being then well dressed and in no want of money. I took my leave of them all, and they went their several ways. And I, having proposed to quit an evil course of life by ceasing to be a strolling player, began—pray, Sir, do not be offended—to become a Convent railings' gallant : or, to speak plainer, a candidate for Antichrist ; or in other words a courtier of

holy nuns I was encouraged to do this because I had heard of a regular Venus of a nun at whose request I had written a host of devout little pastorals and she therefore took a liking to me, having seen me one Corpus Christe play the part of St John the Evangelist in a little religious play of the allegorical sort The good lady cautiously made much of me, and informed me there was nothing worried her so much as my being a player, for I had made out to her that I was the son of a gentleman of quality, and she pitied me greatly At last I resolved to pen her the following lines

“ Rather to comply with your desires than because it was otherwise convenient for me I have left the company but to me all the company in the world, without your own is solitude Now I shall have more opportunity of being at your service, through being at my own Let me know when there will be an admittance at the convent grating, and thereby I shall know when I may be happy Etc ’

The runner brought her the note and you cannot imagine how the good nun was pleased to hear of my change of life She replied as follows

I rather expect to be congratulated than to congratulate you on your good fortune since my wishes and your prosperity are inseparable We may say that you may be regarded as one saved from a desperate existence—and it only remains for you to persevere, as I shall I very much doubt whether there will be any liberty at the grating to day, but fail not to come at vespers for there at least we shall see one another—and maybe I may find a way of tricking the Abbess Farewell

I liked the note, for really the woman was intelligent and handsome, so, after dinner I put on my best apparel (that I had used on the stage for playing the gallant) and went to the church, and there I pretended to pray, but soon was examining every inch of the grate and every veil before the choir, to see if I could find her At length it pleased God that I had the good fortune—or rather the devil contrived me the ill-luck—to hear the old signal I began to cough and she answered in the same way, so that there was a hellish imitation of a cold, or as if we were relieving a catarrh, or as though someone had scattered pepper about the church I was quite weary of coughing by the time a phthisical old hag appeared at the grate and I discovered my mistake and this coughing is a very dangerous sign in convents, because,



serving as a signal for young people it is chronic among the old ; and when a man thinks to use it as a call to catch a nightingale, he finds nothing comes to the trap but a barn owl. I remained a long time in the church till evesong began—and this I heard out ; for which reason nuns' admirers are called devout lovers, being made so against their wishes ; moreover they never get further than the evesong of expectation—for the dawn of enjoyment never arrives. You would not believe the sets of vespers I attended, all the time stretching out my neck many an inch beyond its natural length, to see my ladylove. The sacristan and acolyte were my great friends, and I was well received by the priest, a pleasant man, who walked as stiff as if he had swallowed a roasting spit or a cloth yard shaft. On occasions I went to take my place in a fair sized court, overlooked by the nuns' windows ; and it was necessary to take one's place early as on the first night of a comedy : it swarmed with devout men, but, at last I found a spot there as best I could, and was able to take stock of the comical sight of the many strange postures taken on by the nuns' lovers : this one was staring hard, without so much as winking ; that one stood with a hand on his sword and another on his rosary, like a statue on a tomb ; another would have his arms stretched out angelically ; some stood gaping after the manner of a craving woman, unable to speak because their hearts were in their mouths ; others were leaning against the walls as if they were in need of support ; others were walking to and fro as if they were to be bought for their paces, like horses ; and others again strolled about with love-letters in their hands, like so many falconers bringing the hawk to the lure. Jealous lovers made another party, some standing round in circles, laughing and looking upwards ; others reading verses and showing them. One, to pique the other, would walk along the terrace holding his mistress by the hand ; and another would speak to a go-between maidservant who brought him a message. All this happened below where we were ; but above the place for the nuns was a little old tower, full of cracks, chinks, and peeping-holes, where there appeared to be nothing but confusion—here a hand, there a foot, in another place a head : but never a brain. On one side would be a pedlar's pack, on another a rosary and on another a handkerchief, a glove, or the like ; some walked about, talking loudly ; while others raised their hats on high, as if

to frighten away spiders In summer it is pleasant enough to see the men parch themselves in the sun, while the women pay little attention to their sufferings In winter some of us remain so long exposed to the wet that we grow mouldy, and the moss sprouts upon us, for neither snow nor rain can drive us away—and all this is merely to view a woman through a grating, like some holy relic · it is the same as falling in love with a blackbird in a cage, if the woman talks , or with a fine picture, if she is silent The greatest favour ever to be attained is merely a touch without a go , and they lean their heads against the double gratings, sending volleys of pretty conceits through the loopholes This is really a hide-and-seek love and yet for it we make a study of fine talking and whispering, and endure every old baggage that chides, every doorkeeper that orders us about, and every hussy at the turnstile that gives what answer she pleases , and the best of it all is to see what jealousy is shown outside the convent at our love affairs—notwithstanding our mad methods of pursuing them

I had followed this cursed employment so long that I could address the abbess as “ madam ’ , the good priest as “ father ” and the sacristan as “ brother ” and this is about all the happiness for which such madmen may hope I began to weary of the doorkeeper’s refusals, and of my nun’s requests, and thought how dearly I was paving for a stall in hell, which others have at so easy a rate , and that I was even forestalling events by taking a share of it in this world by such extravagant behaviour It was plain that I was riding post-haste to perdition, and throwing away my soul for only a few glimpses For fear of being heard by the rest when I spoke to her I used to thrust my head so close to the grating, that the imprint of it would not disappear in two days , and at the same time I spoke so low that she could not understand one word with a trumpet to her ear Everybody that saw me cried, “ May you be accursed, you wicked nun-hunting dog ”, not to mention many worse compliments.

Turning these things over brought me to my senses, and I was thinking for some time of quitting my nun, even though my subsistence went at the same time on St John’s day I finally decided , for I had grown to know the nature of holy sisters. And you, Sir, need know no more than they thereupon set up such a hoarse howl, that instead of chanting

mass they groaned it ; they ceased washing and put on sackcloth ; and their lovers devout, to discourage such a festival, brought stools instead of chairs to church ; and many scoundrels from the marketplaces. When I saw that some were swearing by one saint, and others by another, behaving indecently the while, I wheedled from my nun (by promising to raffle it) the value of fifty crowns of her handiwork, in silk and stockings and rich purses ; and thereupon took the highroad for Seville, where, the scope being greater, I would try my luck.

How deeply that nun felt, not for me but for her property that I had taken with me, the pious reader may infer.

## CHAPTER X

*What happened to me at Seville, till I took ship for the Indies*

I HAD a prosperous journey from Toledo to Seville, for I was sharp at play, had dice loaded—wholesale and retail, and I could palm to a nicety, holding four and throwing three \* Besides I had my own broad and narrow cards, and knew how to pack them in such a way that I could turn up what I pleased therefore money did not escape me I had a thousand other fine arts and sleight of hand tricks—which I pass over, for fear they might rather serve to teach others evil practices than serve as warnings of what are to be shunned, but perhaps a few words may not come amiss to the uninitiated so that they who read my book may thank themselves if they are cheated

Never think yourself safe, my good friend, because you happen to have the right cards, for they can be changed upon you during the snuffing of a candle Take care that the cards have no scratches or impressions upon them unless, of course you be a sharper yourself, in which case you must see that in every gang of such rake-hells those cards which it is necessary to recognize easily are pricked with a pin or folded in a way to leave a crease If you happen to be playing amongst honourable people, look out for cards that have been marked in the manufacture, with private marks on the pasteboard Never trust to a clean card, nor think yourself safe with a foul one for a cheat can be sprung with equal facility from both. Beware lest the dealer bends any cards—except court ones—for this is a certain way of picking your pocket, and see that no strange movements are made with fingers, nor hints given by the first letters of words in a remark I will not dwell on this subject, but before dropping it a few more hints are worth mentioning In thieves' cant they talk of *taking life* when they mean stealing money in a clever manner, *revert* means to turn a trick on one's partner in a manner so involved that he does not observe the cheat, *doubles* are singles brought forward for the purpose of emptying

purses ; *white* is the synonym for straightforward ; and *black* is used of one whose carefulness is a blank.

Being a master of rogues' artifices and cant I worked my way to Seville, winning (what paid for the hire of mules and other expenses—with a little over) from fellow-travellers on the road and from landlords at the inns. I alighted at one of the latter called the Moor's Inn, where I was discovered by one of my former school mates from Alcalá ; his name was Mata, but he, thinking this was not high-sounding enough, had changed it to Matorral. His trade was in men's lives, and he sold cuts and slashes, making a fair living at it : and he carried the mark of his profession on his face, which had received a goodly share of hacks. Making a bargain with him was a delicate affair, for he would always have an eye to the length and depth of any cuts he was to bestow ; and used to say, " No man is such an adept at this art as he who has been through the mill and been well carved himself ". And he was in the right, for his face was scarred and he was in fact a finished example of the cut-throat, drink-sodden bully. He told me I must join him and his colleagues at supper ; and they would afterwards accompany me back to my inn.

I went with him. When we were inside his lodging he said, " Come, my young spark, up with that cloak and look like a man, for this very night you shall see all the bravest lads of Seville : and in order that they may not look upon you as a pimp, take down that stiff collar, and thrust out your back, letting your cloak hang loose—for we hate to see a man's cloak set straight upon his back. Give your chops a twist, make faces with both sides of your mouth, talk big, and let fly the oaths and curses as I do ; and don't forget to drop your aitches and talk from your throat ", whereupon he gave me a sample of his Thugs' jargon.\* I learned his lesson ; and he lent me a dagger broad enough for a scimitar, and as for length it wanted nothing of a sword but the name.

" Now ", said he, " drink off this quart of wine—for without a blast of alcohol about you, you won't be a true bully." We had reached this point in my instruction (and I was half-seas over with the wine I had swallowed) when in came four of the gang ; they had ugly masks for faces, their cloaks were twisted about their middles like so many monkeys, their hats stood cocked up stiff on their heads, as if the brims

were nailed to the crowns, a whole ironmonger's shop of accoutrements hung about their swords and daggers, and the points of these were clattering about their heels. They presented their compliments by moving their mouths in silence, and then in a hoarse guttural tone, clipping their words they saluted my companion, who replied in like manner. Down they sat, speaking not a word to ask who I was, but one of them looked hard at Matorral, opened his mouth and thrust out his under lip by way of pointing at me. My introducer replied in the same language, laying hold of his beard and looking down, after which they all rose, embraced me, and expressed much affection for me. I returned the same sort of compliments—as though sniffing about so many hogsheads of wine. When time for supper came, in marched a gang of lusty scoundrels—whom the bullies call chuckers-out\*—to wait at table.

We all sat down together, the first thing served being a dish of hot pickles which they had no sooner tasted than they all fell to toasting my honour by way of welcome and till I saw them drink to it, I must confess I never knew I had any. Next came fish and flesh all highly seasoned to promote drinking. There was a great bowl full of wine, like a half-tub, on the floor, and he whose turn it was to pledge a toast lay down beside it to drink wholesale. I was taken with the contrivance, but by that time a few healths had gone round, and we none of us knew one another. From that onwards they discussed matters of warfare, and amidst a volley of blasphemous oaths a matter of twenty or thirty persons were cut out for destruction—in their cups the greater part of the city was tried, and condemned to be carved in pieces. Then they raked up the heroic deeds of Domingo Tiznado and Gayón [—a pair of notorious assassins—] and a vast quantity of wine was consumed in prayers for the soul of Escamilla that was hanged. Some of them that were maudlin-drunk wept bitterly, recalling the untimely end of poor Alonzo Alvarez. By this time my sponsor's brains were topsy-turvy, and, laying hold of a loaf, he looked earnestly at the candle, saying in a hoarse voice, "By this, which represents God's face, and by that light, which came from the angel's mouth, if you think fit, gentlemen, we will this very night do for the serjeant's runner that went after our unfortunate comrade One-eye." A dismal cry went up as the proposal was ratified.

by all, with an oath after this manner, daggers were drawn, hands were placed on the edge of the half-tub, and, lying down with their chops to it they said in unison," As we drink this wine, so will we have the blood of every informing constable "

" Who ", said I, " was this Alonzo Alvarez, whose death is so deeply lamented ? "

" He was ", answered one of them, " a pretty fighting lad of spirit, full of mettle and a good comrade Let us be off now, for the devil begins to be strong in me ", whereupon we went out to hunt down the catchpoles

Being quite overcome with wine, and all my reason drowned, I never stopped to reflect on the danger into which I was running myself We reached the main street where we met the round of constables, who no sooner appeared but our swords were drawn and the attack commenced I joined in with the rest and with the very first charge we cleaned the bodies of two constables of their vile souls, while another of them took to his heels and made off up the street shouting for help We did not pursue, because he had too much start, but took sanctuary in the cathedral, where we sheltered against justice and slept until we had discharged the fumes of the wine we had drunk When we came to our senses I could not help wondering that two constables should be killed by, and another fly from a parcel of mere hogsheads of wine—for we were no better at that time We fared well in our sanctuary, for the termagant whores of the town flocked in and stripped themselves to keep us warm A buxom wench called Grajales took a fancy to me, and clothed me from head to foot, after her own humour and, finding that this sort of living was more to my liking than any I had yet tried, I resolved to stick to my trusty Grajales till death, so I learnt the whole vocabulary of thieves' cant, and in a very short time became a past master among the gang of ruffians The officers of justice took every care to watch us and kept rounds about the sanctuary yet for all that we were able to take our rambles after midnight, in disguise

Perceiving that this was like to be a tedious business and that ill-fate continued to pursue me everywhere—though it never made me a bit the wiser to take warning for the future—the time came when, like any obstinate sinner, I grew tired of it all Therefore, on the advice of my doxy Grajales

## EMBARKED FOR THE INDIES 137

I made up my mind to go to the Indies and take her with me,  
to try whether I could meet with better fortune in another  
land

But it proved worse for they never improve their  
condition who only change places without mending their life  
and manners

THE END





# II

## THE VISIONS



SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE'S PREFACE  
TO  
HIS TRANSLATION OF QUEVEDO'S VISIONS

TO THE READERS GENTLE AND SIMPLE

THIS Preface is merely for fashion-sake, to fill a space, and please the stationer, who says 'tis neither usual nor handsome, to leap immediately from the title-page to the matter. So that, in short, a Preface ye have, together with the reason of it, both under one: but as to the ordinary mode and pretence of prefaces, the translator desires to be excused. For he makes a conscience of a lie, and it were a damned one, to tell ye, that he has published this, either to gratify the importunity of friends, or to oblige the public or for any other reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of scribbling. Not but that he loves his friends, as well as any man, and has taken their opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the public too (as many a man does a coy mistress that has made his heart ache). But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this publication, to that which overruled him in it. It was pure spite. For he has had hard measure among the physicians, the lawyers, the women, etc. And Don Francisco de Quevedo, in English, revenges him upon all his enemies. For it is a satire, that taxes corruption of manners, in all sorts and degrees of people, without reflecting upon particular states or persons. It is full of sharpness and morality; and has found so good entertainment in the world, that it wanted only English of being baptized into all Christian languages.

R.L.



# THE FIRST VISION OF THE SKULLS

OR

## LAST JUDGMENT

HOMER makes Jupiter the author or inspirer of dreams , especially the dreams of princes and governors , and if the matter of them be pious and important \* And it is likewise the judgment of the learned Propertius who says that good dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted Truly I am much of his mind, in the case of a dream I had the other night As I was reading a discourse touching the end of the world, I fell asleep over Dante s masterpiece, and dreamed of the Last Judgment—a thing which in the house of a poet is scarce admitted so much as in a dream This fancy minded me of a passage in Claudian that all creatures dream at night of what they have heard and seen during the day, as the hound dreams of hunting the hare As for judges, it is with great dread I realize that within myself is to be found the divine tribunal

—Methought I saw a very handsome youth towering in the air, sounding a trumpet , but the forcing of his breath did indeed take off much from his beauty The very marbles, I perceived, and the dead obeyed his call , for, in the same moment the earth began to open and set the bones at liberty to seek their fellows The first that appeared were men of the sword—generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and common soldiers, who, supposing that it had sounded a charge, came out of their graves with the same briskness and resolution as if they had been going to an assault or combat The misers put their heads out, all pale and trembling, in fear of a pillaging expedition The cavaliers and good fellows believed they had been going to a horse-race, or a hunting-match And in fine, though they all heard the trumpet there was not any creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their thoughts by their looks and gestures) After this, there appeared a great many souls, whereof some came up to their bodies, though with much difficulty and horror , others stood

\* See Note in Appendix I (b)

wondering at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a spectacle. This one wanted an arm, that an eye, the other a head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of figures, yet was it not without just admiration at the all-powerful Providence, to see order drawn out of confusion, and every part restored to the right owner. I dreamed myself then in a churchyard ; and there, methought, many that were loth to appear were changing heads ; and an attorney would have demurred upon pretence that he had got a soul was not his own, and that his body and soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole congregation came to understand that this was the day of judgment, it was worth while to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the wicked. The epicure and whoremaster would not own his eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue, because they'd be sure to appear in evidence against them. The pickpockets ran away as hard as they could from their own fingers. There was one that had been embalmed in Egypt, and staying for his tripe an old usurer asked him, if the bags were to rise with the bodies ? I could have laughed at this question, but I was presently taken up with a crowd of cutpurses, running full speed from their own ears (that were offered them again) for fear of the sad stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient position ; and in an instant, there was an outcry at my feet, " Withdraw, withdraw ". The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many handsome ladies put forth their heads, and called me clown, for not paying them that respect and ceremony which belonged to their quality (for you must know that the women stand upon punctilios, even in hell itself). They seemed at first very gay and frolicsome ; and truly well pleased to be seen naked, for they were clean skinned and well made. But when they came to understand that this was the Great Day of Account, their consciences took check, and all the jollity was dashed in a moment ; whereupon they took to a valley, miserably listless and out of humour. There was one among the rest, that had had seven husbands, and promised every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love anything else she was sure : this lady was casting about for excuses, and what answer she should make to that point. Another who had been a common highway would neither be

led nor driven and stood humming and hawing a good while pretending she had forgot her night-gear, and such fooleries, but notwithstanding her excuses, she was brought at last within sight of the throne, where she found her old acquaintances that she had carried part of their way to hell, who had no sooner set eye on her, but they fell a pointing and hooting, so that she took up her heels and herded herself in a troop of sergeants. After this, I saw a many people driving a physician along the bank of a river, and these were only such as he had unnecessarily despatched before their time. They followed him with cries of, "Justice, justice", and forced him on toward the Judgment Seat, where they arrived in the end with much ado. While this passed, I heard, methought, upon my left hand a paddling in the water, as if one had been swimming and what should this be, but a judge in the middle of a river repeatedly washing his hands. I asked him the meaning of it, and he told me, that in his lifetime he had been often besmirched in the fist, to make the business progress the better, and he would willingly get out the grease before he came to hold up his hands at the bar. There followed next a multitude of vintners and tailors, under the guard of a legion of devils, armed with rods, whips, cudgels, and other instruments of correction and these counterfeited themselves deaf, and were very loth to leave their graves, for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on, up started a little lawyer, and asked whither they were going, they made answer, that they were going to the tribunal of Rhadamanthus. With that the lawyer threw himself flat upon his belly in his hole again. "If I am to go downward at last", says he, "I am this much forward on my way". The vintner perspired as he walked, till one drop followed another. "That's well done" cried a devil at his elbow, "to purge out thy water that we may have none in our wine". There was a tailor wrapped up in fine silks, crook-fingered and bandy legged, who spoke not one word all the way he went. But alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread? His companions gave him a rebuke for discrediting his trade. Next appeared a band of highwaymen, following upon the heels one of another, in great distrust and jealousy of thieves among themselves. These were fetched up by a party of devils in the turning of a hand and lodged with the tailors. "For", said one of the company, "your highwayman is but a wild tailor". They were a little



quarrelsome at first, but in the end, they went down into the valley and kennelled quietly together. After these came Folly with her gang of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers : the people of all the world, that dream the least of a day of reckoning ; these were disposed of among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were also a great many solicitors, wondering among themselves that they should have so much conscience when they were dead, and none at all living. In fine, the word was given, Silence.

The throne being erected, and the Great Day come : a day of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked, Jupiter in naked glory waited upon the footstool, frowning upon some and smiling at others ; the wind was still, the water quiet, the earth in suspense and anguish for fear of her children : and in brief, the whole of creation was in anxiety and disorder. The righteous were employed in prayers and thanksgivings ; and the ungodly in framing of shifts and evasions, to extenuate their pains. Guardian angels were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves of their duties and commissions : and on the other side, were devils hunting for more matters of aggravation and charge against offenders. The Ten Commandments kept guard on a narrow gate, so straight that the most mortified body could not pass it without leaving a good part of the skin behind him.

On the one hand there were in multitudes, disgraces, misfortunes, plagues, griefs, and troubles ; all in a clamour against the physicians. The plague confessed, indeed, that she had struck down many ; but it was the doctor who finished the business. Melancholy and Disgrace said the like ; and misfortunes of all sorts made open protestation that they never brought any man to his grave without the help and advice of a doctor. So that the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for those they had slaughtered. They took their places upon a scaffold, with pen, ink, and paper about them ; and as the dead were called, some or other of them answered to the name, and declared the year and day when such a patient passed through his hand.

They began the inquiry at Adam, who, methought, was severely handled about an apple. " Alas ! " cried Judas, that was standing by, " if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betrayed my Lord and Master ? " Next came the patriarchs, and then the apostles, who took their

places by Saint Peter. It was worth noting, that on this Day there was no distinction between kings and beggars, before the Judgment Seat Herod and Pilate, so soon as they put out their heads, found it was like to go hard with them "My judgment is just", quoth Pilate. "Alas!" cried Herod, "what have I to trust to? Heaven is no place for me, and in Limbo I should fall among the innocents I have murdered, so that without more ado I must e'en take up my lodging in hell the common receptacle of notorious malefactors"

There came in immediately after this a kind of a sour rough-hewn fellow "Look ye", says he, stretching out his arm, "here are my letters" The company wondered at his humour, and asked the porter what he was, which he himself overhearing, "I am", quoth he, "a master of the noble science of defence", and, plucking out several sealed parchments, "These", said he, "are the attestations of my exploits" At which word all his testimonials fell out of his hand, and a couple of devils would fain have whipped them up, to have brought them in evidence against him at his trial, but the fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself An angel offered him his hand to help him in, but he, fearing an attack leaped a step backward, lunging with great agility "Now", says he, "if you think fit, I'll give you a taste of my skill" The company fell a laughing, and this sentence was passed upon him. that since by his rules of art he had occasioned so many duels and murders, he should himself go to the devil by a perpendicular line He pleaded for himself, that he was no mathematician, and knew no such line, but while the word was in his mouth a devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled

After him came the public treasurers, and such a cry followed them for cheating and stealing that some said the thieves were coming, others said no, and the company was divided upon it They were much troubled at the word "thieves" and desired the benefit of counsel to plead their cause "A very good reason", said one of the devils, "here's a discarded apostle that has executed both offices, let them take him, where's Judas?" When the treasurers heard that, they turned aside and by chance spied in a devil's hand a huge roll of accusations ready drawn into a formal charge against them With that, one of the boldest among them cried, "Away, away with these informations, we'll rather be

fined and compound, though it were for ten or twenty thousand years in purgatory ". " Ha ! ha ! " quoth the devil, a cunning fellow that drew up the charge, " if you are after those terms you are hard put to it." Whereupon the treasurers, being brought to an impasse, were glad to make the best of a bad game, and follow the fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky pastry man ; they asked him if he would be tried. " As you like ", said he. At that word, the devil that managed the cause against him, pressed his charge, and laid it home to him, that he had put off cats for hares ; and filled his pies with bones instead of flesh ; and not only so, but that he had sold horse-flesh, dogs, and foxes, for beef and mutton. Upon the issue, it was proved against him that Noah never had so many animals in his ark as this poor fellow had put in his pies (for we read of no rats and mice there) so that he was forced to give up his cause ; and he went away to see if his oven were hot. Next came the philosophers with their syllogisms, and it was no ill entertainment to hear them chop logic, and put all their expostulations, in mood and figure. But the pleasantest people in the world were the poets, who insisted upon it, that they were to be tried by Jupiter ; and to the charge of worshipping false gods, their answer was that through them they worshipped the true one ; and were rather mistaken in the name than in the worship. Virgil had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ* ; when in chipped a hangman with some silly remark about Mecenas and Octavia. At last Orpheus arrived, who being the father of the poets desired to be heard for them all. " What, he ? " cried one of the devils. " Yes ; for teaching that boys were better bedfellows than wenches ; but the women would have combed his coxcombe for him, if they could have caught him." " Away with him to hell once again ", they cried ; " and let him go out now if he can." So they all filed off, and Orpheus was their guide because he had been there before.

As soon as the poets were gone there knocked at the gate a rich penurious chuff ; but it was told him that the Ten Commandments kept it, and that he had not kept them. " It is impossible ", replied he, " to prove that ever I broke any one of them." And so he went to justify himself from point to point : he had done this and that ; and he had never done that nor the other ; but in the end he was delivered over

to be rewarded according to his works. Then came a company of house-breakers and robbers, so dexterous, some of them, that they saved themselves from the very scaffold. The scriveners and the attorneys observing that, "Ah!" thought they, "if we could but pass for thieves now!" And yet they, too, set a good enough face on the business, which made Judas, Luther, and Mahomet hope well for themselves. "For", said they, "if any of these fellows come off, there's no fear of us", whereupon they advanced boldly with resolution to take their trial which set the devils all laughing. The guardian angels of the scriveners and attorneys moved that the Evangelists might be of their counsel, which the devils opposed. "For", said they, "we shall insist only upon matter of fact, and leave them without any possibility of reply or excuse. We might indeed content ourselves with the bare proof of what they are, for it is crime enough that they are scriveners and attorneys." With that, the scriveners denied their trade, alleging that they were secretaries, and the attorneys called themselves solicitors. All was said, in effect, that the case would bear, but the best part of their plea was church-membership. And in fine, after several replications and rejoinders they were all sent to Old Nick, save only two or three, that found mercy. "Well", cried one of the scriveners, "See what it is to keep lewd company!" The devils called out to them to clear the bar, and said there should be occasion for the scriveners themselves to enter protestations in the quality of public notaries, against lawless and disorderly people, but the poor wretches, it seems, could not hear on that ear. To say the truth, the Christians were much more troublesome than the pagans, which the devils took exceeding ill, but they had this to say for themselves, that they were christened when they were children, so that it was not their fault and their parents must answer for it. Judas, Luther and Mahomet took such courage when they saw two or three of the scriveners and attorneys saved that they were just upon the point of challenging their clergy, but they were prevented by the doctor I told you of, who being sent first to the bar, in company with an apothecary and a barber, when a certain devil with a great bundle of evidences in his hand, informed the court that the greatest part of the dead there present were sent thither by that doctor, in confederacy with his apothecary and barber, to

whom they were to acknowledge their obligation for that fair assembly. An angel then interposing for the defendant, recommended the apothecary for a charitable person and one that physicked the poor for nothing. "No matter for that", cried the devil, "for I have him in my books, and am able to prove that he has killed more people with two little boxes than the King of Spain has done with two thousand barrels of powder, in the Wars of the Netherlands. All his medicines are corrupted, and his compositions hold a perfect intelligence with the plague: he has utterly unpeopled a couple of his neighbouring villages, in a matter of three weeks' time." The doctor let fly upon the 'pothecary too, and said he would maintain against the whole college, that his prescriptions were made according to the *Pharmacopœia*, and if an apothecary would play the knave or the fool, and put in this for that, he could not help it. So that without any more words the apothecary was put to the sommersault, and the doctor and barber were left to sort out, each one, those of his own killing.

After these came a dapper lawyer, with an oily tongue, and a great master of his words and actions, a most exquisite flatterer, and no man better skilled in the art of moving the passions than himself, or more ready at bolting a lucky precedent, or at making the best of a bad cause, for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the law at his fingers' ends. But all this would not serve, for the verdict went against him and he was ordered to pay costs. In that instant, there was a discovery made of a fellow that hid himself in a corner, and looked like a spy. They asked him what he was. He made answer, "A Quack". "What", said a devil, "my old friend Pontæus. Alas! Alas! thou hadst ten thousand times better be in the market place of thy favourite town, for upon my word thou wilt have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, to find an ointment for a burn or so." And so Pontæus went his way. The next that appeared were a company of vintners, who were accused for adulterating and mungling water with their wines. Their plea was that in compensation they had furnished the hospitals with communion-wine that was right, free of cost, but this excuse signified as little as that of the tailors there present, who suggested that they had clothed so many frairs, gratis, and so they were dispatched away together. After these followed a number of bankers, that had

turned bankrupt to cozen their creditors , who finding there several of their old correspondents, that they had reduced to a morsel of bread, began to treat of composition , but one of the devils presently cried out to Jupiter, "All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves , but these people must reckon for other men's scores as well as their own ". And thereupon they were sent away to Pluto with letters of exchange , but, as it happened at that time, the devil was out of cash.

After this, entered a gay cavalier, as upright as Justice itself He was a matter of a quarter of an hour in his genuflections and reverences to the company We could see no head, for his prodigious starched ruff that stood staring up like a turkey-cock's tail, covered it In fine, it was so fantastic a figure that the porter was gaping at it a good while, and asked Jupiter if it were a man, or no ? " It is a man ", quoth the cavalier, " upon the honour of a gentleman, and his name is Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso " He was so long reciting his name and titles that one of the devils burst out a laughing in the middle of his pedigree, and demanded what they were all for " Glory ", replied he, which they taking in the worse sense, for pride, sent him away immediately to Lucifer He was a little severe with his guides for disordering his mustachios , but they helped him presently to a pair of curling-tongs, and all was well again

Next came a fellow weeping and wailing, " Masters ", says he, " my cause is never the worse for my crying, for if I would stand upon my merits I could tell you that I have kept as good company and had as much to do with the Saints as any other man ". " What have we here ", cried one, " Diocletian, or Nero ? " for they had enough to do with the saints, though 'twere but to persecute them But upon the upshot, what was this poor creature but an underling that swept the church and dusted the images and pictures His charge was for stealing the oil out of the lamps and leaving all in the dark, pretending that the owls and jackdaws had drunk it up. He had a trick, too, of clothing himself out of the church habits, which he got newly dyed , and of crumming his gruel with consecrated bread that he stole every Sunday What he said for himself, I know not , but he had his dismissal, and took the left-hand way at parting.

With that a voice was heard, " Make way there, clear the

passage"; and this was for a bevy of handsome, buxom bawds in their caps and feathers, that came dancing, laughing, and singing ballads and lampoons, and as merry as the day was long. But they quickly changed their note: for so soon as they saw the hideous looks of the devils, they fell into violent fits, beating their breasts, and tearing their hair, with all the horror and fury imaginable. An angel urged in their favour that they had been great frequenters of Our Lady's chapel. "Yes, yes", cried a devil, "less of her chapel, and more of her virtue, would have done well." There was a notable one, among the rest, that confessed the devil had reason: and then her trial came on, for making a cloak of a sacrament, and only marrying, that she might play the whore with privilege, and never want a father for her bastards. It was her fortune alone to be condemned; and going along, "Well:" she cried, "if I had thought it would come to this, I should never have troubled myself with so many masses".

And now, after long waiting, came Judas, Mahomet and Martin Luther upon the stage. Up comes an officer and asked which of the three was Judas. "I am he", quoth Luther. "No, I am Judas", cried Mahomet. "They're a couple of lying rascals", says Judas himself, "for I am the man: only the rogues make use of my name to save their credit. 'Tis true I sold my Master once, and the world has ever since been the better for it; but these villains sell Him, and themselves, too, every hour of the day; and there follows nothing but misery and confusion." So they were all three packed away to their disciples.

The angel that kept the book found that the constables and bumbailiffs and remembrancers were to come on next; whereupon they were called, and appeared: but the court was not much troubled with them, for they confessed guilty at the first word, and so were tied up without any more ado.

The next that appeared was an astrologer, laden with almanacks, globes, astrolabes, etc., proclaiming as loud as he could bawl that there must be a gross mistake in the reckoning, for Saturn had not finished his course, and the world could not be yet at an end. One of the devils that saw how he came provided, and looked upon him as his own already, cried, "A provident slave, trust him to bring his firing along with him. But this I must tell you", says he to the mathematician, 'It is a strange thing you should create so many heavens in

your life, and go to the devil for want of one after your death ”  
“ As for going ”, cried the astrologer, “ you shall excuse me ,  
but if you ll carry me, well and good ’ And immediately  
order was given to carry him away and pay the porter

Hereupon, methought, the court rose, the throne vanished,  
the shadows and darkness withdrew, the air sweetened, the  
earth was covered with flowers, the heavens clear and mighty  
Jupiter rose to bring joy to the fortunate who had passed the  
tests while I remained behind in the dark valley and heard,  
as I travelled along it, much weeping and complaint on earth  
Presently I realised what it was all about for I spied in a deep  
abyss—Hell s front door—a multitude of sufferers there was  
a lawyer more busily occupied in stirring broth than turning  
points of law , a clerk was eating certain words he had failed  
to read in his lifetime—proper furnishings for Hell The  
clothing and gewgaws of the condemned were fastened and  
held together, not with pins and nails, but with constables ,  
a miser was busy counting his pains and penalties instead of  
his money , a doctor sat in a jakes—in a brown study—and an  
apothecary up to his neck in some hellish medical brew  
The sight of all this caused me to fall into such violent fits  
of laughter that I awoke and found myself more amused  
than amazed at so strange a vision

And, believe me, Sir, dreams are of such stuff that if you  
sleep on them you will come to see things, as I see them and  
you will wish them to be as I relate them



## THE SECOND VISION

### OF

### THE CATCHPOLE CAUGHT

It happened one day that I was going to St Peter's Church to look for my friend Calabres the Licentiate, who was one of those men with a three-storied hat, fashioned like a half-peck measure his eyes were searching bright and shifty ' his cuffs were of rich stuff and although there was a trifle of his shirt collar showing, yet his sleeves were well hidden in tattered lace in which his arms were akimbo and hands hooked up , when he spoke his words were half way between cringing and invocation to religious discipline , his eyes turned downwards and his thoughts upwards, towards Heaven , his complexion was partly cracked and partly broken , he was slow in giving the responses, and very sharp at table , and he was so successful at casting out devils that he made a trade of it, and lived by it He knew everything about spells and enchantments and when he pronounced a benediction he made more signs of the cross than are generally made by those imperfectly married Naturally his humility made him slovenly in his habits , he used to tell of the visions he had and should anyone fail to believe in them, he would perform miracles till further orders

This, worthy Sir, was one of those beautiful sepulchres, of which the exterior is adorned with snow-white mouldings, and the interior with rottenness and maggots , outwardly there was the pretence of honesty, but inwardly there was a dissolute soul and a narrow, harrowed conscience To speak plainly, he was a thoroughgoing hypocrite and a living humbug, with the gift of lies and false speech I found him alone in the vestry with a fellow whose hands were pinioned but whose tongue was free enough, for he shouted at the top of his voice, making frantic movements

"What is all this about ?" asked I, amazed at the spectacle.

He replied, " It is a man possessed with a devil ", upon which the evil spirit in the man chipped in, " Not a man, but a constable And be more careful in your speech It is quite clear from question and answer that neither of you knows what he is talking about I would have you both know that we devils never enter into the body of bumbailiffs, such as this in which I am now, but by compulsion and under protest therefore instead of calling me a catchpole caught of a devil you should say a devil possessed of a constable And to give you men your due, you make a better show of dealing with us devils than with constables, for whereas we go out of our way to avoid the holy cross, they, on the other hand, use it as a cloak for their villainy If we are so different in our intentions yet we act pretty much alike in our offices, if we devils draw men into judgment and condemnation so do constables and hangmen, we have an interest in the world s becoming more and more wicked, and so have they aye and much more than we, for they make a living for themselves and their families by it, whereas we do it only for the sake of company And in this your constables are worse than devils they prey upon their own species, and worry one another, which we never do For our parts we are angels still, though black ones, and were turned into devils only for aspiring at an equality with our Creator, and constables are constables because they choose to be lower than other men, for the corruption of mankind is the flourishing ground for officers of the law So, good Father, your labour is to no purpose in plying this wretched man with reliques, for you may as soon redeem a soul from hell as a prey out of his hands '

I was very much astonished to find the devil so great a sophist, although Calabres was angry to hear him speak in this manner, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his exorcism, and to stop the spirit s mouth he threw some holy water in his face, which made the demoniac ten times madder than before, and set him a-roaring and yelping. " Priest ", says he, " You may perhaps imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your holy water, but let me tell you that ordinary water would have done the same thing, for your constables hate nothing in the world like water I do not entirely engulf constables nor informers nor petty-fogging notaries, for they take their tare from me, so you may calculate my account with this one And as you have learned

who they are and how little Christianity they have, you may also notice that among the names left behind in Spain by the Moors, is that for constable or bumbailiff, to wit *alguacil*, a good pagan word, which suits their life and actions "

"Come, come!" says the Holy Father, furious, "What do you mean by this insolence? If we permit such liberty we shall have him revile all government, and ministers of justice, for keeping the world in order and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market "

"No more chopping of logic, good Mr Conjuror", says the devil, "for there is more in it than you are aware of, if you will do a poor devil a good turn give me my dispatch out of this wretched bumbailiff, for you must know I am a devil of no small note, and shall never be able to endure the jests and affronts that will be put upon me when I return, for having kept this villainous company."

"All in good time", replied Calabres, "Thou shalt have thy discharge, that is to say, out of pity for this unhappy wretch, and not for thy own sake But tell me first, what makes thee torment him thus?"

"Nothing in the world", answered the devil, "but a contest betwixt him and me which was the greater devil of the two", and he finished off this remark with a great roar of laughter The reverend Father did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies, but to me the devil's subtilties were very pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiarised with the demon

"Good Father", said I, "Here we are all friends, and I may speak to you as my confessor and confident of all the secrets of my soul I should like very much, with your permission, to ask the devil a few questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his answers, though, very probably, contrary to his intention But in the meantime keep him from tormenting the body of this constable." The exorcist granted my request, and the spirit went on, "Well", says he, smiling, "The devil shall never want a friend at court, so long as there is a poet within the walls. And indeed the poets do us many a good turn, both by pumping and otherwise, but if you (said he, looking at me) should not be kind to us, you will be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your hellish entertainment". I asked him what store of poets they had there "Prodigious numbers", says the

devil, "So many that we have been forced to make more room for them, nor is there anything in nature so pleasant as a poet in the first year of his probation, he comes laden with letters of recommendation to our superiors, and enquires very gravely for Cerebus, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus."

"Well", said I, "But in what manner are they punished?"

"Their punishments", replied the devil, "are many, and suited to the trade they drive. Some are condemned to listen to praise of other men's works. We have some that are in for a thousand years and yet still poring upon some old stanza they have made on their mistress. Some again are beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very noses with hot irons, in rage that they cannot come to a decision whether they shall say face or visage, or whether they shall write jail or gaol. Others are biting their nails to the quick and are at their wits' end to find a rhyme for some odd word, and doze up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst are your comic poets, for having made whores of so many queens and princesses upon the stage, coupling ladies of honour with footmen, and noblemen with common jilts, in the winding up of their plays, and for plying the birch on honourable men in their interludes and farces. Now, I must tell you that we do not lodge these with other poets, but with petty-foggers and attorneys, as common dealers in the mystery of shifting, shuffling, forging, and cheating. Things are admirably ordered in hell, and there is a place reserved for all: an artilleryman who arrived the other day asked to be put with the soldiers, and having been asked what he did in the world replied that he used to fire shots at men, whereupon he was put with the lawyers, who are ever at war with the rest of humanity, a tailor, who said that he lived by cutting out clothes, was placed with those that were in for detraction and calumny, a blind fellow who would fain have been among the poets we quartered among the lovers, by analogy, crack-brained fools we dispose of among the astrologers and alchemists, a notorious murderer we packed away to the gentlemen of the faculty, the doctors, broken merchants we kennel with Judas, for making ill bargains, corrupt ministers and magistrates, with the thief on the left

side ; the stupid are placed with hangmen ; a watercarrier who said that he sold pure cold water was placed with vintners ; a cook that was troubled in conscience for putting off cats for hares went to the innkeepers ; and in short the policy of hell is admirable, where every man has his place suitable to his rank."

"As I remember", said I, "You were just now speaking of lovers ; pray tell me, have you many of them in your dominions ? I ask because I am myself a little subject to the itch of love."

"Love", says the devil. "is like a great spot of oil that diffuses itself everywhere, and consequently hell cannot but be sufficiently stocked with that sort of vermin. But let me tell you we have many kinds of lovers ; some dote upon themselves ; others upon their money ; others upon their own actions ; and once in an age, perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his own wife : but this is a great rarity, for the jades commonly bring their husbands to repentance—and then the devil may throw his cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in hell) commend me to those gaudy coxcombs, who, by the variety of colours and ribands they wear—favours, as they call them—one would swear they were only dressed up for a sample or kind of inventory of all the gewgaws that are to be had at the mercer's. Others you have, so overcharged with periwig that you will not easily know the head of a nobleman from the ordinary block of a lady's maid : and some again you would take for carriers, by their packets and bundles of love-letters ; which being made combustible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty as to employ upon singing their own tails, for the saving of better fuel. But oh ! the pleasant postures of the lover of a maiden when he is upon the practice of the gentle leer, and embracing the air for his mistress ! Others we have that are condemned merely for kissing ; they have navigated round about pleasure, but never really reached it. These pass for a kind of buffoon pretenders, ever upon the vigil but never at the feast. Some again have ruined themselves, like Judas, for one kiss.

"And behind all these come the fawners and flatterers. These are the people who skim the cream of life : for them others act as so many beasts of burden, while they enjoy all the benefits of such toil."

“ They are the sort of people ”, said I, “ for whom pains or favours are all one ”

The devil continued, “ One story lower is the abode of contented cuckolds , a poisonous place and strewn all over with the horns of rams and bulls These are so well read in women, and know their destiny so well beforehand that they never so much as trouble their heads over the matter Next come the admirers of old women, wretches of so depraved an appetite that if they were not kept tied up and in chains, the very devils themselves could not keep them at arms’ length, for they would put Barrabas to his trumps to defend his buttocks , and black as we devils appear we are as the driven snow and purest jewels compared with them The first thing to be done with them is to deny them their pleasure by encarcerating them in perpetuity

“ Thus far I have satisfied your curiosity a word now for your instruction. If you would have us look after your interests in hell you must give over that villainous way you have of abusing the devils in your shows, pictures and emblems at one time, for instance, we are painted with claws or talons, like eagles or griffins , at another we are dressed up with tails, like so many hackney-jades, with their fly-flaps , and now and then you see a devil in company with a coxcomb Now I will not deny but some of us may indeed be taken for monks and magistrates But if you can help us on this point, do , and we shall be ready to return one good turn for another I was enquiring of Geronimo Bosco here a while ago, why he drew the devils in his great work of the Last Judgment with so many monkey-faces and ridiculous postures His answer was that he followed his fancy, without any malice in the world , for up to that moment he had never seen any devils , nor indeed did he believe that there were any but he has now learned the contrary, to his cost There is another thing, too, that we take extremely ill, which is that in your ordinary conversations you are apt to call every rascal a devil As, for example, ‘ Do you see how this devil of a tailor has spoiled my clothes ? How that devil has made me wait ? How that devil has cheated me ? etc ’ All this is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our quality, to be ranked with tailors a company of slaves that serve us in hell only for brushwood , and are obliged to beg hard to be admitted on any condition , though I confess they have

possession and custom on their sides : *Quoniam consuetudo est altera lex* ; being in possession of theft and stolen goods, they make much more conscience of keeping your stuffs than your holidays, grumbling and domineering at every turn if they are not treated as members of the family. You have another trick, too, of giving everything to the devil that displeases you ; which we cannot but take very unkindly. ' The devil take you ' , says one—an excellent precedent I'll warrant you : but the devil has something else to do than to take and carry away everything that is given him : if they will come of themselves, let them come, and welcome. Another gives that rascal of a valet to the devil ; but the devil will have none of your valets, and he thanks you for your love : for lackeys are a pack of rogues that are for the most part worse than devils ; and to say the truth they are good neither roast nor sodden. ' I sent that Italian to the devil ' , cries another : thank you for nothing—for you shall find an Italian will trick the devil himself, and lead him by the nose."

" And are there kings in hell ? " I enquired, on which he satisfied my doubts, observing that it abounded with them : " some condemned to subjection under those whom they had oppressed ; some for extreme cruelty and desolating their kingdoms in a way more terrible than the great pestilence ; others are expiating their avarice for having made deserts of populous villages and smiling plains ; while many find their way there through acts of corrupt ministers, more base and cruel than themselves. It is sad to see them suffer, for being inexperienced at suffering hardships, their penalties come worse than those of others. It is thus, then, that kings find for themselves a royal road to perdition while your great merchants reach it by a bridge of silver " .

" Now that you mention the great merchants, what of them ? " asked Calabres.

" Ah ! That kind of fuel only provides us with loathing and utter disgust ; for they bring every kind of condemnation on themselves. You must know that the mysteries of strange merchant's accounts prejudice our Exchequer and taint our Exchanges ; for no sound investment appears that they do not swamp. Moreover they have contaminated a variety of public posts with their bribery and corruption, so that when our officials speak, we do not know whether it is with the great merchant's voice or common dishonesty. One of the latter

arrived in hell, and having viewed the fire and fuel wished to make a corner of burning ; and another wished to collect a dividend on torments, thinking to profit by them. These we keep yonder in a specially reserved spot, along with the judges who connive at their games on this earth."

" You surely do not say that there are judges in hell ! "

" Judges ! " exclaimed the spirit, " Why, you might as well imagine that there are no devils there. Let me tell you my friend that your corrupt judges are the great spawners that supply our lake ; for what are those thousands of constables and bumbailiffs, proctors and attorneys, notaries and barristers, that come sailing to us every day in shoals, but the fry of such judges. Sometimes, in a lucky year we can hardly find room to stable them."

" Do you mean to infer from this ", said I, " that there is no real justice on earth ? "

" You are right ", quoth the devil, " for Astræa, which is the same, is fled long since to Heaven. Do you not know the story ? "

" Indeed ", I replied, " I do not."

" Well ", said the demon, " I will tell it to you. It once happened that Truth and Justice came together to take up their quarters upon earth ; but the one being naked and the other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with anybody that would receive them. At last, when they had wandered a long time, like a couple of vagabonds, in the open air, Truth was glad to take up her lodging with a mute ; and Justice, perceiving that her name was much used as a cloak for knavery, yet that she herself was in no esteem, resolved to return to heaven. Before she departed, she bid adieu in the first place to all courts, palaces and great cities, and went into the country where she met with a few poor simple cottagers ; but Malice and Persecution at last discovered her, and she was banished thence also. After that she presented herself in many places, and people asked her what she was ; she answered them, ' Justice ', for she would not lie for the world. ' Justice ! ' cried they, ' we know nothing of her : tell her there is nothing here for her—and shut the door '. On these repulses she took wing, and away she went to heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind. Her name, however, is not yet forgotten ; and she is pictured with a sceptre



in her hand, and still called Justice. But give her what name you please, she makes as good a figure in hell as a tailor; and, for sleight of hand puts down all the jilts, cheats, robbers and tricksters in the world: to say the truth, avarice is grown to that height that men employ all the faculties of mind and body to rob and deceive. Does not the lecher steal away the honour of his mistress?—though with her consent. The attorney picks your pocket and shows you a law for it. The comedian obtains your money and your time by reciting other men's labours to you. The lover cozens you with his eyes; the musician with his voice and fingers; the astrologer with his calculations; the apothecary with sickness and health; the surgeon with blood; and the physician with death itself. In some way or other they are all cheats: but the constable, in the name of Justice, abuses you with his whole man, for he watches you with his eyes, follows you with his feet, seizes you with his hands, accuses you with his tongue; and, to sum up, put it in your Litany: 'From constables, as from devils, Good Lord deliver us'."

"What is the reason", I asked, "that you have not coupled women with thieves; for they are both of a trade."

"Not a word of women, as you love me", replied the devil, "for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deafened with the eternal clack of their tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to speak sincerely, hell were no ill winter-quarters if it were not so overstocked with that sort of cattle. Since the death of Medusa it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtilty and malice and to set us together by the ears among themselves. Indeed some of them are so bold as to tell us that when we have done our worst, they give us a Rowland for our Oliver. Only this comfort we have that they are a less costly plague to us than they are to you; so we have no public walks, concerts, or play-houses in our territories, where they can go astray."

"However, you are not ill-stored with women; but of which have you most", said I, "handsome or ugly?"

"Of the ill-favoured, six to one", answered the devil, "for your beauties can never want gallants to lay their appetites; and many of them when they come at last to have their bellies full, even give over the sport, repent, and escape. But as for the ill-favoured, nobody will touch them without a pair of tongs; and for want of water to quench their fire, they come

to us such skeletons that they are enough to terrify the devil himself : for they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one the other day of three score and ten, that I took just in the nick, as she was on a certain exercise to remove obstructions : and when I came to land her, alas ! the poor woman ! what a terrible fit had she got of the toothache ! when, upon search, the devil a tooth she had left in her head ; only she belied her chops to save her credit."

" I am very well satisfied ", said I, " in all your answers ; but, pray, once again, what store of beggars have you in hell ? Poor people, I mean."

" Poor ? " cried the devil, " and who are they ? "

" Those ", said I, " that have no possessions in the world."

" How could it be ", said he, " that they should be damned ? They that have nothing in the world, when men are only damned for what they possess ! To tell you the truth I find none of their names in our books, which is no wonder : for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater devils than your flatterers, false friends, lewd company, and envious persons ? What is worse than a son, a brother, or a relation that lies in wait for you, to get your fortune : that mourns over you in your sickness, and already wishes that the devil had you ? Now the poor have nothing of this ; they are neither flattered nor envied ; nor befriended, nor accompanied : there is no gaping for their possessions, and, in short, they are a sort of people that live well and die better ; and there are some of them that would not exchange their rags for royalty itself ; they are at liberty to go and come when they please, be it war or peace, and are free from cares, taxes, and public duties. They fear no judgments or executions ! And they live as inviolable as if their persons were sacred ! They take no thought for the morrow ; but setting a just value on their hours, they are good husbands of the present, considering what is past is as good as dead ; and what is to come, uncertain. But they say, ' When the devil preaches, the world's near an end '."

" The Divine Hand is in this ", said Calabres, who was busily engaged at his exorcism, " Thou who art the Father of

lies, yet deliverest truths able to mollify and convert a heart of stone."

"Do not you mistake yourself", said the devil, "to suppose that your conversion is my business; for I speak these truths to aggravate your guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your transgressions. It is true that most of you shed tears at parting; but that is the apprehension of death, and not true repentance that works you so; for you are all a pack of hypocrites; or, if at any time you entertain those reflections, your trouble is that your body will not hold out: and then you pretend to pick a quarrel with the sin that forsakes you."

"Thou art an impostor", replied Calabres, "for there are many righteous souls that draw their sorrow from another fountain. But I perceive thou hast a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time; and perchance thy own hour is not yet come to quit the body of this miserable bumbailiff. However, I conjure thee, in the name of the Most High, to leave over tormenting him and to hold thy peace", whereupon the devil immediately vanished.

And now, honoured Sir, I beseech you to pay attention to all that was said by the bewitched bumbailiff—or, if you will, devil—without regard to whence it came: for remember that from the mouth of a stone serpent it is possible for a stream of clear water to flow.

THE THIRD VISION  
OF  
PLUTO'S LAIRS, OR HELL

I, WHO in the first *Vision* saw so many things, and in the *Catchpole Caught* heard much that I hadn't seen (and being aware that dreams are mostly tricks of the imagination and spirit ; and that Evil never spoke truth because she counts not those things that are hidden from us) was guided by my fancy, and, by a stroke of fate that made me fear for my own peace, saw what follows :—

Being one autumn at a friend's house in the country (which was indeed a most delicious retreat) I took a walk one moonlight night into the park. At length the humour took me to leave the path, and go further into the wood : what impulse carried me to this, I know not. Whether I was moved by my good angel, or some higher power, but so it was that in half a quarter of an hour, I found myself a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer night ; with the pleasantest prospect round about me that ever I saw since I was born. The air was calm and temperate ; and it was no small advantage to the beauty of the place, that it was both innocent and silent. On the one hand I was entertained with the murmurs of crystal rivulets ; on the other, with the whispering of the trees ; the birds singing all the while either in emulation, or requital of the other harmonies. And now to show the instability of our affections and desires, I was grown weary even of tranquillity itself, and in this most agreeable solitude began to long for company.

When in the very instant (to my great wonder) I discovered two paths, issuing from one and the same beginning but dividing themselves forward, more and more, by degrees, as if they liked not one another's company. That on the right hand was narrow, almost beyond imagination ; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with thorns and brambles, and so stony withal, that a man had all the trouble in the world to get into it. One might see, however, the print

and marks of several passengers that had rubbed through, though with exceeding difficulty ; for they had left pieces of heads, arms, legs, feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back ; and these were all of them pale-faced, lean, thin, and miserably mortified. There was no passing for horsemen ; and I was told that St. Paul himself left his horse, when he went into it. And indeed, there was not the footing of any beast to be seen. Neither horse nor mule, nor the track of any coach or chariot. Nor could I learn that any had passed that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking myself of what I had seen, I spied at length a beggar that was resting himself a little to take breath ; and I asked him what inns or lodgings they had upon the road. His answer was that there was no stopping there, till they came to their journey's end. " For this ", said he, " is the way to Paradise, and what should they do with inns or taverns, where there are so few passengers ? Do not you know that in the course of nature, to die is to be born, to live is to travel ; and the world is but a great inn, after which it is but one stage either to pain or glory ? " And with these words he marched forward, and bade me Godspeed, telling me withal that it was time lost to linger in the way of virtue, and not safe to entertain such dialogues as tend rather to curiosity than instruction. And so he pursued his journey, stumbling, tearing his flesh, sighing and groaning at every step ; and weeping as if he thought to soften the stones with his tears. This is no way for me, thought I to myself ; and no company either ; for they are a sort of beggarly, morose people, and will never agree with my humour. So I drew back and struck off into the left-hand way.

And there I found company enough and room for more. What a world of brave cavaliers ! Gilt coaches, rich liveries, and handsome, lively lasses, as glorious as the sun ! Some were singing and laughing, others tickling one another and toying ; some again, at their cheese-cakes and China oranges, or appointing a set at cards : so that taking altogether, I durst have sworn I had been in the park. This minded me of the old saying, " Tell me thy company, and I'll tell thee thy manners ", and to save the credit of my education, I put myself into the noble mode, and jogged on. And there was I at the first dash up to the ears, in balls, plays, masquerades,

collations, dalliances, amours, and as full of joy as my heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other road, where folks went barefoot and naked, for want of shoemakers and tailors, for here were enow and to spare ; beside mercers, drapers, jewellers, bodice-makers, peruke-makers, milliners, and a French ordinary at every other door. You cannot imagine the pleasure I took in my new acquaintance ; and yet there was now and then some jostling and disorder upon the way, chiefly between the physicians upon their mules, and the infantry of the lawyers, that marched in great bodies before the judges, and contested for place. But the physicians carried it in favour of their charter, which gives them privilege to study, practise, and teach the art of poisoning, and to read lectures of it in the universities. While this point of honour was in dispute, I perceived divers crossing from one way to the other, and changing of parties. Some of them stumbled and recovered ; others fell downright. But the pleasantest gambol of all was that of the vintners. A whole litter of them tumbled into a pit together, one over another, but finding they were out of their element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the right-hand way, which was the way of Paradise, or Virtue, advanced very heavily, and made us excellent sport. " Prithee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes ! " cries one ; " Hang him, prick-eared cur ", says another ; " Damn me ", cries a third, " if the rogue be not drunk with holy water " ; " If the devil raked hell, he could not have found such a pack of ill-looking rascals ", says another. Some of them stopped their ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of countenance, and they came over to us. And a third sort came out of pure love for our company.

After this I observed a great many people afar off in a by-path ; with as much contrition and devotion in their looks and gestures as ever I saw in men. They walked shaking their heads, and lifting up their hands to heaven ; and they had most of them large ears, and, to my thinking, Geneva Bibles. These, thought I, are a people of singular integrity, and strictness of life, above their fellows ; but coming nearer, we found them to be hypocrites ; and that though they'd none of our company upon the road, they would not fail to meet us at our journey's end. Fasting, repentance, prayer,

mortification, and other holy duties, which are the exercise of good Christians, in order to their salvation, are but a kind of probation to these men, to fit them for the devil. They were followed by a number of devotees and holy sisters that kissed the skirts of their garments all the way they went, but whether out of zeal, spiritual or natural, is hard to say ; and undoubtedly, some women's kisses are worse than Judas's. For though his kiss was treacherous in the intention, it was right yet in the application : but this was one Judas kissing another, which makes me think there was more of the flesh than of the spirit in the case. Some would be drawing a thread now and then out of the holy man's garment, to make a relic of. Others would cut out large snips, as if they had a mind to see them naked. Some again desired they would remember them in their prayers ; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the devil by a third person. Some prayed for good matches for their daughters ; others begged children for themselves : and sure the husband that allows his wife to ask children abroad will be so civil as to take them home, when they are given him. In fine, these hypocrites may for a while perchance impose upon the world, and delude the multitude ; but no mask or disguise is proof against the all-piercing eye of the Almighty. There are, I must confess, many religious and godly men, for whose persons and prayers I have a great esteem. But these are not of the hypocrites' humour, to build their hopes and ambition upon popular applause, and with a counterfeit humility, to proclaim their weakness and unworthiness ; their failings ; yea and their transgressions in the market-place ; all which is indeed but a true jest ; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were looked upon to be neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring. They wore the name of Christians ; but they had neither the wit nor the honesty of pagans. For they content themselves with the pleasures of this life, because they know no better. But the hypocrite, that's instructed both in the life temporal and eternal, lives without either comfort in the one, or hope in the other ; and takes more pains to be damned than a good Christian does to compass his salvation. In short, we went on our way in discourse. The rich followed their wealth, and the poor the rich ; begging there what Providence had denied them. The

stubborn and obstinate went by themselves, for they would hear nobody that was wiser than themselves, but ran huddling on, and pressed still to be foremost. The magistrates drew after them all the solicitors and attorneys. Corrupt judges were carried away by passion and avarice. And vain and ambitious princes trailed along with them principalities and commonwealths. There were a world of clergy upon this road, too. And I saw one full regiment of soldiers there, which would have been brave fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at praying and fighting, as they were at swearing. Their whole discourse was of their adventures, how narrowly they came off at such an assault ; what wounds they received upon t'other breach ; and then what a destruction they made at such a time, of mutton and poultry. But all they said came in at one ear and went out at t'other. " Don't you remember, sirrah ", says one, " how we clawed it away at such a place ! " " Yes, ye damned rogue you ", cries another, " when you were so drunk you took your aunt for the bawd." These and such as these were the only exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these glorious rhodomontades, certain generous spirits from the right-hand way (that knew what they were, by the boxes of passports, testimonials, and recommendations they wore at their girdles) cried out to them, as if it had been to an attack : " Fall on, fall on, my lads, and follow me. This, this is the path of honour, and if you were not poltroons you would not quit it for fear of a hard march, or an ill lodging. Courage comrades ; and be assured that this combat well fought makes all your fortunes, and crowns ye for ever. Here, ye shall be sure both of pay and reward, without casting the issue of all your hazards and hopes upon the empty promises of princes. How long will ye pursue this trade of blood and rapine ? And accustom your ears and tongues to the tragical outcries of, Burn ; No quarter ; Kill, or Die. It is not pay, or pillage, but Virtue that's a brave man's recompense. Trust to her, and she'll not deceive ye. If it be the war ye love, come to us ; bear arms on the right side, and we'll find you work. Do not you know that man's life is a warfare ? That the world, the flesh, and the devil, are three vigilant enemies ? And that it is as much as his soul is worth, to put himself, but for one minute, out of his guard. Princes tell you that your blood and your lives are theirs, and that



to shed the one, and lose the other, in their service, is no obligation, but a duty. You are still, however, to look at the cause ; wherefore turn head, and come along with us and be happy ". The soldiers heard all this with exceeding patience and attention ; but the brand of cowardice had such an effect upon them, that without any more ado, like men of honour, they presently quitted the road ; drew ; and as bold as lions, charged headlong into a tavern.

After this, we saw a great troop of women upon the highway to hell, with their bags and their fellows at their heels, ever and anon hunching and jostling one another. On the other side, a number of good people, that were almost at the end of their journey, came over into the wrong road ; for the right-hand way growing easier and wider toward the end, and that on the left hand, on the contrary, narrower, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came in to us ; as many of ours went over to them, upon the same mistake. Among the rest, I saw a great lady (without either coach, sedan, or any living creature with her) foot it all the way to hell : which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had lived in the world, that I presently looked about for a public notary to make an entry of it. The woman was in a most miserable pickle ; and I did not know what design she might drive on, under that disguise ; but finding never a notary or register at hand, though I missed my particular aim, yet I was well enough pleased with it, for I took it then for granted that I was in my ready way to heaven. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the crosses, afflictions, and mortifications, that lie in the way to Paradise ; and to consider that there was nothing of that upon this road ; but on the contrary, laughing, singing, frolicking, and all manner of jollity : this I must confess gave me a qualm, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly delivered of that doubt by a gang of married men, that we overtook with their wives in their hands, in evidence of their mortifications : " My wife's my witness ", cries one, " that every day since I married her has been a fasting day to me ; to pamper her with cock-broth, and jellies. And my wife knows how I have humbled my body by nakedness ; for I have hardly allowed myself a rag to my backside ; or a shoe to my foot, to maintain her in her coach, pages, gowns, petticoats, and jewels ". So that upon the

matter, I perceive an unlucky hit with a wife gives a man as much right to the catalogue of martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the stake.

The misery these poor wretches endured made me think myself in the right again ; till I heard a cry behind me, " Make way there ; make way for the 'pothecaries' ". Bless me, thought I, if they be here, we are certainly going to the devil. And so it proved, for we were just then come to a little door, that was made like a mouse-trap ; where 'twas easy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce anybody so much as dreamt of hell, all the way we went ; and yet everybody knew where they were, as soon as they came there ; and cried out with one voice, " Miserable creatures ! we are damned, we are damned ". That word made my heart ache ; and is it come to that ? said I. Then did I begin with tears in my eyes to reflect upon what I had left in the world, as my relations, friends, ladies, mistresses, and in fine, all my old acquaintances : when with a heavy sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them posting after me. It gave me, methought, some comfort, that I should have so good company ; vainly imagining that even hell itself might be capable of some relief.

Going farther on I was gotten into a crowd of tailors, that stood up sneaking in a corner, for fear of the devils. At the first door, there were seven devils, taking the names of those that came in ; and they asked me mine, and my quality, and so they let me pass. But, examining the tailors, " These fellows ", cried one of the devils, " come in such shoals, as if hell were made only for tailors ". " How many are they ? " says another. Answer was made, " About a hundred ". " About a hundred ? They must be more than a hundred ", says t'other, " if they be tailors ; for they never come under a thousand, or twelve hundred strong. And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my masters, shall we let them in or no ? " The poor pricklice were damnedly startled at that, for fear they should not get in : but in the end, they had the favour to be admitted. " Certainly ", said I, " these folks are but in an ill condition, when 'tis a menace for the devils themselves to refuse to receive them." Thereupon a huge, overgrown, club-footed, crump-shouldered devil, threw them all into a deep hole. Seeing such a monster of a devil, I asked

him how he came to be so deformed. And he told me, he had spoiled his back with carrying of tailors, "For", said he, "I have been formerly made use of as a sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast themselves, that it's one devil's work to dispose of them". While the word was yet speaking there came another glut of them, and I was fain to make way that the devil might have room to work in, who piled them up, and told me they made the best fuel in hell.

I passed forward then into a little dark alley, where it made me start to hear one call me by my name, and with much ado I perceived a fellow there all wrapt up in smoke and flame. "Alas! sir", says he, "have you forgotten your old bookseller?" "I cry thee mercy, good man", quoth I, "What? art thou here?" "Yes, sir", says he, "'tis e'en too true. I never dreamt it would have come to this." He thought I must needs pity him: but truly I reflected upon the justice of his punishment. For in a word, his shop was the very mint of heresy, schism, and sedition. I put on a face of compassion, however, to give him a little ease, which he took hold of, and vented his complaint. "Well, sir", says he, "I would my father had made me a hangman, when he made me a stationer; for we are called to account for other men's works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's cast in our dish, is the selling of translations, so dog cheap, that every sot knows now as much as would formerly have made a passable doctor, and every nasty groom and rogue lackey is grown familiar with the classics. He would have talked on, if a devil had not stopped his mouth with a whiff from a roll of his own papers, and choked him with the smoke on't. The pestilent fume would have despatched me too, if I had not got presently out of the reach on't. But I went my way, saying this to myself, If the bookseller be thus criminal, what will become of the author!

I was diverted from this meditation by the rueful groans of a great many souls that were under the lash, and the devil tyrannising over them with whips and scourges. I asked what they were, and it was told me that there was a plot among the hackney-coachman to exhibit an information against the devils, for taking the whip out of their hands, and setting up a trade they had never served to (which is directly contrary to the law). "Well", said I, "but why are these

tormented here ? ” With that, an old sour-looking coachman took the answer out of the devil’s mouth, and told me that it was because they came to hell on horseback, which they pretended was a privilege that did not belong to rogues of their quality. “ Speak the truth, and be hanged ”, cried the devil ; “ and make an honest confession here. Say, sirrah, how many bawdy voyages have you made ? How many nights have you stood pimping ? How many whores and knaves have you brought together ? And how many lies have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this scandalous trade ? ” There was a coachman by, that had served a judge, and thought ’twas no more for his old master to fetch a rascal out of hell than out of prison ; which made this fellow stand upon his points, and ask the devil, how he durst give that language to so honourable a profession. “ For ”, says he, “ who wears better clothes than your coachmen ? Are not we in our velvets, embroideries, and laces ? and as glorious as so many phaetons ? Have not our masters reason to be good to us, when their necks are at stake and their lives at our mercy ? Nay, we govern many times those that govern kingdoms ; and a prince is almost in as much danger of his coachman as of his physician. And there are that understand it too, and themselves, and us ; and that will not stick to trust their coachmen as far as they would their confessors. There’s no absurdity in the comparison ; for if they know some of their privacies, we know more ; yes, and perhaps more than we’ll speak of ”. “ What have we here to do ? ” cried a devil that was ready to break his heart with laughing. “ A coachman in his tropes and figures ? An orator instead of a waggoner ? The slave has broke his bridle, and got his head at liberty, and now he’ll never have done.” “ No, why should he ? ” says another that had served a great lady more ways than one. “ Is this the best entertainment you can afford your servants ? your daily drudges ? I’m sure we bring you good commodity, well packed ; well conditioned ; well perfumed ; right, neat, and clean : not like your city-ware that comes dirty to you, up to the hocks ; and yet, every daggled wench, and skip-kennel, shall be better used than we. Ah ! The ingratitude of this place ! If we had done as much for somebody else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I am

punished for carrying the sick, the gouty, the lame, to church, to mass ; or some straggling virgins back to their cloister : which is a damned lie ; for I am able to prove, that all my trading lay at the play-houses, bawdy-houses, taverns, balls, collations : or else at the *Tour à la Mode*, where there was still appointed some after-meeting ; to treat of certain affairs, that highly import the interest and welfare of your dominions. I have indeed carried my mistress sometimes to the church door, but it signified no more than if I had carried her to a conventicle ; for all her business there was to meet her gallant, and to agree when they should meet next ; according to the way of devotion now in mode. To conclude : It is most certain that I never took any creature (knowingly) into my coach, that had so much as a good thought. And this was so well known, that it was all one to ask if a lady were a maid, or if she had been in my coach. If it appeared she had, he that married her knew beforehand what he had to trust to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair requital." With that the devil fell a-laughing, and with five or six twinging jerks, half flayed the poor coachman ; so that I was e'en glad to retire, in pity partly to the coachman and partly to myself ; for the currying of a coachman is little better than the turning up of a dunghill.

My next adventure was into a deep vault, where I began immediately to shudder, and my teeth chattered in my head. I asked the meaning of it ; and there came up to me a devil, with kibed heels and his toes all mortified ; and told me that that quarter was allotted to the buffoons and drolls, " which are a people ", says he, " of so starved a conceit, and so cold a discourse, that we are fain to chain and lock them up, for fear they should spoil the temper of our fire ". I asked if a man might see them. The devil told me yes, and showed me one of the lewdest kennels in hell. And there were they at it, pecking at one another, and nothing but the same fooleries over and over again that they had practised upon earth. Among the buffoons, I saw divers that passed here in the world for men of honesty and honour ; which were in, as the devil told me, for flattery, and were a sort of buffoon, that goes betwixt the bark and the tree. " But, why are they condemned ? " said I. " The other buffoons are condemned ", quoth the devil, " for want of favour ; and these, for having too much, and abusing it. You must know that

they come upon us unawares ; and yet they find all things in readiness ; the cloth laid, and the bed made, as if they were at home. To say the truth we have some sort of kindness for them ; for they save us a great deal of trouble, in tormenting one another.

“ Do you see him there ? That was a wicked and a partial judge ; and all he has to say for himself is that he remembers the time when he could have broke the neck of two honest causes, and he put them only out of joint. That good fellow there was a careless husband, and him we lodge too with the buffoons. He sold his wife’s portion, wife and all, to please his companions ; and turned both into an annuity. That lady there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the buffoons, for they are both of a humour : what they do with all their talk, she does with her body and seasons it to all appetites. In a word, you shall find buffoons in all conditions ; and, in effect, there are nigh as many as there are men and women : for the whole world is given to jeering, slandering, backbiting, and there are more natural buffoons than artificial.”

At my going out of the vault, I saw a matter of a thousand devils following a drove of pastry-men, and breaking their heads as they passed along, with iron peels. “ Alack ! ” cried one of them that was yet in a whole skin, “ it is hard the sin of the flesh should be laid to our charge, that never had to do with women.” “ Impudent, nasty rascals ”, quoth a devil, “ who has deserved hell, if they have not ? How many thousand men have these slovens poisoned, with the grease of their heads and tails, instead of mutton-suet ? with snot-pies for marrow ; and flies for currants ? How many stomachs have they turned into lay-stalls with the dogs’-flesh, horse-flesh and other carrion that they have put into them ? And do these rogues complain (in the devil’s name) of their sufferings ! Leave your bawling, ye whelps ”, says he, “ and know, that the pain you endure is nothing to that of your tormentors. And for your part ”, says he, to me, with a sour look, “ because you are a stranger, you may go about your business ; but we have a crow to pluck with these fellows, before we part.”

I went next down a pair of stairs into a huge cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable fire ; and one of them roaring, cried out, “ I never over-sold ; I never sold, but at

conscionable rates. Why am I punished thus ? ” I durst have sworn it had been Judas, but going nearer to him, to see if he had a red head, I found him to be a merchant of my acquaintance that died not long since. “ How now, old man ”, said I, “ art thou there ? ” He was dogged because I did not call him Sir, and made no answer. I saw his grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cherish that vanity even in hell, that had brought him thither. “ And what do ye think on’t now ”, said I, “ had not you better have traded in blacks than Christians ? Had you not better have contented yourself with a little, honestly got, than run the hazard of your soul for an estate ; and have gone to heaven afoot, rather than to the devil on horseback ? ” My friend was as mute as a fish ; whether out of anger, shame, or grief, I know not. And then a devil in office took up the discourse. “ These pickpocket rogues ”, says he, “ did they think to govern the world with their own weights and measures, *in secula seculorum* ? Methinks, the blinking and false lights of their shops should have minded them of their quarter in the other world, aforehand. And ’tis all a case, with jewellers, goldsmiths, and other trades, that serve only to flatter and bolster up the world in luxury and folly. But if people would be wise, these youths should have little enough to do. For what’s their cloth of gold and silver, their silks, their diamond and pearl (which they sell at their own price) but matter of mere wantonness and superfluity ? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of extravagant expenses, and so ruin ye insensibly, under colour of kindness and credit. For they set everything at double the rate ; and if you keep not touch at your day, your persons are imprisoned, your goods seized, and your estates extended. And they that helped to make you princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the condition of beggars.”

The devil would have talked on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a laugh set up on one side of me, as if they would all have split ; and I went to see what the matter was ; for ’twas a strange thing, methought, to hear them so merry in hell. The business was, there were two men upon a scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as loud as they could bawl. One of them had a great parchment in his hand, displayed with divers labels hanging at it, and several seals. I thought at first it might have been execution-day, and took

the writing for a pardon or a reprieve. At every word they spoke, a matter of seven or eight thousand devils burst out a-laughing, as they would have cracked their sides. And this again made me think, it might be some jack-pudding or mountebank, showing his tricks or his attestations, with his congregation of fools about him. But, nearer hand, I found my mistake ; and that the devils' mirth made the gentlemen angry. At last, I perceived that this great earnestness of theirs was only to make out their pedigree, and get themselves passed for gentlemen ; the parchment being a testimonial from the Heralds Office to that purpose. " My father ", says he with the writing in his hand, " bore arms for His Majesty in many honourable occasions of watching and warding ; and has made many a tall fellow speak to the constable, at all hours of the night. My uncle was the first man that ever was of the Order of the Black-Guard : and we have had five brave commanders of our family, by my father's side, that have served the State in the quality of marshal's men and turnkeys, and given His Majesty a fair account of all the prisoners committed to their charge. And by my mother's side, it will not be denied but that I am honourably descended ; for my grandmother was never without a dozen chamber-maids and nurses in the family." " It may be 'twas her trade ", quoth the devil, " to procure services and servants, and consequently to deal in that commodity." " Well, well ", said the cavalier, " she was what she was ; and I'm sure I tell you nothing but the truth. Her husband wore a sword, by his place, for he was a Deputy-Marshal ; and to prove myself a man of honour I have it here in black and white, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quartered among a pack of rascals ? " " My gentlemen friend ", quoth the devil, " your grandfather wore a sword, as he was usher to a fencing school ; and we know very well what his son and grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass ; you have led a wicked and infamous life, and spent your time in whoring, drinking, blaspheming and in lewd company ; and do you tell us now of the privileges of your nobility ? Your testimonials ; and the Seal of the Office ? A fart for your privileges, testimonials, office and all. There is no honour, but virtue. And if your children, though they had a scoundrel to their father, should come to do honourable and worthy things, we should look upon them as persons sacred, and not dare to meddle with them. But



talking is time lost ; you were ever a couple of pitiful fellows, and your tails scarce worth the scalding. Have at ye ", says he, and at that word, with a huge iron bar he gave him such a salute over the buttocks, that he took two or three turns in the air, heels over head, and dropped at last into the common-shore ; where never any man has yet found the bottom.

When his companion had seen him cut that caper, " This usage ", says he, " may be well enough for a parchment gentleman ; but a cavalier of my extraction, and profession, I suppose you'll treat with somewhat more of civility and respect ". " Cavalier ", quoth the devil, " if you have brought no better plea along with you than the antiquity of your house, you may e'en follow your comrade, for ought I know, for we find very few ancient families that had not some oppressor or usurper for their founders ; and they are commonly continued by the same means they were begun. How many are there of our titular nobility, that write Noble purely upon the account of their violence and injustice ? Their subjects and tenants, what with impositions, hard services, and racked rents, are they not worse than slaves ? If they happen to have anything extraordinary, as a pleasant fruit, a handsome colt, a good cow ; and that the landlord, or his sweet lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it gratis, or else take their pay in foul language or blows. And 'tis well if they 'scape so : for many times when the sign's in Gemini, their wives and daughters go to pot, without any regard of laws either sacred or profane. What damned blasphemies and imprecations do they make use of, to get credit with a mistress or a creditor, upon a faithless promise ! How intolerable is their pride and insolence even towards many considerable officers, both in Church and State ! for they behave themselves as if all people below their quality and rank in the world were but as so many brutes, or worse. As if human blood were not all of a colour ; as if nature had not brought them into the world the common way, or moulded them of the same materials with the meanest wretches upon the earth. And then, for such as have military charges and commands, how many great officers are there, that without any consideration of their own, or their princes' honour, fall to spoil and pillage ? Cozening the State with false musters, and the soldiers of their pay ; and giving them,

instead of their due from the prince, a liberty of taking what is not their due from the people ; forcing them to take the bread out of the poor labourers' mouths to fill their own bellies, and protecting them, when they have done, in the most execrable outrages imaginable. And when the poor soldier comes at last to be dismissed, or disbanded ; lame, sick, beggarly, naked almost, and enraged ; with nothing left him to trust to but the highway to keep him from starving. What mischief is there in the world, that these men are not the cause of ? How many good families are utterly ruined, and at this day in the hospital, for trusting to their oaths and promises ! and becoming bound for them, for vast sums of money to maintain them in tipples and whores, and in all sorts of luxury and riot ? " This rhetorical devil would have said a thousand times more, but that his companion called him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The cavalier hearing that, " My friend ", said he, " your morals are very good, but yet with your favour, all men are not alike ". " There's never a barrel better herring ", said the devil, " you are all of ye tainted with original sin, and if you had been any better than your fellows you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so noble, as you say, you're worth the burning, if 'twere but for your ashes. And that you may have no cause of complaint, you shall see, we'll treat you like a person of your condition." And in that instant, two devils presented themselves ; the one of them bridled and saddled ; and the other doing the office of the squire ; holding the stirrup, with his left hand, and giving the gentlemen a lift into the saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an arrow out of a bow. I asked the devil then into what country he carried him. And he told me, not far : for 'twas only matter of decorum, to send the nobility to hell a-horseback. " Look on that side, now ", says he, and so I did ; and there I saw the poor cavalier in a huge furnace, with the first inventors of nobility, and arms : as Cain, Cham, Nimrod, Esau, Romulus, Tarquin, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Helogabalus ; and a world of other brave fellows, that had made themselves famous by usurpation and blood. The place was a little too hot for me, and so I retired, meditating on what I had heard ; and not a little satisfied with the discourse of so learned a devil, Till that time I took the devil for a notorious liar ;

but I find now that he can speak the truth too, when he pleases ; and I would not for all I am worth but have heard him preach.

When I was thus far, my curiosity carried me still further ; and within twenty yards I came to a huge, muddy, stinking lake, near twice as big as that of Geneva : and heard in't so strange a noise that I was almost out of my wits to know what it was. They told me that the lake was stored with duennas or Gouvernantes, which are turned into a kind of frogs in hell, and perpetually drivelling, sputtering, and croaking. Methought the conversation was apt enough ; for they are neither fish, nor flesh, no more than frogs ; and only the lower parts of them are man's meat, but their heads are enough to turn a very good stomach. I could not but laugh to see how they gaped, and stretched out their legs as they swam, and still as we came near they'd scud away and dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so noisome a vapour ; and so I struck off, upon the left hand, where I saw a number of old men beating their breasts and tearing their faces, with bitter groans and lamentations. It made my heart ache to see them, and I asked what they were : answer was made, that I was now in the quarter of the fathers that damned themselves to raise their posterity ; which were called by some, the unadvised. " Wretch that I am ! " cried one of them, " the greatest penitent that ever lived, never suffered the mortifications I have endured, I have watched, I have fasted, I have scarce had any clothes to my back ; my whole life has been a restless course of torment, both of body and mind : and all this, to get money for my children ; that I might see them well married ; buy them places at court, or procure them some other preferment in the world : starving myself in the conclusion, rather than I would lessen the provision I had made for my posterity. And yet, notwithstanding this my fatherly care, I was scarce sooner dead than forgotten ; and my next heir buried me without tears, or mourning ; and indeed without so much as paying the legacies, or praying for my soul : as if they had already received certain intelligence of my damnation. And to aggravate my sorrows the prodigals are now squandering and consuming that estate in gaming, whoring, and debauches, which I had scraped together by so much industry, vexation and oppression, and for which I suffer at this instant such insupportable torments."

" This should have been thought on before ", cried a devil, " for sure you have heard of the old saying, ' Happy is the child whose father goes to the devil '." At which word, the old misers broke out into fresh rage and lamentation, tearing their flesh, with tooth and nail, in so rueful a manner that I was no longer able to endure the spectacle.

A little farther there was a dark, hideous prison, where I heard the clattering of chains, the crackling of flames, the slapping of whips, and a confused outcry of complaints. I asked what quarter this was ; and they told me it was the quarter of the " Oh that I had's ! " " What are those ", said I ? Answer was made that they were a company of brutish sots, so absolutely delivered up to vice that they were damned insensibly, and in hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their miscarriages and omissions, and perpetually crying out, " Oh that I had examined my conscience ! " " Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments ! " " Oh that I had humbled myself with fasting, and prayer ! " " Oh that I had served God as I ought ! " " Oh that I had visited the sick, and relieved the poor ! " " Oh that I had set a watch before the door of my lips ! "

I left these late repentants (as it appeared) in exchange for worse, which were shut up in a base court, and the nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their mouths, " God is merciful, and will pardon me ". " How can this be," said I, " that these people should be damned when condemnation is an act of justice, not of mercy ? " " I perceive you are simple," quoth the devil, " for half these you see here, are condemned with the mercy of God in their mouths. And to explain myself, consider I pray'e how many sinners are there that go on in their ways, in spite of reproof, and good counsel ; and still this is their answer, ' God is merciful, and will not damn a soul for so small a matter '. But let them talk of mercy as they please, so long as they persist in a wicked life, we are like to have their company at last." " By your argument ", said I, " there's no trusting to Divine Mercy." " You mistake me ", quoth the devil, " for every good thought and work flows from that mercy. But this I say : He that perseveres in his wickedness, and makes use of the name of mercy, only for a countenance to his impieties, does but mock the Almighty and has no title to that mercy. For 'tis vain to expect mercy from above, without doing anything in order

to it. It properly belongs to the righteous and the penitent ; and they that have the most of it upon the tongue have commonly the least thought of it in their hearts ; and 'tis a great aggravation of guilt, to sin the more, in confidence of an abounding mercy. It is true that many are received to mercy, that are utterly unworthy of it, which is no wonder, since no man of himself can deserve it : but men are so negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business ; and many times their life is at an end, before they begin their repentance." I did not think so damned a doctor would have made so good a sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a noisome dark hole, and there I saw a company of dyers, all in dirt and smoke, intermixed with the devils, and so alike that it would have posed the subtlest inquisitor in Spain to have said, which were the devils and which were the dyers.

There stood at my elbow a strange kind of mongrel devil, begot betwixt a black and a white ; with a head so bestruck with little horns, that it looked at a distance like a hedgehog. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quartered the Sodomites, the old women, and the cuckolds. " As for the cuckolds," said he, " they are all over hell, without any certain quarter or station ; and in truth, 'tis no easy matter to know a cuckold from a devil ; for (like husbands) they wear their wives favours still, and the very same headpieces in hell that they wore living in the world. As to the Sodomites, we have no more to do with them than needs must ; but upon all occasions, we either fly, or face them : for if ever we come to give them a broadside, 'tis ten to one but we get a hit betwixt wind and water ; and yet we fence with our tails, as well as we can, and they get now and then a flap o'er the mouth into the bargain. And for the old women, we make them stand off ; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do : and yet the jades will be persecuting us with their passions ; and ye shall have a bawd of five-and-fifty, do ye all the gambols of a girl of fifteen. And yet, after all this there's not an old woman in hell ; for let her be as old as the hills—bald, blind, toothless, wrinkled, decrepit : this is not long of her age, she'll tell you, but a terrible fit of sickness last year, that fetched off her hair and brought her so low that she has not yet recovered her flesh again. She lost her eyes by a hot rheum ; and utterly

spoiled her teeth with cracking of peach-stones and eating of sweet-meats when she was a maid. And when the weight of her years has almost brought both ends together, 'tis nothing she'll tell ye but a crick she has got in her back ; and though she might recover her youth again, by confessing her age, she'll never acknowledge it."

My next encounter was a number of people making their moan that they had been taken away by sudden death. " That's an impudent lie ", cried a devil, " (saving this gentleman's presence) for no man dies suddenly. Death surprises no man, but gives all men sufficient warning and notice." I was much taken with the devil's civility and discourse ; which he pursued after this manner. " Do ye complain ", says he, " of sudden death ? that have carried death about ye, ever since you were born ; that have been entertained with daily spectacles of carcasses and funerals ; that have heard so many sermons upon the subject ; and read so many good books upon the frailty of life and the certainty of death. Do ye not know that every moment ye live brings ye nearer to your end ? Your clothes wear out, your woods and your houses decay, and yet ye look that your bodies should be immortal. What are the common accidents and diseases of life, but so many warnings to provide yourself for a remove ? Ye have death at the table, in your daily food and nourishment ; for your life is maintained by the death of other creatures. And you have the lively picture of it, every night for your bedfellow. With what face then can you charge your misfortunes upon sudden death ? that have spent your whole life, both at bed, and at board, among so many remembrances of your mortality. No, no ; change your style, and hereafter confess yourselves to have been careless and incredulous. You die, thinking you are not to die yet ; and forgetting that death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one end of your life to the other, without distinguishing of persons or ages, sex or quality ; and whether it finds ye well or ill-doing. ' As the tree falls, so it lies '."

Turning towards my left hand, I saw a great many souls that were put up in gallipots, with *Assafœtida*, *Galbanum*, and a company of nasty oils that served them for a syrup. " What a damned stink is here ", cried I, stopping my nose. " We are now come undoubtedly to the devil's house of office." " No, no ", said their tormentor (which was a kind of a

yellowish complexioned devil), "'tis a confection of apothecaries. A sort of people that are commonly damned for compounding the medicines by which their patients hoped to be saved. To give them their due, these are your only true and chemical philosophers ; and worth a thousand of Raymund Lullius, Hermes, Geber, Ruspicella, Avicena, and their fellows. 'Tis true, they have written fine things of the transmutation of metals ; but did they ever make any gold ? Or if they did, we have lost the secret. Whereas your apothecaries, out of a little puddle-water, a bundle of rotten sticks, a box of flies—nay out of toads, vipers, and a Sir Reverence itself, will fetch ye gold ready minted, and fit for the market ; which is more than all your philosophical projectors ever pretended to. There is no herb so poisonous (let it be hemlock), nor any stone so dry, (suppose the pumice itself) but they'll draw silver out of it. And then for words, 'tis impossible to make up any word out of the four-and-twenty letters, but they'll show ye a drug, or a plant of the name ; and turn the alphabet into as good money as any's in your pocket. Ask them for an eye-tooth of a flying toad ; they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have it, in powder ; or if you had rather have the infusion of a tench of the mountains, in a little eel's milk, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in nature. So that it looks as if all the plants and stones of the creation had their several powers and virtues given them, only for the apothecaries' sakes ; and as if words themselves had been only made for their advantage. Ye call them apothecaries, but instead of that, I pray'e call them armourers ; and their shops, arsenals ; are not their medicines as certain death as swords, daggers, or muskets ? while their patients are purged and blooded into the other world, without any regard either to distemper, measure, or season.

" If you will now see the pleasantest sight you have seen yet, walk up by these two steps, and you shall see a jury (or conspiracy) of barber-surgeons, sitting upon life and death." You must think that any divertisement there was welcome, so that I went up, and found it in truth a very pleasant spectacle. These barbers were most of them chained by the middle, their hands at liberty, and every one of them a cittern about his neck, and upon his knees a chess-board ; and still as he reached to have a touch at the cittern, the instrument

vanished , and so did the chess-board, when he thought to have a game at draughts , which is directly tantalising the poor rogues, for a cittern is as natural to a barber as milk to a calf. Some of them were washing of asses' brains, and putting them in again , and scouring of negroes to make them white

When I laughed my fill at these fooleries, my next discovery was, of a great many people, grumbling and muttering, that there was nobody looked after them , no not so much as to torment them , as if their tails were not as well worth the toasting as their neighbours' Answer was made, that being a kind of devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of authority in the place, and execute the office of tormentors This made me ask what they were And a devil told me (with respect) that they were a company of ungracious, left-handed wretches, that could do nothing aright And their grievance was that they were quartered by themselves but not knowing whether they were men or no, or indeed what else to make of them, we did not know how to match them, or in what company to put them In the world they are looked upon as ill omens , and let any man meet one of them, upon a journey in a morning, fasting, 'tis the same thing as if a hare had crossed the way upon him he presently turns head in a discontent, and goes to bed again Ye know that Scaevola, when he found his mistake in killing another for Porsenna (the secretary, for the prince) burned his right hand in revenge of the miscarriage , now the severity of the vengeance, was not so much the maiming or the crippling of himself, but the condemning of himself to be for ever left-handed And so 'tis with a malefactor that suffers justice , the shame and punishment does not lie so much in the loss of his right hand, as that the other is left And it was the curse of an old bawd, to a fellow that had vexed her, that he might go to the devil by the stroke of a left-handed man If the poets speak truth (as 'twere a wonder if they should not), the left is the unlucky side , and there never came any good from it. And for my last argument against these creatures , the goats and reprobates stand upon the left hand, and left-handed men are, in effect, a sort of creature that's made to do mischief , nay whether I should call them men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a devil beckoned me to come softly to him and so I did without a word speaking or the least noise in the



world. "Now", says he, "if you'll see the daily exercise of ill-favoured women, look through that lactice window." And there I saw such a kennel of ugly bitches, you would have blest yourself. Some, with their faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been scarified, and newly passed the cupping-glass; with a world of little plaisters, long, round, square; and briefly, cut out into such variety, that it would have posed a good mathematician to have found out another figure; and you would have sworn that they had been either at cat's play or cuffs. Others, were scraping their faces with pieces of glass; tearing up their eyebrows by the roots, like mad; and some that had none to tear were fetching out of their black boxes, such as they could get, or make. Others were powdering and curling their false locks, or fastening their new ivory teeth in the place of their old ebony ones. Some were chewing lemon peel, or cinnamon, to countenance a foul breath; and raising themselves upon their heels, that their view might be the fairer and their fall the deeper. Others were quarrelling with their looking-glasses, for showing them such hags' faces: and cursing the State of Venice for entertaining no better workmen. Some were stuffing out their bodies, like pack saddles, to cover secret deformities: and some again had so many hoods over their faces, to conceal the ruins, that I could hardly discern what they were; and these passed for penitents. Others, with their pots of hog's grease and pomatum were sleeking and polishing their faces, and indeed their foreheads were bright and shining, though there were neither sins nor stars in that firmament. Some there were (in fine) that would have fetched a man's guts up at his mouth, to see them with their masques of after-births; and with their menstuous slobber-slobbers daubing one another to take away the heats and bubos. "Nasty and abominable!" I cried. "Well", quoth the devil, "you see now how far a woman's wit and invention will carry her to her own destruction." I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a spectacle, till I had a little recollected myself; and then said I, "If I may deal freely without offence, I dare defy all the devils in hell to outdo these women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them makes my very heart ache".

"Turn about then", said the devil, and there was a fellow sitting in a chair, all alone; never a devil near him; no fire or frost; no heat or cold, or anything else, that I could

perceive, to torment him ; and yet crying and roaring out the most hideously of anything I had yet heard in hell ; tearing his flesh, and beating his body, like a bedlam ; and his heart, all the while, bleeding at his eyes. Good lord, thought I, what ails this wretch, to yell out thus when nobody hurts him ! So I went up to him. " Friend ", said I, " what's the meaning of all this fury and transport ? for, as far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you." " No, no ", said he with a horrid outcry, and with all the extravagances of a man in rage and despair, " you do not see my tormentors ; but the all-searching eye of the Almighty sees my pains as well as my transgressions, and with a severe and implacable justice has condemned me to suffer punishments answerable to my crimes." (Which words he uttered with redoubled clamours.) " My executioners are in my soul, and all the plagues of hell in my conscience. My memory serves me instead of a cruel devil. The remembrance of the good I should have done, and omitted ; and of the ill I should not have done, and did. The remembrance of the wholesome counsels I have rejected, and of the ill example I have given. And for the aggravation of my misery ; where my memory leaves afflicting me, my understanding begins : showing me the glories and beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gained heaven with less anxiety and pain than I have endured to compass my damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the comforts, beauties, felicities, and raptures of paradise, only to enflame and exasperate my despair in hell ; begging in vain but for one moment's interval of ease, without obtaining any ; for my will is also as inexorable as either my memory or my understanding. And these (my friend of the other world) are the three faculties of my soul, which Divine Justice, for my sins, has converted into three tormentors, that torture me without noise ; into three flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least remission or respite, the worm of my conscience gnaws my soul, and finds it, to an insatiable hunger, an immortal aliment and entertainment." At that word, turning towards me with a hellish yell, " Mortal ", says he, " learn, and be assured from me that all those that either bury or misemploy their talents carry a hell within themselves, and are damned even above ground." And so he returned to his usual clamours. Upon this, I left him, miserably sad and pensive.

Well, thought I, what a weight of sin lies upon this creature's conscience ! Whereupon the devil observing me in a muse, told me in my ear, that this fellow had been an atheist, and believed neither God nor devil " Deliver me then ", said I, " from that unsanctified wisdom, that serves us only for our further condemnation ' "

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a world of people running after burning chariots with a great many souls in them, and the devils tearing them with pincers , and before them marched certain officers, making proclamation of their sentence, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect " Divine Justice hath appointed this punishment to the scandalous, for giving ill examples to their neighbours ' " And at the same time, several of the damned laid their sins to their charge, and cried out, that 'twas long of them they were thus tormented So that the scandalous were punished both for their own sins and for the offences of those they had misled to their destruction And these are they of whom 'tis said, that they had better never have been born

My very soul was full of anguish, to see so many doleful spectacles , and yet I could not but smile, to see the vintners everywhere up and down hell, as free as if they had been in their taverns, and only prisoners upon parole I asked how they came by that privilege , and a devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up , for there was no fear of their making 'scape, that took so much pains in the world, and made it their whole business to come thither " Only ", says he, " if we can keep them from throwing water in the fire, as they do in their wines, we are well enough But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me , and I'll show ye Judas and his brethren, the stewards, and purse-bearers " So I did as he bade me, and he brought me to Judas, and his companions, who had no faces, divers of them, and most of them no foreheads

I was well enough pleased to see him, and to be better informed , for I had ever fancied him to be a kind of olive-coloured, tawny-complexioned fellow, without a beard , and an Eunuch into the bargain which perhaps (nay probably) he was , for nothing but a capon, a thing unmanned, could ever have been guilty of so sordid and treacherous a villainy,

as to sell and betray his Master, with a kiss ; and after that, so cowardly, as to hang himself in despair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church says of him, that he had a carrot beard and a red head ; but it may be his beard was burnt, and as he appeared to me in hell I could not but take him for an Eunuch, which to deal freely, is my opinion of all the devils, for they have no hair ; and they are for the most part wrinkled and baker-legged.

Judas was beset with a great many money-mongers and purse-bearers, that were telling him stories of the pranks they had played, and the tricks they had put upon their masters, after his example. Coming up to them, I perceived that their punishment was like that of Titius, who had a vulture continually gnawing upon his liver ; for there were a number of ravenous birds perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their flesh ; which grew again as fast as they devoured it ; a devil in the meantime crying out, and the damned filling the whole place with clamour and horror ; Judas, with his purse, and his pot by his side, bearing a large part in the outcry and torment. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with Judas, and so I went to him with this greeting : “Thou perfidious, impudent, impious traitor”, said I, “to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a price, like an avaricious rascal”. “If men”, said he, “were not ungrateful, they would rather pity, or commend me, for an action so much to their advantage, and done in order to their redemption. The misery is mine, that am to have no part myself in the benefit I have procured for others. Some heretics there are (I must confess to my comfort) that adore me for it. But do you take me for the only Judas ? No, no. There have been many since the death of my Master, and there are at this day, more wicked and ungrateful, ten thousand times than myself ; that buy the Lord of Life, as well as sell Him, scourging and crucifying Him daily with more spite and ignominy than the Jews. The truth is, I had an itch to be fingering money, and bartering, from my very entrance into the apostleship. I began, you know, with the pot of ointment, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a relief to the poor. And I went on, to the selling of my Master, wherein I did the world a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruin. My repentance now signifies nothing. To conclude, I am the only steward that’s condemned for selling ; all the rest are

damned for buying: and I must entreat you, to have a better opinion of me; for if you'll look but a little lower here, you'll find people a thousand times worse than myself." "Withdraw then", said I, "for I have had talk enough with Judas."

I went down then some few steps, as Judas directed me; and there I saw a world of devils upon the march, with rods and stirrup-leathers in their hands, lashing a company of handsome lasses, stark naked, and driving them out of hell (which methought was pity, and if I had had some of them in a corner, I should have treated them better) with the stirrup-leathers, they disciplined a litter of bawds. I could not imagine why these, of all others, should be expelled the place, and asked the question. "Oh", says a devil, "these are our factresses in the world, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more grist to the mill: and indeed, if it were not for women, hell would be but thinly peopled; for what with the art, the beauty, and the allurements of the young wenches, and the sage advice and counsel of the bawds, they do us very good service. Nay, for fear any of our good friends should tire upon the road, they send them to us on horseback, or bring them themselves, e'en to the very gates, lest they should miss their way."

Pursuing my journey, I saw, a good way before me, a large building that looked (methought) like some enchanted castle, or the picture of ill-luck; it was all ruinous, the chimneys down, the plachers all to pieces, only the bars of the windows standing; the doors all bedaubed with dirt, and patched up with barrel-heads, where they had been broken, the glass gone, and here and there a quarrel supplied with paper. I made no doubt at first but the house was forsaken; coming nearer I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of tongues and noises within it. As I came just up to the door, one opened it, and I saw in the house many devils, thieves, and whores. One of the craftiest jades in the pack, placed herself presently upon the threshold, and made her address to my guide and me. "Gentlemen", says she, "how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that people are damned both for giving and taking? The thief is condemned for taking away from another; and we are condemned for giving what is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our trade; and if it be lawful to give everyone their own, why are we condemned?"

We found it a nice point, and sent the wench to counsel learned in the law, for a resolution in the case. Her mention of thieves made me inquire after the scriveners and notaries. "Is it possible", said I, "that you should have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occasion for a scrivener, and made a search for one." "I do believe indeed", quoth the devil, "that you have not found any of them upon the road." "How then?" said I, "what, are they all saved?" "No, no", cried the devil, "but you must understand that they do not foot it hither, as other mortals; but come upon the wing, in troops like wild geese; so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the way. We have millions of them, but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damnedly rank-winged, and will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt earth and hell." "But if there be so many", said I, "how comes it we see none of them?" "For that", quoth the devil, "we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer notaries or scriveners, but cats: and they are so good mousers, that though this place is large, old, ruinous, yet you see not so much as a rat or a mouse in hell, how full soever of all other sorts of vermin." "Now ye talk of vermin", said I, "are there any catchpoles here?" "No, not one", says he. "How so", quoth I, "when I dare undertake there are five hundred rogues of the trade for one that's ought." "The reason is", says the devil, "that every catchpole upon earth carries a hell in his bosom." "You have still", said I, crossing myself, "an aching tooth at those poor varlets." "Why not", cried he, "for they are but devils incarnate, and so damnedly versed in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of losing our places, and that His Infernal Majesty should take these rascals into his service."

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little way off a great enclosure, and a world of souls shut up in it; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure, others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the lovers' quarter. It saddened me to consider, that death itself could not kill the lamentations of lovers. Some of them were discoursing their passions, and teasing themselves with fears and jealousies; casting all their miseries upon their appetites and fancies, that still made the picture infinitely fairer than

the person. They were for the most part troubled with a simple disease, called (as the devil told me) "*I thought*". I asked him what that was, and he answered me, it was a punishment suitable to their offence : for your lovers, when they fall short of their expectations, either in the pursuit or enjoyment of their mistresses, they are wont to say, "Alas ! *I thought* she would have loved me ; *I thought* she would never have pressed me to marry her ; *I thought* she would have been a fortune to me ; *I thought* she would have given me all she had ; *I thought* she would have asked me nothing ; *I thought* she would have been true to my bed ; *I thought* she would have been dutiful and modest ; *I thought* she would never have kept her gallant ". So that all their pain and damnation comes from *I thought* this or that, or so, or so ".

In the middle of them was Cupid, a little beggarly rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there covered with an odd kind of embroidery : but whether it was the workmanship of the itch, pox, or measles, I could not perfectly discover ; and close by him was this inscription :—

Many a good fortune goes to wrack ;  
And so does many an able back ;  
With following whores and cards and dice,  
Were poxed and beggared in a trice.

"Aha !" said I, "by these rhymes methinks the poets should not be far off ;" and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I discovered millions of them through a park pale, and so I stopped to look upon them. (It seems in hell they are not called poets now, but fools.) One of them showed me the women's quarter there hard by, and asked me what I thought of it, and of the handsome ladies in it. "Is it not true", says he, "that a buxom lass is a kind of half chamber-maid to a man ? when she has stripped him and brought him to bed, she has done her business, and never troubles herself any further about the helping him, and dressing him." "How now", said I, "Have ye your quirks and conceits in hell ? In troth ye are pleasant : I thought your edge had been taken off." With that, out stepped the most miserable wretch of the whole company laden with irons : "Ah !" quoth he, "I would to God the first inventor of rhymes and poetry were here in my place", and then he went on with this following and sad complaint :

A COMPLAINT OF THE POETS IN HELL.

Oh, this damned trade of versifying  
 Has brought us all to hell for living !  
 For writing what we do not think ,  
 Merely to make the verse cry clink  
 For rather than abuse the metre,  
 Black shall be white, Paul shall be Peter.  
 One time I called a lady, whore ,  
 Which in my soul she was no more  
 Than I am , a brave lass, no beggar,  
 And true, as ever man laid leg o'er  
 Not out of malice, Jove's my witness,  
 But merely for the verses fitness  
 " Now we're all made ", said I, ' if luck hold ',  
 And then I called a fellow cuckold ,  
 Though the wife was (or I'll be hanged)  
 As good a wench as ever twanged  
 I was once plaguely put to't ,  
 This would not hit that would not do't ,  
 At last, I circumcised ('tis true)  
 A Christian, and baptized a Jew  
 Nay I've made Herod innocent  
 For rhyming to Long-Parliament  
 Now to conclude, we are all damned ho,  
 For nothing but a game at crambo  
 And for a little jingling pleasure,  
 Condemned to torments without measure  
 Which is a little hard in my sense,  
 To fry thus for poetic licence  
 'Tis not for sin of thought or deed,  
 But for bare sounds, and words we bleed  
 While the cur Cerberus lies growling  
 In consort with our catterwowing

So soon as he had done, " There is not in the world ",  
 said I, " a more ridiculous frenzy than yours, to be poetising  
 in hell The humour sticks close sure, or the fire would have  
 fetched it out " " Nay ", cried a devil, " these versifiers are  
 a strange generation of buffoons The time that others spend  
 in tears and groans for their sins and follies, these wretches  
 employ in songs and madrigals , and if they chance to light  
 upon the critical minute, and get a snap at a lady, all's worth  
 nothing, unless the whole kingdom ring of it, in some miserable  
 sing-song or other, under the name forsooth of Phyllis, Chloris,  
 Silvia, or the like and the goodly idol must be decked and  
 dressed up with diamond, pearl, rubies, musk and amber, and  
 both the Indies are too little to furnish eyes, lips, and teeth  
 for this imaginary goddess. And yet after all this magnificence



and bounty it would put the poor devil's credit upon the stretch, to take up an old petticoat in the market, or a pair of cast-shoes, at the next cobbler's. Beside we can give no account either of their country or religion. They have Christian names, but most heretical souls, they are Arabians in their hearts and in their language, Gentiles, but to say the truth, they fall short of the right Pagans in their manners." If I stay here a little longer (said I to myself) this spiteful devil will hit me over the thumbs ere I'm aware, for I was half jealous that he took me already for a piece of a poet.

For fear of being discovered, I went my way, and my next visit was to the impertinent devotees, whose very prayers are made up of impiety and extravagance. Oh! what sighing was there, and sobbing! groaning and whining! Their tongues were tied up to a perpetual silence, their souls drooping, and their ears condemned to hear eternally the hideous cries and reproaches of a wheezing devil, greeting them after this manner: "Oh ye impudent and profane abusers of prayer and holy duties! that treat the Lord of heaven and earth in His own house with less respect than ye would do a merchant upon the Change, sneaking into a corner with your execrable petitions, for fear of being overheard by your neighbours, and yet without any scruple at all, ye can expose and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameless wretches that ye are! 'Lord', says one, 'take the old man, my father, to Thyself, I beseech Thee, that I may have his office and estate. Oh, that this uncle of mine would but march off! There's a fat Bishopric, and a good Deanery, I would the devil had the incumbent so I had the dignity. Now for a lusty pot of guineas, or a lucky hand at dice if it be Thy pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good matches for my children. Lord, make me His Majesty's favourite and Thy servant, that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me this, and I do here engage myself, to entertain six blue-coats, and bind them out to good trades, to set up a lecture for every day of the week, to give one-third part of my clear gains to charitable uses, and another, toward the repairing of Paul's, and to pay all honest debts, so far as may stand with my private convenience.' Blind and ridiculous madness! For dust and ashes thus to reason and condition with the Almighty! I or beggars to talk of giving,

and obtrude their vain and unprofitable offerings upon the inexhaustible fountain of riches and bounty ! To pray for those things as blessings, which are commonly showered down upon us for our confusion and punishment ! And then, in case your wishes take effect, what becomes of all the sacred vows and promises ye made, in storms, (perhaps) sickness or adversity ? So soon as ye have gained your port, recovered your health, or patched up a broken fortune, you show yourselves, all of ye, a pack of cheats, your vows and promises are not worth so many rushes they are forgotten with your dreams, and to keep a promise upon devotion, that you made out of necessity, is no article of your religion Why do ye not ask for peace of conscience ? Increase of grace ? The aid of the Blessed Spirit ? But you are too much taken up with the things of this world, to attend those spiritual advantages and treasures, and to consider that the most acceptable sacrifices and obligations you can make to the Almighty, are purity of mind, an humble spirit, and a fervent charity The Almighty takes delight to be often called upon, that He may often pour down His blessings upon His petitioners But such is the corruption of human nature, that men seldom think of Him, unless under afflictions, and therefore it is that they are often visited, for by adversity they are brought to the knowledge and exercise of their duty I would have you now consider, how little reason there is in your ordinary demands Put the case you have your asking what are you the better for the grant ? since it fails you at last, because you did not ask aright When you die, your estate goes to your children, and for their parts, you are scarce cold before you are forgotten You are not to expect they should bestow much upon works of charity, for if nothing went that way while you were living, they'll live after your example when you are dead And, beside, there's no merit in the case ' At this word some of the poor creatures were about to reply, but the devils had put barnacles upon their lips, that hindered them

From thence I went to the witches and wizards, such as pretend to cure man and beast by charms, words, amulets, characters, and these were all burning alive "These", says a devil, "are a company of cozening rogues, the most accursed villains in nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the disease from a worse to a better

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and yet there's no great clamour against them neither ; for if the patient recover, he's well enough content, and the doctor gets both reputation and reward for his pains. If he dies, his mouth is stopped, and forty to one the next heir does him a good turn for the dispatch. So that, hit or miss, all is well at last. If you enter into a debate with them about their remedies, they'll tell you they learned the mystery of a certain Jew ; and there's the original of the secret. Now to hear these quacks give you the history of their cures, is beyond all the plays and farces in the world. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their puddings in their hands ; that in four-and-twenty hours he made them as whole as fishes, and not so much as a scar for a remembrance of the orifice. Ask him, when and where ? You'll find it some twelve hundred leagues off, in a *terra incognita*, by the token, that at that time he was physician in ordinary to a great prince that died about five-and-twenty years ago."

"Come, come", cried a devil, "make an end of this visit, and you shall see those now that Judas told you were ten times worse than himself." I went along with him, and he brought me to a passage into a great hall, where there was a damned smell of brimstone, and a company of match-makers, as I thought at first ; but they proved afterward to be alchemists, and the devils examining them upon interrogatories, were filthily put to't, to understand their gibberish. Their talk was as much of the planetary metals ; gold they called Sol ; silver, Luna ; tin, Jupiter ; copper, Venus. They had about them their furnaces, crucibles, coal, bellows, clay, minerals, dung, man's blood, powders, and alembics. Some were calcining, others washing, here purifying, there separating. Fixing what was volatile in one place, and rarefying what was fix in another. Some were on the work of transmutation, and fixing of mercury with monstrous hammers upon an anvil. And after they had resolved the vicious matter, and sent out the subtler parts, that they came to the coppel, all went away in a fume. Some again were in a hot dispute, what fuel was best ; and whether Raymund Lullius his fire, and no fire, could be anything else than lime ; or otherwise to be understood of the light, effective of heat, and not of the effective heat of fire. Others were making their entrance upon the great work, after the hermetical method. Here they were

watching the progress of their operations, and making their observations upon proportions and colour While all the rest of these blind oracles lay waiting for the recovery of the *materia prima*, till they brought themselves to the last cast both of their lives and fortunes, and instead of turning base metals and materials into gold, as they pretended, they made the contrary inversion, and were glad at length to take up with beggarly fools and false coiners What a stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon ! “ Look ye, look ye ! the old father is got up again , down with him, down with him ! ” What glossing and commenting upon the old chemical text, that says, “ Blessed be Heaven, that has ordered the most excellent thing in nature out of the vilest ” “ If so ”, quoth one, “ let’s try if we can fetch the Philosopher’s Stone out of a common strumpet, which is of all creatures undoubtedly the vilest ” And the word was no sooner out, but a matter of three-and-twenty whores went to pot, but the flesh was so cursedly mawkish and rotten, that they soon gave over the thought of that projection And then they entered upon a fresh consultation, and concluded, *nemine contradicente* that the mathematicians, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon , as being most damnably dry (to say nothing of their divisions among and against themselves) so that with one voice, they called for a parcel of mathematicians, to the furnace, to begin the experiment But a devil came in just in the God-speed, and told them, “ Gentlemen philosophers ”, says he, “ if you would know the wretchedest and most contemptible thing in the world, it is an alchemist and we are of opinion, that you’ll make as good philosopher’s stones as the mathematicians However, for curiosity’s sake, we’ll try for once ” And so he threw them altogether into a great caldron , and to say the truth, the poor snakes suffered very contentedly , out of a desire, I suppose, to help on toward the perfecting of the operation.

On the other side were a knot of astrologers, and one among the rest that studied chiromancy or palmistry, who took all the damned by the hands, one after another One he told, that it was as plain as the nose on his face, that he was to go to the devil, for he perceived it by the Mount of Saturn. “ You ”, says he, to another, “ have been a swingeing whore-master in your days , I see that by the Mount of Venus here, and by her girdle ” And in short, every man’s

destiny he read in his fist. After him advanced another, creeping upon all four, with a pair of compasses betwixt his teeth, his spheres and globes about him, his Jacob's staff before him, and his eyes upon the stars, as if he were taking a height or making an observation. When he had gazed a while, up he starts of a sudden, and, wringing his hands, " Good Lord ", says he, " what an unlucky dog was I ! If I had come into the world but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been saved ; for just then Saturn shifted, and Mars was lodged in the house of life ". One that followed him, bade his tormentors be sure that he was dead ; " for ", says he, " I am a little doubtful of it myself in regard that I had Jupiter for my ascendant, and Venus in the house of life, and no malevolent aspect to cross me. So that by the rules of astrology, I was to live, precisely, a hundred years and one, two months, six days, four hours, and three minutes ". The next that came by was a geomancer ; one that reduced all his skill to certain little points, and by them would tell you, as well things past as to come : these points he bestowed at a venture, among several unequal lines ; some long, others shorter, like the fingers of a man's hand ; and then, with a certain ribble-rabble of mysterious words, he proceeds to his calculation, upon even or odd, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most learned and infallible of the trade.

There were divers great masters of the science that followed him. As Haly, Gerard, Bartholomew of Parma, and one Goudin ; a familiar friend, and companion of the great Cornelius Agrippa, the famous conjurer, who though he had but one soul was yet burning in four bodies. (I mean the four damnable books he left behind him.) There was Trithemius too, with his polygraphy and stenography ; that had devils now, his belly-full, though in his lifetime his complaint was, that he could never have enough of their company ; over against him was Cardan ; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old quarrel, which was the more impudent of the two. And there I saw Misaldus, tearing his beard, in rage, to find himself pumped dry ; and that he could not fool on, to the end of the chapter. Theophrastus was there too, bewailing himself for the time he had spent at the alchemist's bellows. There was also the unknown author of *Clavicula Salomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*, with

the composer of the book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*, Taysnerus too, with his book of *Physiognomy* and *Chiromancy* and he was doubly punished, first for the fool he was, and then for those he had made. Though, to give the man his due, he knew himself to be a cheat, and that he that gives a judgment upon the lines of a face takes but a very uncertain aim. There were magicians, necromancers, sorcerers and enchanters innumerable, beside divers private boxes that were kept for lords and ladies, and other personages of great quality, that put their trust in these disciples of the devil, and go to fortune-tellers for resolution in cases of death, love, or marriage, and now and then to recover a gold watch or a pearl necklace.

Not far from these was a company of handsome women, that were tormented in the quality of witches, which grieved my very heart to see it, but to comfort me "What?" says a devil, "have you so soon forgot the roguery of these carrions? Have you not had trial enough yet of them? They are the very poison of life and the only dangerous magicians that corrupt all our senses, and disturb the faculties of your soul, these are they that cozen your eyes with false appearances, and set up your wills in opposition to your understanding and reason." "'Tis right", said I, "and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember that I have found them so, but let's go on and see the rest."

I was scarce gone three steps farther, but I was got into so hideous a dark place that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance Divine Justice, most dreadful to behold, and a little beyond stood Vice, with a countenance of the highest pride and insolence imaginable, there was Ingratitude, Malice, Ignorance, obstinate and incorrigible Infidelity, brutish and headstrong Disobedience, rash and imperious Blasphemy, with garments dipped in blood, eyes sparkling, and a hundred pair of chops, barking at Providence, and vomiting rage and poison. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the sects of idolaters and heretics, that ever yet appeared upon the stage of the universe, and at their feet, in a glorious array, was lascivious Barbara, second wife to the Emperor Sigismund, and the queen of harlots, one that agreed with Messalina in this, that virginity was both a burden and a folly, and that in her whole life she was never either wearied or satisfied,



but herein she went beyond her, in that she held the mortality as well of the soul as of the body ; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of matches.

Passing forward still, I spied a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnashing his teeth and blaspheming through fury and despair. I asked him what he was, and he told me he was Mahomet. " Why, then ", said I, " thou art the damnedest reprobate in hell, and hast brought more wretches hither than half the world beside : and Lucifer has done well to allot thee a quarter here by thyself, for certainly thou hast well deserved the first place in his dominions. But since every man chooses to talk of what he loves, I prithee—good impostor, tell me, what's the reason that thou hast forbidden wine to all thy disciples ? " " Oh ", says he, " I have made them so drunk with my Koran they need no tipple." " But why hast thou forbidden them swines' flesh too ? " said I. " Because ", says he, " I would not affront the jambon ; for water upon gammon would be false heraldry. And beside I never loved my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the grape or the spare-rib. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to heaven, I have established my power and my dominion by force of arms ; without subjecting my laws to idle disputes and discourses of reason. Indeed there is little of reason in my precepts, and I would have as little in their obedience. A world of disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of appetite than religion, or for the miracles I work. I allow them liberty of conscience ; they have as many women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'll find that there are more knaves than Mahomet ".

I did so, and found myself presently surrounded with a ring of heretics, and their adherents ; many of which were ready to tear out the throats of their leaders. One among the rest was beset with a brace of devils, and either of them had a pair of bellows, puffing into each ear fire instead of air, which made him a little hot-headed. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of simoniac, and had taken up his seat in a pestilential chair ; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a Pope or a Presbyter.

By this time I had enough of hell, and began to wish

myself out again ; but as I was looking about for a retreat, I stumbled upon a long gallery before I was aware : and there I saw Lucifer himself, with all his nobility about him, male and female. (For let married men say their pleasure, there are she-devils too). I should have been at a damned loss what to do, or how to behave myself among so many strange faces, if one of the ushers had not come to me, and told me, that, being a stranger, it was His Majesty's pleasure I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or so of compliments, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a palace so furnished, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our furniture at the best is but a choice collection of dead and dumb statues, or paintings, without life, sense, or motion ; but there, all the pieces were animated, and no trash in the whole inventory ; there was hardly anything to be seen, but emperors and princes, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest nobility and privados. The first bank was taken up by the Ottoman family ; and after them sat the Roman emperors in their order ; and the Roman kings down to Tarquin the proud ; beside highnesses and graces, lords spiritual and temporal innumerable. My lungs began now to call for a little fresh air, and I desired my guide to show me the way out again. " Yes, yes, with all my heart ", says he, " follow me then " : and so he carried me away by a back passage into Lucifer's house of office, where there were I know not how many tons of Sir Reverence, and bales of flattering panegyrics, not to be numbered ; all of them licensed, and entered according to order. I could not but smile at this provision of tail-timber, and my guide took notice of it, who was a good kind of a damned droll. But I called still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the devil himself had given me a lift at the crupper ; when, to my great wonder, I found myself in the park again, where I begun my story : not without an odd medley of passions, partly reflecting upon what others endured, and in part upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserved, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a resolution of leading such a course of life, for the future, that I might not come to feel these torments in reality which I had now only seen in vision.

And I must here entreat the reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment ; and likewise not to cast an ill construction upon a fair meaning. My design is to discredit and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalising of persons ; and since I speak only of damned, I'm sure no honest man alive will reckon this discourse a satire.

THE FOURTH VISION  
OF  
THE WORLD INSIDE OUT

It is utterly impossible for anything in this world to fix our appetites and desires , but they are still fitting, and restless like pilgrims , delighted and nourished with variety which shows how much we are mistaken in the value and quality of the things we covet And hence it is, that what we pursue with the greatest delight and passion imaginable, yields us nothing but satiety and repentance in the possession , yet such is the power of those appetites of ours that when they call and command, we follow and obey , though we find in the end that what we took for a beauty upon the chase proves but a carcase in the quarry , and we are sick on't as soon as we have it Now the world, that knows our palate and inclination, never fails to feed the humour, and to flatter and entertain us with all sorts of change and novelty, as the most certain method of gaining upon our affections

One would have thought that these considerations might have put sober thoughts and resolutions in my head, but it was my fate to be taken off in the very middle of my morality and speculations, and carried away from myself by vanity and weakness into the wide world, where I was for a certain time, not much unsatisfied with my condition As I passed from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceived) did but make sport with me for the further I went, the more I was at a loss in that labyrinth of delusions Once while I was in with the sword-men and bravoës , up to the ears in challenges, and quarrels , and never without an arm in a scarf, or a broken head Another fit , I was never well, but at some celebrated Tavern, stuffing my guts with food and tittle, till the hoops were ready to burst Besides twenty other entertainments that I found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration left me not so much as one moment of repose

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive moods, somebody called after me, and plucked me by the cloak, which proved to be a person of a venerable age ; his clothes miserably poor and tattered ; and his face, just as if he had been trampled upon in the streets, which did not yet hinder but that he had still the air and appearance of one that deserved much honour and respect. " Good father ", said I to him, " why should you envy me my enjoyments ? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble yourself with me or my doings. You're past the pleasure of life yourself, and can't endure to see other people merry, that have the world before them. Consider of it ; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into't, but 'tis the trick of all old men to be carping at the actions of their juniors." " Son ", said the old man, smiling, " I shall neither hinder nor envy thy delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. Dost thou know the price of a day, an hour or a minute ? Didst ever examine the value of time ? If thou had'st thou wouldst employ it better ; and not cast away so many blessed opportunities upon trifles ; and so easily, and insensibly, part with so inestimable a treasure. What's become of thy past hours ? have they made thee a promise to come back again at a call, when thou hast need of them ? Or, canst thou show me which way they went ? No, no ; they are gone without recovery ; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his head, and laugh over his shoulder in derision of those that made no better use of him, when they had him. Dost thou not know that all the minutes of our life are but as so many links of a chain that has death at the end on't ? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected end, which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very door ; and doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. How stupid is he that dies while he lives, for fear of dying ! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never die ; and only fears death when he comes to feel it ! which is too late for comfort, either to body or soul : and he is certainly none of the wisest that spends all his days in lewdness and debauchery, without considering that of his whole life any minute might have been his last."

" My good father ", said I, " I am beholden to you for your excellent discourses, for they have delivered me out of the power of a thousand frivolous and vain affections, that

had taken possession of me. But who are you, I pray'ee ? And what is your business here ? ” “ My poverty and these rags ”, quoth he, “ are enough to tell ye that I am an honest man, a friend to truth, and one that will not be mealy-mouthed, when he may speak it to purpose. Some call me the plain-dealer ; others, the undeceiver-general. You see me all in tatters, wounds, scars, bruises. And what is all this but the requital the world gives me for my good counsel and kind visits ? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me they call themselves my friends, though they curse me to the pit of hell, as soon as ever I come near them ; and had rather be hanged that spend one quarter of an hour in my company. If thou hast a mind to see the world I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place where thou shalt have a full prospect of it, and without any inconvenience see all that's in't, or in the people that dwell in't, and look it through and through.” “ What's the name of this place ? ” quoth I. “ It is called ”, said he, “ the Hypocrites' Walk ; and it crosses the world from one Pole to th' other. It is large and populous ; for I believe there's not any man alive but has either a house or a chamber in't. Some live in't for altogether ; others take it only in passage : for there are hypocrites of several sorts ; but all mortals have, more or less, a tang of the leaven. That fellow there in the corner came but 't'other day from the plow tail, and would now fain be a gentleman. But had he not better pay his debts, and walk alone, than break his promises to keep a lackey ? There's another rascal that would fain be a lord, and would venture a voyage to Venice for the title, but that he's better at building castles in the air than upon the water. In the meantime he puts on a nobleman's face and garb ; he swears and drinks like a lord, and keeps his hounds and whores, which 'tis feared in the end will devour their master. Mark now that piece of gravity and form ; he walks, ye see, as if he moved by clock-work ; his words are few and low ; he makes all his answers by a shrug or a nod. This is the hypocrite of a Minister of State, who with all his counterfeit of wisdom is one of the veriest noddies in nature.

“ Face about now, and mind those decrepit sots there that can scarce lift a leg over a threshold, and yet they must be dyeing their hair, colouring their beards, and playing the young fools again, with a thousand hobby-horse tricks and

antique dresses. On the other side, ye have a company of silly boys taking upon them to govern the world, under a visor of wisdom and experience." "What lord is that", said I, "in the rich clothes there and the fine laces?" "That lord", quoth he, "is a tailor, in his holiday clothes; and if he were now upon his shop-board, his own scissors and needles would hardly know him: and you must understand that hypocrisy is so epidemical a disease that it has laid hold of the trades themselves as well as the masters. The cobbler must be saluted, Mr. Translator. The groom names himself gentleman of the horse; the fellow that carries guts to the bears, writes, one of His Majesty's officers. The hangman calls himself a minister of justice. The mountebank, an able man. A common whore passes for a courtesan. The bawd acts the Puritan. Gaming ordinaries are called academies; and bawdy-houses, places of entertainment. The page styles himself the child of honour; and the foot-boy calls himself my lady's page. And every pick-thank names himself a courtier. The cuckold-maker passes for a fine gentleman; and the cuckold himself, for the best natured husband in the world: and a very ass commences master-doctor. Hocus-pocus tricks are called sleight-of-hand; lust, friendship; usury, thrift; cheating is but gallantry; lying wears the name of invention; malice goes for quickness of apprehension; cowardice, meekness of nature; and rashness carries the countenance of valour. In fine, this is all but hypocrisy, and knavery in a disguise, for nothing is called by the right name. Now there are beside these, certain general appellations taken up, which by long usage are almost grown into prescription. Every little whore takes upon her to be a great lady; every gown-man, to be a councillor; every huff to be a *soldat*; every gay thing to be a cavalier; every parish-clerk to be a doctor; and every writing-clerk in the office must be called Mr. Secretary.

"So that the whole world, take it where you will, is but a mere juggle; and you will find that wrath, gluttony, pride, avarice, luxury, murder, and a thousand other heinous sins, have all of them hypocrisy for their source, and thither they'll return again." "It would be well", said I, "if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see how so great a diversity of waters should proceed from one and the same fountain." "I do not wonder", quoth he, "at your distrust,

for you are mistaken in very good company, to fancy a contrariety in many things, which are, in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon, both by philosophers and divines, that all sins are evil, and you must allow, that the will embraces or pursues no evil but under the semblance of good, nor does the sin lie in the representation, or knowledge of what is evil, but in the consent to it. Which consent itself is sinful, although without any subsequent act, it is true, the execution serves afterward for an aggravation, and ought to be considered under many differences and distinctions. But in fine, evident it is that the will entertains no ill, but under the shape of some good. What do ye think now of the hypocrite that cuts your throat in his arms, and murders you, under pretence of kindness? 'What is the hope of an hypocrite?' says Job. He neither has nor can have any for he is wicked as he is an hypocrite, and even his best actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all sinners he has the most to answer for. Other offenders sin only against God. But the hypocrite sins with Him, as well as against Him, making use of His holy Name as a cloak and countenance for his wickedness. For which reason, our blessed Saviour, after many affirmative precepts delivered to His disciples for their instruction, gave only this negative. 'Be not sad as the hypocrites', which lays them open in few words, and He might as well have said, 'Be not hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked'."

We were now come to the place the old man told me of, where I found all according to my expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better prospect of what passed. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long funeral train of kindred and guests, following the corpse of a deceased lady, in company with the disconsolate widower, who marched with his chin upon his breast, a sad and heavy pace, muffled up in a mourning hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least ten yards of cloth upon his body, and no less in his train. "Alack, alack!" cried I, "that ever I should live to see so dismal a spectacle! Oh blessed woman! How did this husband love thee in thy lifetime, that follows thee with this infinite faith and affection, even to thy grave! And happy the husband, doubtless, in a wife that deserved this kindness! and in so many tender friends and relations, to take part with him in his sorrows. My good father, let me entreat you to



observe this doleful encounter." With that (shaking his head and smiling), "My son", quoth he, "thou shalt by and by perceive that all is nothing in the world but vanity, imposture, and constraint; and I will shew thee the difference between things themselves, and their appearances. To see this abundance of torches, with the magnificence of the ceremony and attendance, one would think there should be some mighty matter in the business; but let me assure you that all this pudder comes to no more than much ado about nothing. The woman was nothing (effectually) even while she lived: the body now in the coffin is somewhat less than nothing: and the funeral honours, which are now paid her come to just nothing too. But the dead it seems must have their vanities, and their holidays as well as the living. Alas! what's a carcass but the most odious sort of putrefaction? A corrupted earth, fit neither for fruit nor tillage. And then for the sad looks of the mourners: who would not care a pin, if the inviter and body, too, were both at the devil. And that you might see by their behaviours, and discourses; for when they should have been praying for the dead, they were prating of her pedigree, and her last will and testament. 'I'm not so near akin', says one, 'but I might have been spared; and I had twenty other things to do.' Another should have met company at a tavern; a third, at a play. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his quality. Another cries out, 'A pox o' your meetings where there is nothing stirring but worms' meat'. Let me tell ye further, that the widower himself is not grieved as you imagine for the dead wife; but for the damned expense in blacks, and scutcheons, tapers, and mourners; and that she was not fairly laid to rest, without all this ado; for he persuades himself, that she might have found the way to her grave without a candle. And since she was to die, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: for a good wife is (like a good Christian) to put her conscience in order betimes, and get her gone; without lingering in the hands of doctors, 'pothecaries, and surgeons, to murder her husband too. Or (to save charges) she might have had the discretion to have died of the plague, which would have staved off company. This is the second wife he has already turned over, and (to give the man his due) he has had the wit to secure himself of a third, while this lay on her deathbed. So that his case is no more than chopping of a

cold wife for a warm one, and he'll recover this affliction, I warrant ye "

The good man, methought, spoke wonders , and being thoroughly convinced of the danger of trusting to appearances, I took up a resolution, never to conclude upon anything, though never so plausible, without due examination and inquiry With that, the funeral vanished, leaving us behind , and for a farewell, this sentence " I am gone before, you are to follow , and in the meantime, to accompany others to their graves, as you have done me , and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little care and devotion as yourselves "

We were taken off from this meditation by a noise we heard in a house behind us, where we had no sooner set foot over the threshold, but we were entertained with a concert of six voices, that were set and tuned to the sighs and groans of a woman newly become a widow The passion was acted to the life , but the dead little the better for t They would be ever and anon clapping and wringing of their hands , groaning and sighing as if their hearts would break The hangings, pictures, and furniture were all taken down and removed , the rooms hung with black and in one of them lay the poor disconsolate upon a couch with her condoling friends about her It was as dark as pitch and so much the better, for the parts they had to play for there was no discovering of the horrid faces and strains they made, to fetch up their artificial tears and lamentations ' Madam ', says one, " tears are but thrown away , and really the grief to see your ladyship in this condition has made me as lost a woman to all thought of comfort as yourself " ' I beseech you, madam, cheer up ', cries another, with almost as many sighs as words, " Your husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable world He was a good man, and now he finds the sweet on't " " Patience, patience, dear mæ iam ', cries a third, " 'tis the will of Heaven, and there's no contending " " Dost talk of patience ", says she, " and no contending ? Wretched creature that I am ! to outlive that dear man ! Oh that dear husband of mine ! Oh that I should ever live to see this day ! " And then she fell to blubbering, sobbing, and raving a thousand times worse than before " Alas, alas, who will trouble himself with a poor widow ! I have never a friend left to look after me , what shall become of me ! "

At this pause came in the chorus with their nose-instruments, and there was such blowing, sobbing, snivelling, and throwing snot about, that there was no enduring the house. And all this, you must know, served them to a double purpose, that is to say, for physic and for compliment for it passed for the condoling office, and purged their heads of ill humours all under one. I could not choose but compassionate the poor widow, a creature forsaken of all the world, and I told my guide as much, and that a charity (as I thought) would be well bestowed upon her. The Holy Writ calls them mutes, according to the import of the Hebrew in regard that they have nobody to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for themselves, they had e'en as good hold their tongues, for nobody minds them. Is there anything more frequently given in charge throughout the whole Bible, than to protect the fatherless, and defend the cause of the widow? as the highest and most necessary point of Christian charity in regard that they have neither power, nor right to defend themselves. Does not Job in the depth of his misery and disgraces make choice to clear himself toward the widow, upon his expostulations with the Almighty? "If I have caused the eyes of the widow to fail" (or consumed the eyes of the widow, after the Hebrew)—so that it seems to me, beside the general duty of charity, we are also bound by the laws of honour and generosity to assist them for the poor souls are fain to plead with their eyes, and beg with their eyes, for want of either hands or tongues to help themselves. "Indeed, you must pardon me, my good father", said I, "if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this mournful concert, upon this sad occasion." "And is this", quoth the old man, "the fruit of your boasted divinity? to sink into weakness and tears, when you have the greatest need of your resolution and prudence? Have but a little patience, and I'll unfold you this mystery, though (let me tell ye) 'tis one of the hardest things in nature, to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this accident of the widow had not happened, we had had none of the fine things that have been started upon't for 'tis occasion that awakens both our virtue and philosophy, and 'tis not enough to know the mine where the treasure lies, unless a man has the skill of drawing it out, and making the best of what he has in his possession. What are

you the better for all the advantages of wit and learning, without the faculty of reducing what you know into apt and proper applications ?

“ Observe me now, and I will show you that this widow that looks as if she had nothing in her mouth but the service for the dead, and only hallelujahs in her soul, that this mortified piece of formality has green thoughts under her black veil, and brisk imaginations about her, in despite of her calamity and misfortune. The chamber you see is dark ; and their faces are muffled up in their funeral dresses. And what of all this ? when the whole course of their mourning is but a thorough cheat. Their weeping signifies nothing more than crying, at so much an hour ; for their tears are hackneyed out, and when they have wept out their stage, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themselves ; and as soon as your back is turned, you shall have them singing and dancing, and as merry as Greeks : for take away the spectators, their hypocrisy is at an end, and the play is done ; and now the confidants’ game begins. ‘ Come, come, madam, faith we must be merry ’, cries one, ‘ we are to live by the living, and not by the dead. For a bonny young widow as you are, to lie whimpering away your opportunities and lose so many brave matches ! There’s, you know who, I dare say, has a month’s mind to you ; by my troth I would you were in bed together, and I’d be hanged, if you did not find one warm bedfellow worth twenty cold ones.’ ‘ Really, madam ’, cries a second, ‘ she gives you good counsel ; and if I were in your place, I’d follow it, and make use of my time. ’Tis but one lost, and ten found. Pray’e tell me, madam, if I may be so bold ; what’s your opinion of that cavalier that was here yesterday ? Certainly he has a great deal of wit, and methinks he’s a very handsome proper gentleman. Well ! if that man has not a strange passion for you, I’ll never believe my eyes again for his sake ; and, in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were e’en well in his arms the night before to-morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a beauty lie fallow ? ’ This sets the widow a-pinking, and simpering like a furmety-kettle ; at length she makes up the pretty little mouth, and says, ‘ ’Tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of these affairs ; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, madam, I am much beholden to you for your friendly advice ’. You have here the very bottom of her

sorrow : she has taken a second husband into her heart before her first was in his grave. I should have told you that your right widow eats and drinks more the first day of her widowhood than in any other of her whole life : for there appears not a visitant, but presently out comes the groaning cake, a cold baked meat, or some restorative morsel or other, to comfort the afflicted ; and the cordial bottle must not be forgotten neither, for sorrow's dry. So to't they fall, and at every bit or gulp, the lady relict fetches ye up a heavy sigh, pretends to chew false, and makes protestation that for her part she can taste nothing ; she has quite lost her digestion, and has such an oppression in her stomach that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging nature. ' And in truth ', says she, ' how can it be otherwise ; since (unhappy creature that I am !) he is gone that gave the relish to all my enjoyments ; but there is no recalling him from the grave, and so, no remedy but patience.' By this time, you see ", quoth the old man, " whether your exclamations were reasonable, or no."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when hearing an uproar among the rabble in the street, we looked out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a catchpole, without either hat or band, out of breath, and his face all bloody, crying out, " Help, help, in the king's name ! stop thief, stop thief ! " and all the while, running as hard as he could drive, after a thief that made away from him, as if the devil had been at his breech. After him, came an attorney, all dirty, a world of papers in his hand, an inkhorn at his girdle, and a crowd of nasty people about him ; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his knee. Bless me (thought I) how a cause prospers in the hand of one of these fellows, for he had filled his paper in a trice. " These catchpoles ", said I, " had need to be well paid, for the hazards they run to secure us in our lives and fortunes ; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor wretch is torn, bruised, and battered, and all this for the good and benefit of the public ".

" Soft and fair ", quoth the old man ; " I think thou wouldst never leave talking, if I did not stop thy mouth sometime. You must know, that he that made the escape and the catchpole are a couple of ancient friends and pot-companions. Now the catchpole quarrels the thief for not making him a snip in the last booty ; and the thief, after a

great struggle, and a good lusty rubber at cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the rogue had need of good heels, to outrun this gallows-beagle ; for there's hardly any beast that will outstrip a bailiff that runs upon the view of a quarry. So that there's not the least thought of a public good in the catchpole's action ; but merely a prosecution of his own profit, and a spite to see himself choused. Now if the catchpole, I confess, without any private interest had made this attempt upon the thief (being his friend) to bring him to justice, it had been well ; and yet, take this along with you : it is as natural to let slip a serjeant at a pickpocket as a greyhound at a hare. The whip, the pillory, the axe, and the halter make up the best part of the catchpole's revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the world ; and if men in revenge would resolve to be virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky employment, and catchpoles as well as the devils themselves have the wages of tormentors ”.

“ I hope ”, said I to my guide, “ that the attorneys shall have your good word, too.” “ Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it ”, said the old man, “ for your attorneys and your catchpoles always hunt in couples. The attorney draws the information, and has all his forms ready, so that 'tis no more than but to fill up the blanks, and away to the jail with the delinquent ; if there be anything to be gotten 'tis not a halfpenny matter, whether the party be guilty or innocent : give but an attorney pen, ink, and a paper, and let him alone for witnesses. In case of an examination, he has the grace not to insist too much upon plain and naked truth ; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in the deponent's sense (for his memory is good) what he has written in his own ; and by this means, the cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this villainy, it were well if the examiners were as well sworn to write the truth as the witnesses are to speak it. And yet there are some honest men of all sorts but among the attorneys ; the very calling does by the honest catchpoles, marshal's men, and their fellows, as the sea by the dead : it may entertain them for a while, but in a very short space it spews them up again.”

The good man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the rattling of a gilt coach, wherein was a certain courtier that was blown up as big as pride and vanity could

make him. He sat stiff and upright, as if he had swallowed a stake ; and made it his glory to show himself in that posture ; it would have hurt his eyes, to have exchanged a glance with anything that was vulgar, and therefore he was very sparing of his looks. He had a deep laced ruff on, that was right Spanish, which he wore erect, and stiff starched, that a man would have thought he had carried his head in a paper-lanthorn. He was a great studier of set faces, and much affected with looking politic and big. But, for his arms and body, he had utterly lost or forgotten the use of them : for he could neither bow nor move his hat to any man that saluted him ; no, nor so much as turn from one side to the other ; but sat as if he had been boxed up, like a Bartlemew-baby. After this magnificent statue, followed a swarm of gaudy butterfly-lackeys : and his lordship's company in the coach was a buffoon and a parasite. " Oh blessed prince ! " said I, " to live at this rate of ease and splendour, and to have the world at will ! What a glorious train is that ! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great fortune better bestowed." With that, the old man took me up, and told me that the judgment I had made upon this occasion, from one end to the other, was all dotage and mistake ; save only, when I said he had the world at will : " and in that ", says he, " you have reason ; for what is the world but labour, vanity, and folly ; which is likewise the composition and entertainment of this cavalier.

" As for the train that follows him let it be examined, and my life for yours, you shall find more creditors in't, than servants : there are bankers, jewellers, scriveners, brokers, mercers, drapers, tailors, vintners ; and these are properly the stays and supporters of this animated machine. The money, meat, drink, robes, liveries, wages, all comes out of their pockets ; they have this honour for their security ; and must content themselves with promises, and fair words for full satisfaction, unless they had rather have a footman with a cudgel for their pay-master. And after all, if this gallant were to take shrift, or that a man could enter into the secrets of his conscience, I dare undertake, it would appear that he digs in a mine for his bread, lives ten thousand times more at ease than the other, with beating of his brains night and day for new shifts, tricks and projects to keep himself above water.

" Observe his companions now, his fool and his flatterer. They are too hard for him, ye see , and eat, drink, and make merry at his expense What greater misery or shame in the world, than for a man to make a friendship with such rascals, and to spend his time and estate in so brutal, and insipid a society ' It costs him more (beside his credit) to maintain that couple of coxcombs than would have bought him the conversation of a brace of grave and learned philosophers But will ye now see the bottom of this scandalous and dishonourable kindness ? ' My lord ', says the buffoon, ' you were most infallibly wrapt in your mother s smock , for let me be—if ye have not set all the ladies about the court agog ' ' The very truth is ', cries the parasite, ' all the rest of the nobility look like corn-cutters to you , and indeed, wherever you come, you have still the eyes of the whole company upon you ' ' Go to, go to, gentlemen , says my lord, ' you must not flatter your friends This is more your courtesy than my desert , and I have an obligation to you for your kindness ' After this manner these asses knab and curry one another, and play the fool by turns "

The old man had his words yet between his teeth, when there passed just by us a lady of pleasure of so excellent a shape and garb, that it was impossible to see her without a passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon anything else, so long as she was to be seen They that had seen her once were to see her no more, for she turned her face still to new-comers Her motion was graceful and free One while she'd stare ye full in the eyes, under colour of opening her hood, to set it in better order. By and by she'd steal a look at ye with one eye, and a side face, from the corner of her visor, like a witch that's afraid to be known when she comes from a caterwaul And then out comes the delicate hand, and discovers the more delicious neck, and breasts, to adjust the handkerchief or the scarf, or to remove some other grievance that made her ladyship uneasy Her hair was most artificially disposed into careless rings , and the best red and white in nature was in her cheeks, if that of her lips and teeth did not exceed it In a word, all she looked upon was her own , and this was the vision for my money, from all the rest As she was marching off, I could not choose but take up a resolution to follow her But my old man laid a block in the way and stopped me at the very starting , which was an affront



to a man that was both in love and in haste, that might very well stir his choler "My officious friend", said I, "he that does not love a woman sucked a sow. And questionless, he must either be blind or barbarous that's proof against the charms of so divine a beauty Nor would any sot let slip the blessed opportunity of so fair an encounter A handsome woman ? why, what was she made for, but to be loved ? And he that has her, has all that's lovely or desirable in nature For my own part, I would renounce the world for the fellow of her, and never desire anything either beyond her, or beside her What lightning does she carry in her eyes ! What charms, and chains in her looks, and motions, for the very souls of her beholders ! Was ever anything so clear as her forehead ? or so black as her eyebrows ? One would swear that her complexion had taken a tincture of vermilion and milk and that nature had brought her into the world with pearls and rubies in her mouth To speak all in little, she's the masterpiece of the creation, worthy of infinite praise, and equal to our largest desires and imaginations "

Here the old man cut me short, and bade me make an end of my discourse, "For thou art," said he, "a man of much wonder, and small experience, and delivered over to the spirit of folly and blindness Thou hast thy eyes in thy head, and yet not brain enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them Understand then that the office of the eye is to see, but 'tis the privilege of the soul to distinguish and choose, whereas you either do the contrary, or else nothing, which is worse He that trusts his eyes, exposes his mind to a thousand torments and confusions he shall take clouds for mountains, straight for crooked, one colour for another, by reason of an undue distance, or an indisposed medium. We are not able sometimes to say which way a river runs, till we throw in a twig or straw to find out the current And what will you say now, if this prodigious beauty, your new mistress, prove as gross a cheat and imposture as any of the rest ? She went to bed last night as ugly as a witch, and yet this morning she comes forth in your opinion as glorious as an angel. The truth of it is, she hires all by the day, and if you did but see this puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but paint and plaister. To begin her anatomy at the head. You must know that the hair she wears is borrowed of a tire-woman, for her own was blown off

by un unlucky wind from the coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it in private, as a memorial of her antiquity. She is beholden to the pencil for her eyebrows and complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an old picture refreshed. But the wonder is, to see a picture, with life and motion ; unless perchance she has got the necromancer's receipt that made himself young again in his glass bottle. For all that you see of her that's good, comes from distilled waters, essences, powders, and the like ; and to see the washing of her face would fright the devil. She abounds in pomanders, sweet waters, Spanish pockets, perfumed drawers ; and all little enough to qualify the poisonous whiffs she sends from her toes and arm-pits, which would otherwise out-stink ten thousand pole-cats. She cannot choose but kiss well, for her lips are perpetually bathed in oil and grease. And he that embraces her, shall find the better half of her the tailor's, and only a stuffing of cotton and canvas, to supply the defects of her body. When she goes to bed, she puts off one half of her person with her shoes. What do ye think of your adored beauty now ? or have your eyes betrayed ye ? Well, well ; confess your error and mend it ; and know that (without more descant upon this woman) 'tis the design and glory of most of the sex to lead silly men captive. Nay take the best of them, and what with the trouble of getting them and the difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best will find himself a loser at the foot of the account. I could recommend you here to other remedies of love, inseparable from the very sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient."

THE FIFTH VISION  
OF  
THE VISIT IN JEST  
OR  
DEATH

MEAN souls do naturally breed sad thoughts, and in solitude they gather together in troops to assault the unfortunate, which is the trial (according to my observation) wherein the coward does most betray himself, and yet I cannot for my life, when I am alone, avoid those accidents and surprises in myself, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon reading the grave and severe Lucretius, been seized with a strange damp, whether from the striking of his counsels upon my passions, or some tacit reflection of shame upon myself, I know not. However, to render this confession of my weakness the more excusable, I'll begin my discourse with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent poet

"Put the case", says he, "that a voice from heaven should speak to any of us after this manner, what dost thou ail, O mortal man, or to what purpose is it, to spend thy life in groans, and complaints under the apprehension of death? where are thy past tears and pleasures? Are they not vanished and lost in the flux of time, as if thou hadst put water into a sieve? Bethink thyself then of a retreat, and leave the world with the same content, and satisfaction, as thou wouldst do a plentiful table, and a jolly company upon a full stomach. Poor fool that thou art! thus to macerate and torment thyself, when thou may'st enjoy thy heart at ease, and possess thy soul with repose and comfort, etc."

This passage brought into my mind the words of Job, Chapter XIV. "*Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.*" With this was associated the verse, "*Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling?*" I was carried on from one meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable providence, than to my natural disposition. So soon as my soul felt herself at liberty, she

gave me the entertainment of this following comedy, my fancy supplying both the stage and the company

In the first scene, entered a troop of physicians, upon their mules, with deep foot-cloths, marching in no very good order, sometime fast, sometime slow, and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and withered about the eyes, I suppose with casting so many sour looks upon the piss-pots and close-stools of their patients, bearded like goats, and their faces so overgrown with hair, that their fingers could hardly find the way to their mouth. In the left hand they held their reins, and their gloves rolled up together, and in the right, a staff *a la mode*, which they carried rather for countenance, than correction, (for they understood no other menage than the heel, and all along, head and body went too, like a baker upon his panniers). Divers of them, I observed, had huge gold rings upon their fingers, and set with stones of so large a size that they could hardly feel a patient's pulse, without minding him of his monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of puny practisers at their heels, that came out graduates, by conversing rather with the mules than the doctors. "Well!" said I to myself, 'if there goes no more than this to the making a physician, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their experience'."

After these followed a long train of mountebank-apothecaries, laden with pestles, and mortars, suppositories, spatulas, glister-pipes and syringes, ready charged, and as mortal as gun-shot, and several titled boxes with remedies without, and poisons within. ye may observe that when a patient comes to die, the apothecary's mortar rings the passing-bell, as the priest's requiem finishes the business. An apothecary's shop is in effect no other than the physician's armoury, that supplies him with weapons, and (to say the truth) the instruments of the apothecary and the soldier are much of a quality. what are their boxes but petards? their syringes, pistols, and their pills, but bullets? And after all, considering their purgative medicines, we may properly enough call their shops purgatory, and why not their persons hell? their patients the damned? and their masters the devils? These apothecaries were in jackets, wrought all over with R's, struck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the first character of their prescriptions, which (as they

tell us) signifies *recipe* (take thou) but we find it to stand for *recipio* (I take). Next to this figure, they write *ana*, *ana*, which is as much as to say *Ananias* ; and after this, march the ounces and the scruples ; an incomparable cordial to a dying man ; the former to dispatch the body, and the latter, to put the soul into the highway to the devil. To hear them call over their simples, would make you swear they were raising so many devils. There's your *opopanax*, *buphthalmus*, *astaphylinos*, *alectorolophos*, *ophioscorodon*, *anemosphorus*, etc., and by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry roots, as carrots, turnips, skirrets, radish and the like. But they have the old proverb at their fingers' end : " He that knows thee will never buy thee " ; and therefore everything must be made a mystery, to hold their patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the market. And were not the very names of their medicines sufficient to fright away any distemper, 'tis to be feared the remedy would prove worse than the disease. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look a physician in the face, that comes armed with a drug made of man's grease ? though disguised under the name of mummy, to take off the horror and disgust of it : or to stay for a dressing with Dr. Whachum's plaster, that shall fetch up a man's leg to the size of a mill-post ? When I saw these people herded with the physicians, methought the old sluttish proverb that says, " There is a great distance between the pulse and the arse ", was much to blame for making such a difference in their dignities, for I find none at all ; but the physician skips in a trice from the pulse to the stool and urinal, according to the doctrine of Galen, who sends all his disciples to those unsavoury oracles, from whose hands the devil himself, if he were sick, would not receive so much as a glister. Oh ! these cursed and lawless arbitrators and disposers of our lives ! that without either conscience or religion, divide our souls and bodies by their damned poisonous potions, scarifications, incisions, excessive bleedings, etc., which are but the several ways of executing their tyranny and injustice upon us.

In the tail of these, came the surgeons, laden with pincers, crane-bills, catheters, desquamatories, dilaters, scissors, saws ; and with them so horrid an outcry, of cut, tear, open, saw, flay, burn, that my bones were ready to creep one into another for fear of an operation.

The next that came in I should have taken by their mien for devils disguised, if I had not spied their chains of carved teeth, which put me in some hope they might be tooth-drawers, and so they proved : which is yet one of the lowliest trades in the world ; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these rogues examining his grinders, and there's not a sound tooth in your head, but he had rather see at his girdle, than in the place of its nativity : nay, rather than fail he'll pick a quarrel with your gums. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an old tooth as would have bought ye a new one.

“ Certainly ”, said I to myself, “ we are now past the worst unless the devil himself come next.” And, in that instant I heard the brushing of guitars, and the rattling of citterns, raking over certain *passacailles* and sarabands. These are a kennel of barbers thought I, or I'll be hanged ; and any man that had ever seen a barber's shop might have told you as much without a conjurer, both by the music and by the very instruments, which are as proper a part of a barber's furniture as his comb-cases and wash-balls. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them lathering of asses' heads, of all sorts and sizes, and their customers all the while winking and sputtering over their basins.

Presently after these, appeared a consort of loud and tedious talkers, that tired and deafened the company with their shrill and restless gaggle ; but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they called swimmers from the motion of their arms in all their discourses, which was just as if they had been paddling. Others they called apes (and we mimics) ; these were perpetually making of mops, and mows, and a thousand antic ridiculous gestures, in derision and imitation of others. In the third place were make-bates, and sowers of dissension, and these were still rolling their eyes (like a puppet, without so much as moving the head) and leering over their shoulders, to surprise people at unawares in their familiarities, and privacies, and gather matter for calumny and detraction. The liars followed next ; and these seemed to be a jolly contented sort of people, well fed, and well clothed ; and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange trade to live upon. I need not tell you that they

are never without a full audience, since all fools and impertinents are of their congregation

After these, came a company of meddlers, a pragmatical insolent generation of men that will have an oar in every boat, and are indeed the bane of honest conversation, and the troublers of all companies and affairs, the most prostitute of all flatterers, and only devoted to their own profit I thought this had been the last scene, because no more came upon the stage for a good while, and indeed I wondered that they came so late themselves, but one of the babblers told me, unasked, that this kind of serpent carrying his venom in his tail, it seemed reasonable that being the most poisonous of the whole gang, they should bring up the rear

I began to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this oglio of people of several conditions and humours met together, but I was quickly diverted from that consideration by the apparition of a creature which looked as if 'twere of the feminine gender It was a person of a thin and slender make, laden with crowns garlands, sceptres, scythes, sheep-hooks pattens, hobnailed shoes, tiaras, straw hats, mitres, caps, embroideries, skins, silk, wool, gold, lead, diamonds, shells, pearl, and pebbles She was dressed up in all the colours of the rainbow, she had one eye shut, the other open, young on the one side, and old o' the other I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me, and when I took her to be at my chamber door, she was at my bed's head How to unriddle this mystery I knew not, nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an equipage so extravagant, and so fantastically put together It gave me no affright, however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in Italy a farce, where the mimic, pretending to come from the other world, was just then accoutred, and never was anything more nonsensically pleasant I held as long as I could, and at last, I asked what she was She answered me, "I am Death" Death! The very word brought my heart into my mouth "And I beseech you, Madam", quoth I with great humility and respect, "whither is your honour a going?" "No further", said she, "for now I have found you, I am at my journey's end" "Alas, alas! and must I die then", said I "No, no", quoth Death, "but I'll take thee quick along with me, for since so

many of the dead have been to visit the living, it is but equal for once, that one of the living should return a visit to the dead. Get up, then, and come along, and never hang an arse for the matter, for what you will not do willingly you shall do in spite of your teeth." This put me in a cold fit, but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my breeches. "No, no", said she, "no matter for clothes, nobody wears them upon this road, wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll travel the better." So up I got, without a word more and followed her, in such a terror and amazement that I was but in an ill condition to take a strict account of my passage, yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her. "Madam, under correction, you are no more like the Deaths that I have seen, than an apple's like an oyster. Our Death is pictured with a scythe in her hand, and a carcass of bones, as clean as if the crows had picked it."

"Yes, yes", said she, turning short upon me, "I know that very well, but in the meantime your designers and painters are but a company of buzzards. The bones you talk of are the dead, or otherwise the miserable remainders of the living, but let me tell you that you yourselves are your own death, and that which you call death, is but the period of your life, as the first moment of your birth is the beginning of your death, and effectually, ye die living, and your bones are no more than what death has left and committed to the grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *memento mori*, or a death's head, in his own looking-glass, and consider every house with a family in it but as a sepulchre filled with dead bodies, a truth which you little dream of, though within your daily view and experience. Can you imagine a death elsewhere, and not in yourselves? Believe it, you are in a shameful mistake, for you yourselves are skeletons before ye are aware."

"But, madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your ladyship company? and since you are Death (as you say) how comes it, that the babblers, and make-bates, are nearer your person, and more in your good graces than the physicians?" "Why", says she, "there are more people talked to death and dispatched by babblers, than by all the pestilential diseases in the world. And then your make-bates, and meddlers kill more than your physicians,



though (to give the gentlemen of the faculty their due) they labour night and day for the enlargement of our empire. For you must understand, that though distempered humours make a man sick, 'tis the physician kills him ; and looks to be well paid for't, too : (and 'tis fit that every man should live by his trade) so that when a man is asked, what such or such a one died of, he is not presently to make answer, that he died of a fever, pleurisy, the plague, purples, or the like ; but that he died of the doctor. In one point, however, I must needs acquit the physician ; ye know that the style of Right Honourable, and Right Worshipful, which was heretofore appropriate only to persons of eminent degree and quality, is now in our days used by all sorts of little people ; nay the very barefoot friars, that live under vows of humility and mortification, are stung with this itch of title and vain-glory. And your ordinary tradesmen, as vintners, tailors, masons and the like, must be all dressed up forsooth in the Right Worshipful : whereas your physician does not so much court honour of appellation (though, if it should rain dignities, he might be persuaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contentedly with the honour of disposing of your lives and moneys, without troubling himself about any other sort of reputation."

The entertainment of these lectures and discourses made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entering into a place, betwixt light and dark, and of horror enough, if Death and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the passage, I saw three moving figures, armed, of human shape, and so alike that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other side, a hideous monster, and these three to one, and one to three, in a fierce, and obstinate combat. Here Death made a stop, and facing about, asked me if I knew these people. " Alas ! no ", quoth I, " Heaven be praised, I do not, and I shall put it in my litany that I never may." " Now to see thy ignorance ", cried Death ; " these are thy old acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other company since thou wert born. Those three are the world, the flesh, and the devil, the capital enemies of thy soul ; and they are so like one another, as well in quality, as appearance, that effectually, whoever has one, has all. The proud and ambitious man thinks he has got the world, but it proves the devil. The

lecher, and the epicure, persuade themselves that they have gotten the flesh, and that's the devil, too, and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of extravagants " "But what's he there", said I, "that appears in so many several shapes? and fights against the other three?" "That", quoth Death, "is the devil of money, who maintains that he himself alone is equivalent to the three, and that wherever he comes, there's no need of them. Against the world, he argues from their own confession and experience for it passes for an oracle, that there's no world but money, he that's out of money's out of the world. Take away a man's money, and take away his life. Money answers all things. Against the second enemy, he pleads that money is the flesh too witness the girls and the ganymedes it procures, and maintains. And against the third, he urges that there's nothing to be done without this devil of money. Love does much but money does all, and money will make the pot boil, though the devil piss in the fire." "So that for ought I see", quoth I, "the devil of money has the better end of the staff."

After this, advancing a little further I saw on one hand judgment, and hell on the other, for so Death called them. Upon the sight of hell making a stop, to take a stricter survey of it, Death asked me what it was I looked at. I told her, it was hell, and I was the more intent upon it because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She questioned me where? I told her that I had seen it in the corruption and avarice of wicked magistrates, in the pride and haughtiness of Grandees, in the appetites of the voluptuous, in the lewd designs of ruin and revenge, in the souls of oppressors, and in the vanity of divers princes. But he that would see it whole and entire, in one subject, must go to the hypocrite, who is a kind of religious broker, and puts out at five-and-forty per cent, the very Sacraments and Ten Commandments.

"I am very glad, too", said I, "that I have seen judgment as I find it here, in its purity, for that which we call judgment in the world is a mere mockery if it were like this, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude if it be expected that our judges should govern themselves and us by this judgment, the world's in an ill case, for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again for 'tis better being with the

dead, where there's justice, than with the living, where there's none."

Our next step was into a fair and spacious plain, encompassed with a huge wall, where he that's once in must never look to come out again. "Stop here", quoth Death, "for we are now come to my judgment-seat; and here it is that I give audience." The walls were hung with sighs and groans, ill-news, fears, doubts, and surprises. Tears did not there avail either the lover or the beggar; but grief and care were without both measure and comfort; and served as vermin to gnaw the hearts of emperors and princes, feeding upon the insolent and ambitious, as their proper nourishment. I saw Envy there dressed up in a widow's veil, and the very picture of the government of one of your noblemen's houses. She kept a continual fast as to the shambles, preying only upon herself; and could not but be a very slender gentlewoman, upon so spare a diet. Nothing good or bad came amiss to her teeth which made the whole set of them yellow and rotten, and the reason was that, though she bit, and set her mark upon the good and the sound, she could never swallow it. Under her, sat Discord; the legitimate issue of her own bowels. She had formerly conversed much with married people, but finding no need of her there, away she went to colleges and corporations, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal; and then she betook herself to courts and palaces, and officiated there, as the devil's lieutenant. Next to her was Ingratitude, and she out of a certain past made up of pride and malice, was moulding new devils. I was extreme glad of this discovery, being of opinion, till now, that the ungrateful had been the devils themselves, because I read that the angels that fell were made devils for their ingratitude. To be short, the whole place echoed with rage and curses. "What a devil have we here to do", said I, "does it rain curses in this country?" With that, a death at my elbow asked me what a devil could I expect else, in a place where there were so many matchmakers, attorneys, and barristers, who are a pack of the most accursed wretches in nature. Is there anything more common in the world, than the exclamations of husbands and wives? "Oh! that damned devil of a pander: a heavy curse upon that bitch of a bawd that ever brought us together." "The pillory and ten thousand gibbets to boot take that pickpocket attorney,

that advised me to this lawsuit ; he has ruined me for ever.” “ But pray’ee ”, said I, “ what do all these matchmakers and attorneys here together ? Do they come for audience ? ” Death was here a little quick upon me, and called me fool for so impertinent a question. “ If there were no matchmakers ”, said she, “ we should not have the tenth part of these skeletons and desperadoes. Am not I here the fifth husband of a woman yet living in the world, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink maudlin at the fifteenth funeral ? ” “ You say well ”, said I, “ as to the business of matchmakers ; but why so many pettifoggers, I pray’ee ? ” “ Nay, then, I perceive ”, quoth Death, “ now you have a mind to seize me ; for that rascally sort of caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a man better die by the common hangman than by the hand of an attorney ? to be killed by falsities, quirks, cavils, delays, exceptions, cheats and circumventions : yes, yes, and it must not be denied, that these makers of matches, and splitters of causes, are the principal support of this imperial throne.”

At these words, I raised my eyes, and saw Death seated in her chair of state, with abundance of little deaths crowding about her : as the death of love, of cold, hunger, fear, and laughter ; all, with their several ensigns and devices. The death of love, I perceived, had very little brain, and to keep herself in countenance, she kept company with Pyramus and Thisbe, Hero and Leander, and some Amadis’s and Palmerins d’Oliva ; all embalmed, steeped in good vinegar, and well dried. I saw a great many other sorts of lovers too, that were brought, in all appearance, to their last agonies, but by the singular miracle of self-interest recovered to the tune of

Will, if looking well won’t move her,  
Looking ill prevail ?

The death of cold was attended by many prelates, bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastics, who had neither wives, nor children, nor indeed anybody else that cared for them, further than for their fortunes. These, when they come to a fit of sickness, are pillaged even to their sheets and bedding, before ye can say a Paternoster. Nay, many times they are stripped, ere they are laid, and destroyed for want of clothes to keep them warm.

The death of hunger was encompassed with a multitude

of avaricious misers that were cording up trunks, bolting doors and windows, locking up cellars and garrets, and nailing down trap doors, burying pots of money, and starting at every breath of wind they heard. Their eyes were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of sleep ; their mouths and bellies complaining of their hands, and their souls turned into gold and silver, the idols they adored.

The death of fear had the most magnificent train and attendance of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of usurpers and tyrants, who commonly do justice upon themselves for the injuries they have done to others, their own consciences doing the office of tormentors, and avenging their public crimes by their private sufferings ; for they live in a perpetual anguish of thought, with fears and jealousies.

The death of laughter was the last of all, and surrounded with a throng of people, hasty to believe, and slow to repent, living without fear of justice, and dying without hope of mercy. These are they that pay all their debts and duties with a jest. Bid any of them, " Give every man his due, and return what he has either borrowed, or wrongfully taken ", his answer is, " You'd make a man die with laughing ". Tell him, " My friend, you are now in your years, your dancing days are gone, and your body is worn out ; what should such a scarecrow as you are do with a bed-fellow ? Give over your bawdy haunts for shame, and don't make a glory of sin, when you're past the pleasure of it, and yourself upon all accounts contemptible into the bargain ". " This fellow " says he, " would make a man break his heart with laughing . " " Come, come, say your prayers, and bethink yourself of eternity ; you have one foot in the grave already, and 'tis high time to fit yourself for the other world . " " Thou wilt absolutely kill me with laughing. I tell thee I'm as sound as a rock, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my life." Others there are, that, let a man advise them upon their deathbeds and even at the last gasp to send for a divine, or to make some handsome settlement of their estates, " Alas, alas ! " they'll cry ; " I have been as bad as this many a time before, and I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet ". These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the pains and marks

imaginable of a true repentance. "Well", said I, "since so it is, that man has but one life allotted him and so many deaths; but one way into the world and so many millions out of it, I will certainly at my return make it more my care than it has been to live with a good conscience, that I may die with comfort."

These last words were scarce out of my mouth, when the crier of the court with a loud voice called out, "The dead, the dead; let the dead appear". Immediately, I saw the earth begin to move, and gently opening itself, to make way, first for heads and arms, and then by degrees for whole bodies of men and women, that came out, half muffled in their night-caps, and ranged themselves in excellent order, and with profound silence. "Now", says Death, "let everyone speak in his turn"; and in the instant, up comes one of the dead to my very beard, with so much fury and menace, in his face and action, that I would have given him half the teeth in my head for a composition. "These devils of the world", quoth he, "what would they be at? My masters, cannot a poor wretch be quiet in his grave for ye? but ye must be casting your scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my soul he's as innocent of as the child that's unborn. What hurt has he done any of you scoundrels to be thus abused?" "And I beseech you, sir," said I, "(under your favourable correction) who may you be? For I confess I have not the honour either to know or to understand ye." "I am" quoth he, "the unfortunate buffoon that has been in his grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wise worships forsooth have not wit enough to make yourselves and your company merry, but I must still be one-half of your entertainment and discourse. When any man plays the fool or the extravagant, presently he's a buffoon. Who drew this or that ridiculous piece? The buffoon. Such or such a one was never well taught: no, he had a buffoon to his master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your wisdoms to shrift and take a strict account of your words and actions, will upon the upshot find you all a company of buffoons, and in effect the greater impertinents. As for instance: did I ever make ridiculous wills (as you do) to oblige others to pray for a man in his grave, that never prayed for himself in his life? Did I ever rebel against my superiors? Or, was I ever so arrant a coxcomb, as by colouring my cheeks and hair, to imagine

that I could reform nature, and make myself young again ? Can ye say that I ever put an oath to a lie ? or broke a solemn promise, as you do every day that goes over your heads ? Did I ever enslave myself to money ? Or, on the other side, make ducks and drakes with it ? and squander it away in gaming, revelling, and whoring ? Did my wife ever wear the breeches ? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be revenged of a false mistress ? Was I ever so very a fool as to believe any man would be true to me, who had betrayed his friend ? Or, to venture all my hopes upon the wheel of fortune ? Did I ever envy the felicity of a court-life, that sells and spends all for a glance ? What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd discourses of heretics and libertines ? Or, did I ever list myself in the party, to get the name of a gifted brother ? Who ever saw me insolent to my inferiors, or basely servile to my betters ? Did I ever go to a conjurer, or to your dealers in nativities and horoscopes, upon any occasion of loss or death ? Now if you yourselves be guilty of all these fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the buffoon ? So that you see the buffoon is not the buffoon you take him for. But (to crown his other virtues) he is also endued with so large a stock of patience that whoever needed it had it for the asking, unless it were such as came to borrow money ; or in cases of women, that claimed marriage of him ; or lackeys that would be making sport with his bauble ; and to these, he was as resolute as John Florio . "

While we were upon this discourse, another of the dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity, and giving me a touch o' the elbow, " Look me in the face ", quoth he with a stern countenance, " and know, sir, that you are not now to have to do with a buffoon ". " I beseech your lordship ", said I, " (saving your reverence) let me know your honour, that I may pay my respects accordingly ; for I must confess, I thought all people here had been hail fellow well met . " " I am called ", quoth he, " by mortals, the mad King ; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough ; and if the devil did not possess ye, you would let the dead alone, and content yourselves to persecute one another. Ye can't see a high crowned hat, a threadbare cloak, a basket-hilt sword, or a dudgeon dagger, nay not so much as a reverend matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, ' This or that's of the mode or date of

the mad King'. If ye were not every mother's child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that the mad King's were golden days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a mother now teaching her daughter a lesson of good government? 'Child', says she 'you know that modesty is the great ornament of your sex; wherefore be sure, when you come in company, that you don't stand staring the men in the face, as if ye were looking babies in their own eyes, but rather look a little downward, as a fashion of behaviour more suitable to the obligations of your sex.' 'Downward?' says the girl, 'I beseech you, madam, excuse me: this was well enough in the days of the mad King, when the poor creatures knew no better. Let the men look downward towards the clay of which they were made; but man was our original, and it will become us to keep our eyes upon the matter from whence we came.' If a father give his son in charge, to worship his Creator, to say his prayers morning and evening, to give thanks before and after meat, to have a care of gaming and swearing, ye shall have the son make answer, that 'tis true, this was practised in the time of the mad King, but it is now quite out of mode; and in plain English, men are better known nowadays by their atheism and blasphemy than by their beards."

Hereupon, the mad King withdrew, and then appeared a large glass-bottle, wherein was luted up (as I heard) a famous necromancer, hacked and minced according to his own order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a quick fire, and the flesh by little and little began to piece again, and make first an arm, then a thigh, after that a leg; and at last there was an entire body, that raised itself upright in the bottle. Bless me (thought I) what's here? A man made of a pottage, and brought into the world out of the belly of a bottle? This vision affrighted me to the very heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the glass. "In what year of our Lord are we?" "1622", quoth I. "And welcome", said he; "for 'tis the happy year I have longed for so many a day." "Who is it, I pray'ee", quoth I, "that I now see and hear in the belly of this bottle?" "I am", said he, "the great necromancer of Europe; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my operations in general, and of this particular design." "I have heard talk of you from a child", quoth I, "but all these stories I



took only for old wives' fables. You are the man, then, it seems : I must confess that at first, at a distance I took this bottle for the vessel that the ingenious Rabelais makes mention of ; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some philosopher by the fire, or some apothecary doing penance for his errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a rarity I cannot but think my time and pains very well bestowed." The necromancer called to me then to unstop the bottle, and as I was breaking the clay to open it, " Hold, hold a little ", he cried ; " and I prithee tell me first how go squares in Spain ? What money ? Force ? Credit ? " " The plate fleets go and come ", said I, " reasonably well ; but the foreigners that come in for their ships have half spoiled the trade. The Genoese run out as far as the mountains of Potosi, and have almost drained them dry." " My child ", quoth he, " that trade can never be secure and open, so long as Spain has any enemy that's potent at sea. And for the Genoese, they'll tell you this is no injustice at all, but on the contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholic Majesty for a good paymaster. I am no enemy to that nation, but upon the account of their vices and encroachments ; and I confess, rather than see these rascals prosper, I'd turn myself into a *bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now ; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a powder, though I ended my days in a tobacco-box." " Good sir ", said I, " comfort yourself, for these people are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are Cavaliers and Signiors already, and now, forsooth, they have an itch upon them to be princes : a vanity that gnaws them like a cancer ; and by drawing on great expenses, breeds a worm in their traffic, so that you'll find little but debt and extravagance at the foot of the account. And then the devil's in them for a wench, insomuch, that 'tis well if they bring both ends together ; for what's gotten upon the Change is spent in the stews."

" This is well ", quoth the necromancer, " and I'm glad to hear it. Pray tell me now, what price bears honour and honesty in the world ? " " There's much to be said ", quoth I, " upon that point ; but in brief, there was never more of it in talk, nor less in effect. ' Upon my honesty ', cries the tradesman ; ' Upon my honour ', says his lordship. And in a word, every man has it, and everything is it, in some disguise

or other ; but duly considered, there's no such thing upon the face of the earth. The thief says 'tis more honourable to take than beg. He that asks an alms, pleads that 'tis honester to beg than steal. Nay the false witnesses and murderers themselves stand upon their points, as well as their neighbours and will tell ye that a man of honour will rather be buried alive than submit (though they will not always do as they say). Upon the whole matter, every man sets up a court of honour within himself, pronounces everything honourable that serves his purpose, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the truth, all things are now topsy-turvy. A good faculty in lying is a fair step to preferment ; and to pack a game at cards, or help the frail die, is become the mark and glory of a cavalier. The Spaniards were heretofore, I confess, a very brave, and well governed people ; but they have evil tongues among them nowadays, that say they might e'en go to school to the Indians to learn sobriety and virtue. For they are not really sober, but at their own tables, which indeed is rather avarice than moderation ; for when they eat or drink at another man's cost, there are no greater gluttons in the world ; and for fuddling, they shall make the best pot-companion in Switzerland knock under the table."

The necromancer went on with his discourse, and asked me of the store of lawyers and attorneys in Spain at present. I told him, that the whole world swarmed with them, and that there were of several sorts : some, by profession ; others, by intrusion and presumption ; and some again by study, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the people pray for the Egyptian locusts and caterpillars in exchange for that vermin. " Why, then ", quoth the necromancer, " if there be such plagues abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am." " It is with justice ", said I, " as with sick men ; in time past, when we had fewer doctors (as well of law as of physic) we had more right, and more health : but we are now destroyed by multitudes, and consultations ; which serve to no other end than to inflame both the distemper and the reckoning. Justice, as well as truth, went naked, in the days of old ; one single book of laws and ordinances, was enough for the best ordered Government in the world. But the justice of our age is tricked up with bills, parchments, writs, and labels ; and furnished with millions of codes, digests, pandects, pleadings, and reports ;

and what's their use, but to make wrangling a science ? and to embroil us in seditions, suits, and endless trouble and confusion. We have had more books published this last twenty years than in a thousand before, and there hardly passes a term without a new author, in four or five volumes at least under the titles of glosses, commentaries, cases, judgments, etc. And the great strife is, who writes most, not best ; so that the whole bulk is but a body without a soul, and fitter for a churchyard than a study. To say the truth, these lawyers and solicitors are but so many smoke-merchants, sellers of wind, and troublers of the public peace. If there were no attorneys, there would be no suits ; if no suits, no cheats, no serjeants ; no catchpoles, no prisons ; if no prisons, no judges ; no judges, no passion ; no passion, no bribery or subornation.

“ See now what a train of mischiefs one wretched pettifogger draws after him ! If you go to him for counsel, he hears your story, reads your case, and tells you very gravely, ‘ Sir, this is a nice point, and would be well handled ; we’ll see what the law says ’. And then he runs ye over with his eye and finger a matter of a hundred volumes, grumbling all the while, like a cat that claws in play ‘twixt jest and earnest. At last, down comes the book, he shows the law, bids ye leave your papers, and he’ll study the question. ‘ But your cause is very good ’, says he, ‘ by what I see already, and if you’ll come again in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I’ll tell ye more. But pardon me, sir, now I think on’t, I am retained upon the business of So and So : therefore it cannot be till Monday next and then I’m for ye ’. When ye are to part, and that you come to the greasing of his fist (the best thing in the world both for the wit, and memory), ‘ Good Lord ! sir ’, says he, ‘ what do you mean ? I beseech you, sir ; nay, pray’e sir ’, and if he spies you drawing back, the paw opens, seizes the guineas, and good-morrow countryman.”

“ Sayst thou me so ? ” quoth the good fellow in the glass, “ stop me up close again as thou lovest me then : for the very air of these rascals will poison me, if ever I put my head out of this bottle, till the whole race of them be extinct. In the meantime, take this for a rule : he that would thrive by law, must fee his enemies’ counsel as well as his own.

“ But now ye talk of great cheats ; what news of the Venetians ? Is Venice still in the world or no ? ” “ In the

world do ye say ? ” “ Yes, in truth it is ”, said I, “ and stands just where it did.” “ Why, then ”, quoth he, “ I prithee give it to the devil from me as a token of my love ; for ’tis a present equal to the severest revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republic but conscience ; and then you’ll say ’tis like to be long-lived ; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a groat. To speak freely, ’tis an odd kind of common-wealth. ’Tis the very arse-gut, the drain and sink of monarchies, both in war and peace. It helps the Turk to vex the Christians, and the Christians to gall the Turk, and maintains itself to torment both. The inhabitants are neither Moors nor Christians, as appears by a Venetian captain, in a combat against a Christian enemy : ‘ Stand to’t, my masters ’, says he, ‘ ye were Venetians before ye were Christians ’ :

“ Enough, enough of this ”, cried the necromancer, “ and tell me, how stand the people affected ? What malcontents and mutineers ? ” “ Mutiny ”, said I, “ is so universal a disease that every kingdom is in effect but a great hospital, or rather a Bedlam ; for all men are mad to entertain the disaffected.” “ There’s no stirring for me, then ”, quoth the necromancer, “ but pray’e commend me, however, to those busy fools, and tell them, that carry what face they will, there’s vanity and ambition in the pad. Kings and princes have their nature much of quick-silver. They are in perpetual agitation, and without any repose. Press them too hard (that is to say beyond the bounds of duty and reason) and they are lost. Ye may observe that your guilders and great dealers in quick-silver are generally troubled with the palsy ; and so should all subjects tremble that have to do with majesty, and better to do it at first, out of respect, than afterward, upon force and necessity.

“ But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e’en now (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, one word more, and it shall be my last. Who’s King of Spain now ? ” “ You know ”, said I, “ that Philip III is dead.” “ Right ”, quoth he, “ a prince of incomparable piety, and virtue (or my stars deceive me).” “ After him ”, said I, “ came Philip IV.” “ If it be so ”, quoth he, “ break, break my bottle immediately, and help me out ; for I am resolved to try my fortune in the world once again under the reign of that glorious prince.” And with that word, he dashed the glass to pieces against a

rock, crept out of his case and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him company ; but as I was just about to start, " Let him go, let him go ", cried one of the dead, and laid hold of my arm. " He has devilish heels, and you'll never overtake him ".

So I stayed, and what should I see next but a wondrous old man, whose name might have been Bucephalus by his head ; and the hair on his face might very well have stuffed a couple of cushions : take him together, and you'll find his picture in the map, among the savages. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently ; and he, taking notice of it, came to me, and told me : " Friend ", says he, " my spirit tells me that you are now in pain to know who I am ; understand that my name is Nostradamus ". " Are you the author, then ", quoth I, " of that gallimaufry of prophecies that's published in your name ? " " Gallimaufry, say'st thou ? Impudent and barbarous rascal that thou art ; to despise mysteries that are above thy reach, and to revile the secretary of the stars, and the interpreter of the destinies ; who is so brutal as to doubt the meaning of these lines ?

" From second causes, this I gather,  
Nought shall befall us, good or ill,  
Either upon the land or water,  
But what the Great Disposer will."

" Reprobate and besotted villains that ye are ! what greater blessing could betide the world than the accomplishment of this prophecy ? would it not establish justice and holiness, and suppress all the vile suggestions and motions of the devil ? Men would not then any longer set their hearts upon avarice, cozening, and extortion ; and make money their god, that vagabond money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the philosophers and prophets, which are the very oracles of the heavens (such as Nostradamus) to go barefoot. But let's go on with our prophecies, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the world reports them.

" When the married shall marry,  
Then the jealous will be sorry ;  
And though fools will be talking,  
To keep their tongues walking ;  
No man runs well I find,  
But with's elbows behind."

This gave me such a fit of laughter that it made me cast my nose up into the air, like a stone-horse that hath got a mare in the wind : which put the astrologer out of all patience. " Buffoon, and dog-whelp, as ye are ", quoth he, " there's a bone for you to pick ; you must be snarling and snapping at everything. Will your teeth serve ye now to fetch out the marrow of this prophecy ? Hear, then, in the devil's name, and be mannerly. Hear, and learn, I say, and let's have no more of that grinning ; unless ye have a mind to leave your beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are married marry ? No, not the one half of them. When you are married the priest has done his part ; but after that, to marry, is to do the duty of a husband. Alack : how many married men live as if they were single, and how many bachelors on the other side, as if they were married : after the mode of the times. And wedlock to divers couples is no other than a more sociable state of virginity. Here's one half of my prophecy expounded already. Now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for experiment, and try if you carry your elbows before, or behind. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because everybody knows it. A pleasant shift as if truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed that you deliver for truths are for the most part mere fooleries and mistakes ; and it were a hard matter to put truth in such a dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my prophecy or my argument ? Not a syllable, I warrant ye ; and yet somewhat there is to be said, for there's no rule without an exception. Does not the physician carry his elbow before him, when he puts back his hand to take his patient's money ? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my prophecies for ye,

" Many women shall be mothers,  
And their babbies,  
Their own daddies."

" What say ye to this now ? Are there not many husbands, do ye think (if the truth were known) that father more children than their own ? Believe me, friend, a man had need have good security upon a woman's belly ; for children are commonly made in the dark, and 'tis no easy matter to know the workman, especially having nothing but the woman's bare word for it. This is meant of the court of assistance ;

and whoever interprets my prophecies to the prejudice of any person of honour, abuses me. You little think what a world of our gay folks in their coaches and six, with lackeys at their heels by the dozens, will be found at the last day to be only the bastards of some pages, gentlemen-ushers, or *valets de chambre* of the family ; nay, perchance the physician may have had his hand in the wrong box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a lusty coachman. Little do you think (I say) how many noble families upon that grand discovery, will be found extinct for want of issue."

"I am now convinced", said I to the mathematician, "of the excellency of your predictions ; and I perceive (since you have been pleased to be your own interpreter) that they have more weight in them than we were aware of." "Ye shall have one more", quoth he, "and I have done:—

"This year, if I've any skill i' th' weather,  
Shall many a one take wing with a feather."

"I daresay that your wit will serve you now to imagine, that I'm talking of rooks and jackdaws ; but I say, No. I speak of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, scriveners, and their fellows, that with the dash of a pen can defeat their clients of their estates, and fly away with them when they have done."

Upon these words Nostradamus vanished, and somebody plucking me behind, I turned my face upon the most meagre, melancholic wretch that ever was seen, and covered all in white. "For pity's sake", says he, "and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the persecution of these impertinents and babblers that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your slave for ever" (casting himself at my feet in the same moment ; and crying like a child). "And what art thou", quoth I, "for a miserable creature?" "I am", says he, "an ancient, and an honest man, although defamed with a thousand reproaches and slanders : and in fine, some call me another, and others somebody, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As somebody says, cries one, that has nothing to say for himself ; and yet till this instant, I never so much as opened my mouth. The Latins call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up lines, and stop gaps. When you go back again into the world, I pray'e do me the favour to own that you have seen me, and to justify me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write anything,

whatever some tattling idiots may pretend. When they bring me into quarrels and brawls, I am called forsooth, a certain person ; in their intrigues, I know not who—and in the pulpit, a certain author ; and all this, to make a mystery of my name, and lay all their fooleries at my door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me ” ; which I promised to do. And so this vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of antiquity that ever eye beheld in the shape of an old woman. She came nodding towards me, and in a hollow, rattling tone (for she spoke more with her chops than her tongue). “ Pray’e ”, says she, “ is there not somebody come lately hither from the other world ? ” This apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the devil’s scarecrows. Her eyes were so sunk in their sockets, that they looked like a pair of dice in the bottom of a couple of red boxes. Her cheeks and the soles of her feet were of the same complexion. Her mouth was pale, and open too ; the better to receive the distillations of her nose. Her chin was covered with a kind of goose-down, as toothless as a lamprey ; and the flaps of her cheeks were like an ape’s bags ; her head danced, and her voice at every word kept time to it. Her body was veiled, or rather wrapped up in a shroud of crape. She had a crutch in one hand, which served her for a supporter ; and a rosary in t’other, of such a length, that, as she stood stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for death’s heads. When I had done gaping upon this epitome of past ages, “ *Hola ! grannum* ”, quoth I, good lustily in her ear, taking for granted that she was deaf, “ what’s your pleasure with me ? ” With that she gave a grunt, and being much in wrath to be called grannum, clapped a fair pair of spectacles upon her nose, and pinking through them, “ I am ”, quoth she, “ neither deaf, nor grannum ; but may be called by my name as well as my neighbours ”, (giving to understand, that women will take it ill to be called old, even in their very graves). As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her eyes dropping, and the smell about her of a dead body. I begged her pardon for what was past, and for the future her name, that I might be sure to keep myself within the bounds of respect. “ I am called ”, says she, “ *Duenna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*.” “ How’s that ? ” quoth I, in a great amazement. “ Have ye any of those cattle in this country ? Let the inhabitants pray heartily for peace then ;



and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now. I thought the women had died when they came to be *gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked world the *gouvernantes* had been immortal. But I am now better informed, and very glad truly to meet with a person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, who but Madam the *Gouvernante*, at every turn ? ‘ Do ye see that mumping hag ’, cries one ? ‘ Come here ye damned jade ’, cries another. ‘ That old bawd ’, says a third, ‘ has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a whore, and now see if we do not remember ye ’.” “ You do so, and I’m in your debt for your remembrance, the great devil be your paymaster, you son of a whore. Are there no more *gouvernantes* than myself ? Sure there are, and ye may have your choice, without affronting me.” “ Well, well ”, said I, “ have a little patience, and at my return I’ll try if I can put things in better order. But in the meantime, what business have you here ? ” Her reverence upon this was a little qualified, and told me that she had now been eight hundred years in hell, upon a design to erect an order of the *gouvernantes* ; but the right worshipful the devil-commissioners are not as yet come to any resolution upon the point. For say they, if your *gouvernantes* should once come to settle here, there would need no other tormentors, and we should be but so many Jacks out of office. And besides, we should be perpetually at daggers-drawn about the brands and candle-ends which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way ; and for us to have our fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient. “ I have been in purgatory, too ”, she said, “ upon the same project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the souls cried out unanimously, *liberia nos*, etc. As for heaven, that’s no place for quarrels, slanders, disquiets, heart-burnings ; and consequently none for me. The dead are not of my friends either, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me ; and be gone into the world again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *gouvernante* in *secula seculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my ease than spend my life crumpling, and brooding over a carpet at a bed-side, like a thing of clouts, to secure the poultry of the family from strange cocks, which would now and then have a brush with a virgin pullet, but for the care of the *gouvernantes*. And yet ’tis she, good woman, bears all the blame, in case of any miscarriage ; the

gouvernante was presently of the plot, she had a feeling in the cause, a finger in the pie. And 'tis she in fine that must answer for all. Let but a sock, an old handkercher, the greasy lining of a masque, or any such frippery piece of business be missing, ask the gouvernante for this, or that. And in short, they take us certainly for so many storks and ducks, to gather up all the filth about the house. The servants look upon us as spies and tell-tales; my cousin forsooth, and t'other's aunt dares not come to the house, for fear of the gouvernante. And indeed I have made many of them cross themselves, that took me for a ghost. Our masters they curse us too for embroiling the family. So that I have rather chosen to take up here, betwixt the dead and the living, than to return again to my charge of Duenna, the very sound of the name being more terrible than a gibbet. As appears by one that was lately travelling from Madrid to Valladolid, and asking where he might lodge that night. Answer was made that at a small village called Duennas. 'But is there no other place', quoth he, 'within some reasonable distance, either short or beyond it?' They told him no, unless it were a gallows. 'That shall be my quarter then', quoth he, 'for a thousand gibbets are not so bad to me as one Duenna.' 'Now ye see how we are abused', quoth the gouvernante, 'I hope you'll do us some right, when it lies in your power'."

She would have talked me to death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her spectacles; but I could not 'scape so, for looking about me for a guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the dead; a good proper fellow, only he had a pair of rams' horns on his head, and I was about to salute him for Aries in the Zodiac; but I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his best leg forward, stretching out his arms, clutching his fists, and looking as sour as if he would have eaten me without mustard. "Doubtless", said I, "the devil is dead and this is he." "No, no", cried a bystander, "this is a man." "Why, then", said I, "he's drunk, I perceive, and quarrelsome in his ale; for nobody has touched him." With that, as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my guard, and we were armed at all points alike, only he had the odds of the head-piece. "Now, sirrah", says he, "have at ye, slave that you are to make a trade of defaming persons of honour. By the death that commands here, I'll have my revenge, and turn your skin over your

ears." This insolent language stirred my choler I confess and so I called to him, "Come, come on, sirrah ; a little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice killed, I'll do your business ; who the devil brought this cuckold hither to trouble me ? " The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, tooth and nail, and if his horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worst on it. But the whole, ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness, for my adversary had a fork, and I had none. As they were staving and tailing, "You might have had more manners" cried one, "than to give such language to your betters, and to call Don Diego Moreno cuckold". "And is this that Diego Moreno then ? " said I. "Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing persons of honour. A scoundrel", said I, "that it is a shame for death to be seen in his company, and was never fit for anything in his whole life, but to furnish matter for a farce." "And that's my grievance, gentlemen" quoth Don Diego, "for which with your leave he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a cuckold, for there's many a brave fellow lives in Cuckold's Row. But why does he not name others, as well as me ? As if the horn grew upon nobody's head but mine : I'm sure there are others that a thousand times better deserve it. I hope he cannot say that ever I gored any of my superiors ; or that my being cornuted has raised the price of post-horns, lanthorns, or pocket-ink-horns. Are not shoeing-horns and knife-handles as cheap now as ever ? Why must I walk the stage then more than my neighbours ? Beyond question there never lived a more peaceable wretch upon the face of the earth, all things considered, than myself. Never was man freer from jealousy, or more careful to step aside at the time of visit : for I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make none myself. I confess I was not so charitable to the poor as I might have been ; the truth of it is, I watched them as a cat would do a mouse, for I did not love them. But then in requital, I could have out-snorted the Seven Sleepers when any of the better sort came to have a word in private with my wife. The short on't is, we agreed blessedly well together, she and I ; for I did whatever she would have me ; and she would say a thousand and a thousand times, 'Long live my poor Diego, the best conditioned, the most complaisant husband in the world ; whatever I do is well done,

and he never so much as opens his mouth good or bad '. But by her leave that was little to my credit, and the jade when she said it was beside the cushion. For many and many a time have I said, ' This is well ', and ' That's ill '. When there came any poets to our house, fiddlers or dancers, I would say, ' This is not well.' But when the rich merchants came, ' Oh, very good ', would I say, ' this is as well as well can be '. Sometimes we had the hap to be visited by some penniless courtier, or Low-Country officer perchance ; then should I take her aside, and rattle her to some tune : ' Sweetheart ', would I say, ' pray'e what have we to do with these frippery fellows and damme boys. Shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a warning '. But when any came that had to do with the mint or exchequer, and spent freely (for lightly come, lightly go), ' I warrant, my dear ', quoth I, ' there's nothing to be lost by keeping such company '. And what hurt's in all this now ? Nay, on the contrary, my poor wife enjoyed herself happily under the protection of my shadow, and being a *femme couverte* not an officer durst come near her. Why should then this buffoon of a poetaster make me still the ridiculous entertainment of all his interludes and farces, and the fool in the play ? " " By your favour ", quoth I, " we are not yet upon even terms ; and before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a poet. If thou wert but now alive, I'd write thee to death, as Archilocus did Lycambes. And I'm resolved to put the history of thy life in a satire, as sharp as vinegar, and give it the name of The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno." " It shall go hard ", quoth he, " but I'll prevent that ", and so we fell to't again, hand and foot, till at length the very fancy of a scuffle waked me, and I found myself as weary, as if it had been a real combat. I began then to reflect upon the particulars of my dream, and to consider what advantage I might draw from it : for the dead are past fooling, and those are the soundest counsels which we receive from such as advise us without either passion or interest.

## THE LOVERS' MADHOUSE

ABOUT four o'clock on a cold frosty morning in January (when it was much better being in a warm bed, with a good bed-fellow, than upon a bier in the churchyard) as I lay advising with my pillow, tumbling and tossing a thousand love-toys in my head, I passed from one fancy to another, till at last I fell into a slumber ; and there appeared the genius of disabuse laying before me all the follies, and vanities of love, and supporting her opinions with great authorities and reasons. I was carried then (methought I knew not how) into a fair meadow : a meadow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very fictions of your half-witted poets, with all their far-fetched gilding and enamellings (for a paper of verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force nature for it, and rifle both the Indies). This delicious field was watered with two rivulets, the one bitter, the other sweet ; and yet they mingled their streams with a pretty kind of murmur, equal perhaps to the best music in the world. The use of these waters was (as I observed) to temper the darts of love ; for while I was upon the prospect of the place, I saw several of Cupid's little officers, and subjects, dipping arrows there, for their entertainment and ease. Upon this I fancied myself in one of the gardens of Cyprus, and that I saw the very hive where the bee lived that stung my young master, and occasioned that excellent ode which Anacreon has written upon the subject. The next thing I cast my eye upon was a palace in the midst of the meadow ; a rare piece, as well for the structure as design. The porches were of the Doric order, excellently wrought ; and the pedestals, bases, columns, cornices, capitals, architraves, friezes (and in short the whole front of the fabric) beautified with imaginary trophies, and triumphs of love, in half-relief, which, as they were intermixed with other fantastic works and conceits, carried the face of several little histories ; and gave a great ornament to the building. Over the porch, there was in golden letters, upon black marble, this inscription :

This is called fools' paradise,  
From the loving fools that dwell in it,  
Where the great fools rule the less,  
The rest obey, and all do well in it.

The finishing and materials were pleasant to admiration. The portal spacious, the doors always open, and the house free to all comers, which were very many ; the porter's place was supplied by a woman ; exquisitely handsome, both for face and person ; tall, delicately shaped, and set off with great advantages of dress, and jewels. She was made up, in fine, of charms, and her name (as I understood) was Beauty. She would let any man into the house for a look ; and that was all I paid for my passage. In the first court, I found many of both sexes, but so altered in habit and countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were sad, pensive ; and their complexions tinted with a yellow paleness (which Ovid calls Cupid's livery). There was no talk of being true to friends ; loyal to superiors ; and dutiful to parents : but kindred did the office of procurers ; and procurers were called cousins. Wives loved their husbands' she-friends and husbands did as much for them, in loving their gallants.

While I was upon the contemplation of these encounters of affection, there appeared a strange extravagant figure, but in the likeness of a human creature. It was neither perfectly man nor perfectly woman, but had indeed a resemblance of both. This person I perceived was ever busy, up and down, going and coming ; beset all over with eyes and ears, and had one of the craftiest distrustful looks (methought) that I ever saw. And withal (as I observed) no small authority in the place, which made me inquire after this creature's name, and office. " My name ", quoth she, for now it proved to be a woman, " is Jealousy, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted. For how came you here else ? However for your satisfaction, you are to understand that the greater part of the distempered people you see here are of my bringing ; and yet I am not their physician, but their tormentor ; and serve only to aggravate and embitter their misfortunes. If you would know anything further of the house, never ask me, for 'tis forty to one I shall tell you a lie ; I have not told you half the truth even of myself ; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of inventions, artifice, and imposture : but the good old man that walks there, is the Major Domo, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of discourse."

Thereupon I went to the good man, whom I knew presently to be Time, and desired him to let me look into the several

quarters and lodgings of the house, for there were some fools of my acquaintance there I'd fain visit ; he told me that he was at present so busy about making caudles, cock-broths, and jellies for his patients, that he could not stir ; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the house to walk at pleasure.

I passed out of the first court, into the maids quarter, which was the very strongest part of the whole building ; and so it had need ; for divers of the young wenches were so extravagant and furious, that no other place would have held them. (The wives and widows were in another room apart.) Here ye should have one, sobbing and raging with jealousy of a rival. There another, stark mad for a husband, and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A third was writing letters all riddle and mystery, mending and marring, till at last the paper had more blots than whole words on it. Some were practising in the glass the gracious smile, the roll of the eye, the velvet lip, etc. Others again were on a diet of oatmeal, clay, chalk, coal, hard wax, and the like. Some were conditioning with their servants for a ball, or a serenade, that the whole town might ring of the address. " Yes, yes ", they cried, " you can go to the park with this lady, and to the play with that lady, and to the countryside with t'other lady, and spend whole nights at beste or ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel ; but by my troth, I think you are ashamed to be seen in my company." Some I saw upon the very point of sealing and delivering. " I am thine ", cries one, " and thine alone, or let all the devils in hell, etc. But be sure you be constant." " If I be not ", says he, " let my soul ", etc., and the silly jade believes him. In one corner ye should have them praying for husbands, that they might the better love at random ; in another, nothing would please them but to be married men's wives, and this disease was looked upon as a little desperate. Some again stood ready furnished with love letters and tickets to be cast out of the window, or thrust under the door, and these were looked upon not only as fools but beasts.

I had seen as much already as I desired, for I had learned of old that he that keeps such company seldom comes off without a scratched face ; but if he misses a mistress, he gets a wife, and stands condemned to a repentance during life, without redemption, unless one of the two dies. For women

in the case are worse than pirates ; a galley-slave may compound for his freedom, but there's no thought of ransom in case of wedlock. I had a good mind to a little chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fancy I'm in love with them. And so I e'en marched off into the married quarter, where there was such ranting, damning, and tearing, as if hell had been broke loose. And what was all this but a number of women that had been locked up and shackled by their husbands, to keep them in obedience, and had now broken their prisons, and their chains, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw caressing and coaxing their husbands, in the very moment they designed to betray them. Others were picking their husbands' pockets to pay now and then for a by-blow. Some again were upon a religious point, and all upon the humour (forsooth) of pilgrimages and lectures ; when alas ! they had no other business with the altars or churches than a sacrifice to Venus, or a love-meeting. Divers there were that went to the bath ; but bathing was the least part of their errand. Others to confession, that mistook their martyr for their confessor : some to be revenged of jealous husbands were resolving to do the thing they feared, and pay them in their own coin. Others were for making sure aforehand by way of advance ; for that's the revenge, they say, that's as sweet as muscadine and eggs. One was melancholy for a delay ; another for a defeat ; a third is preparing to make her market as a play. There was one among the rest was never out of her coach ; and asking her the reason, she told me, she loved to be jolted. In this crowd of women, you must know that there were no wives of ambassadors, soldiers, or merchants that were abroad upon commission ; for such were considered in effect as single women, and not allowed as members of this commonwealth.

The next quarter was that of the grave and wise, the right reverend widows, women in appearance of marvellous severity and reserve, and yet every one of them had her weak side ; and ye might read her folly and distemper through her disguise. One of them I saw crying with one eye for the loss of one husband, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the Ephesian matron, was solacing herself with her gallant before her husband was thoroughly cold in the mouth, considering that he that died half an hour ago is as dead as William the Conqueror. There



were several others passing to and again, quite out of their mourning, that looked so demurely (I warrant ye) as if butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet apostate widows (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the hands of the Holy Inquisition. Some were laying wagers whose mourning was most *à la mode*, and best made, or whose peak or veil became her best, and setting themselves off with a thousand tricks of ornament and dress. The widows I observed that were marching off, with the mark out of their mouths, were hugely concerned to be thought young, and still talking of masks, balls, fiddles and treats ; chanting and jiggling to every tune they heard, and all upon the hoity-toity like mad wenches of fifteen. The younger, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the religious strain ; a people much at their beads, and in private ; and these were there in the quality of love heretics, or platonics, and under the penance of perpetual abstinence from the flesh, they loved best (which is the most mortifying Lent of all other). Some, that had skill in perspective, were before the glass with their boxes of patch and paint about them ; shadowing, drawing out, refreshing, and in short, covering and palliating, all the imperfections of feature and complexion, every one after her own humour. Now these women were absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them old and headstrong, having got the better of their husbands, so that they would be taking upon them to domineer here, as they had done at home ; and indeed, they found the master of the college enough to do.

When I had tired myself with this variety of folly and madness, I went to the devotees, where I found a great many women and girls that had cloistered up themselves from the conversation of the world ; and yet were not a jot soberer than their fellows. These one would have thought might have been easily cured, but many of them were in for their lives, in despite of either counsel or physic. Their room was barricaded with strong bars of iron ; and yet when the toy took them, they'd make now and then a sally ; for when the fit was upon them, they'd own no superior but love, come what would on't in the event. The greater part of these good people were writing tickets and dispatches, which had still the sign of the cross at the top, and Satan at the bottom,

concluding with this, or some such postscript : I commend this paper to your discretion. The fools of this province would be twattling night and day ; and if it happened that any one of them had talked herself aweary (which was very rare), she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the rest, and read a lecture of silence to the company. There were some that for want of better entertainment fell in love with one another ; but these were looked upon as a sort of fops and ninnies, and therefore the more favourably used ; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the cause of their distemper.

The root of all these several extravagances was idleness, which (according to Petrarch's observation) never fails to make way for wantonness. There was one among the rest that had more letters of exchange upon the credit of her insatiable desires than a whole regiment of bankers. Some of them were sick of their old visitor, and called for a freshman. Others, by intervals, I perceived, had their wits about them, and contented themselves discreetly with the physician of the house. In short, it e'en pitied my heart to see so many poor people in so sad a condition and without any hope of relief, as I gathered from him that had them in care ; for they were still pudgering and rolling their bodies ; and if they got a little ease for the present, they'd be down again as soon as they had taken their medicine.

From thence I went to the single women (such as made profession never to marry) which were the least outrageous and discomposed of all ; for they had a thousand ways to lay the devil as well as to raise him. Some of them lived like common highwaymen, by robbing Peter to pay Paul ; and stripping honest men to clothe rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven senses, and as mad as March hares for this wit and t'other poet, that never failed to pay them again in rhymes and madrigals, with ruby lips, pearly teeth, so that to read their verses, a man would swear the whole woman to be directly petrified.

Of sapphire fair, or crystal clear,  
Is the forehead of my dear, etc.

I saw one in consultation with a cunning man to know her fortune ; another, dealing with a conjurer for a philter,

or drink to make her beloved. A third was daubing and patching up an old ruined face, to make it fresh and young again ; but she might as well have been washing a blackamoor to make him white. In fine, a world there were, that with their borrowed hair, teeth, eyes, eyebrows, looked like fine folks at a distance, but would have been left as ridiculous as Æsop's crow, if every bird had fetched away his own feather. Deliver me (thought I, smiling and shaking my head) if this be woman.

And so I stepped into the men's quarter, which was but next door, and only a thick wall between. Their great misery was that they were deaf to good advice, obstinately hating and despising both physic and physician ; for if they would have either quitted or changed, they might have been cured. But they chose rather to die, and though they saw their error, would not mend it. Which minded me of the old rhyme :

Where love's in the case,  
The doctor's an ass.

These fools-male were all in the same chamber ; and one might perfectly read their humour and distemper, in their looks and gestures. Oh ! how many a gay lad did I see there in his point band and embroidered vest that had not a whole shirt to his back ! How many huffs and highboys that had nothing else in their mouths but the lives and fortunes they'd spend in their sweet ladies' service ! that would yet have run five miles on your errand, to have been treated but at a threepenny ordinary ! How many a poor devil that wanted bread, and was yet troubled with the rebellion of the flesh ! Some there were that spent much time in setting their perukes, ordering the mustache, and dressing up the very face of Lucifer himself for a beauty : the woman's privilege, and in truth an encroachment, to their prejudice. There were others that made it their glory to pass for Hector's, sons of Priam, brothers of the blade ; and talked of nothing but attacks, combats, reverses, stramazons, stoccados ; not considering that a naked weapon is present death to a timorous woman. Some were taking the round of their ladies' lodgings, at midnight, and went to bed again as wise as they rose. Others fell in love by contagion and merely conversing with the infected. Some again went post from church to chapel, every holy day, to hunt for a mistress ; and so turned a day of rest into a day of

labour. Ye might see others skipping continually from house to house, like the knight upon a chess-board, without ever catching the queen. Some, like crafty beggars, made their case worse than it was : and others, though 'twere ne'er so bad, durst not so much as open their mouths. Really it grieved me for the poor mutes, and I wished with all my heart their mistresses had been witches, that they might have known their meaning by their mumping ; but they were lost to all counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of elevated, and conceited lovers ; and these forsooth were not to be satisfied without the seven liberal sciences, and the four cardinal virtues, in the shape of a woman ; and their case was desperate. The next I observed were a generation of modest fools, that passed under the notion of people diffident of themselves. They were generally men of good understanding, but for the most part younger brothers, of low fortunes, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the price of higher amours, were fain to take up with ordinary stuff, that brought them nothing in the end, but beggary and repentance. The husbands, I perceived, were horribly furious, although in manacles and shackles. Some of them left their own wives, and fell upon their neighbours'. Others, to keep the good women in awe and obedience, would be taking upon them, and playing the tyrants, but upon the upshot they found their mistake, and that though they came on as fierce as lions, they went off as tame as muttons. Some were making friendships with their wives' she-cousins, and agreeing upon a cross-gossiping whoever should have the first child.

The widowers that had bit of the bridle, passed from place to place, where they stayed more or less, according to their entertainment, and so were in effect, as good as married ; for as long or as little a while as themselves pleased. These lived single and spent their time in visiting, first one friend, then another. Here they fell in love ; there they kindled a jealousy which they contracted themselves in one place, and cured it in another. But the miracle was, that they all knew, and confessed themselves a company of mad fools, and yet continued so. Those that had skill in music, and could either sing or fiddle, made use of their gifts, to put the silly wenches that were but half moped before, directly out of their wits. They that were poetical were perpetually hammering upon

the subjects of cruelty and disappointment. One tells his good fortune to another, that requites him with the story of his bad. They that had set their hearts upon girls were beating the streets all day, to find what avenues to a lady's lodgings at night. Some were tampering and caressing the chamber-maid, as the ready way to the mistress. Others chose rather to put it to the push, and attempt the lady herself. Some were examining their pockets and taking a view of their furniture, which consisted much in love-letters, delicately sealed up with perfumed wax, upon raw silk ; and a thousand pretty devices within ; all wrapt up in riddle, and cipher. Abundance of hair bracelets, locketts, pomanders, knots of riband, and the like. There were others, that were called the husband's friends, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that kindness for the husband. Their purse, credit, coach and horses, were all at his service ; and in the meantime, who but they to gallant the wife ? To the park, the gardens, a treat, or a comedy, where forty to one, by the greatest good luck in the world, they stumble upon an aunt, an old housekeeper of the family, or some such reverend goer-between that's a well-willer to mathematics ; she takes the hint, performs the good office, and the work is done.

Now there were two sorts of fools for the widows ; the one was beloved, and the other not. The latter were content to be a kind of voluntary slaves, for the compassing their ends ; but the others were the happier, for they were ever at perfect liberty to do their pleasure, unless some friend or child of the house perchance came in, in the mischievous nick, and then in case of a little colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled handkercher : 'twas but changing the scene, and struggling for a paper of verses, or some such business to keep all in countenance. Some made their assaults both with love and money, and they seldom failed, for they came doubly armed ; and your Spanish pistols are a sort of battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that meditation) toward another lodging, I found myself ere I was aware in the first court again ; where I entered and in it I observed new wonders : I saw that the number of mad fools increased every moment ; although time (I perceived) did all that was possible to recover them. There was Jealousy tormenting even those that were most confident

of the faith of what they loved. There was Memory rubbing of old sores. There was Understanding, locked up in a dark cellar ; and Reason with both her eyes out. I made a little pause, the better to observe these varieties and disguises. And when I had looked myself a-weary, I turned about and spied a door ; but so narrow that it was hardly passable ; and yet straight as it was, divers there were that ingratitude and infidelity had set at liberty, and made a shift to get through. Upon which opportunity of returning, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the door, and in that instant, my man drew the curtain of my bed, and told me the morning was far spent. Whereupon I waked, and recollecting myself, found all was but a dream. The very fancy, however, of having spent so much time in the company of fools and madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented passionate love to be nothing else than a mere frenzy and folly.

# HELL REFORMED

## OR

### THE BUSYBODY, THE DUENNA AND THE TALE-BEARER

THERE happened lately so terrible an uproar and disorder in hell, that (though it be a place of perpetual outrage and confusion) the oldest devil there never knew the fellow of it ; and the inhabitants expected nothing less than an absolute topsy-turvy and dissolution of their empire. The devils fell upon the damned ; and the damned fell upon the devils, without knowing one from the other : and all running helter-skelter, to and again, like mad ; for, in fine, it was no other than a general revolt. This hurly-burly lasted a good while, before any mortal could imagine the meaning of it ; but at length there came certain intelligence of a monstrous talker, a pragmatistical busybody, and an old bawd of a duenna or gouvernante, that had knocked off their shackles, and made all this havoc : which may give the reader to understand what kind of cattle these are, that could make hell itself more dangerous and unquiet.

Lucifer, in the meantime, went yelping up and down, and bawling for chains, handcuffs, bots, manacles, shackles, fetters, to tie up his prisoners again ; when, in the middle of his career, he and the babbler or tale-bearer I told ye of, met full-butt ; and after a little staring one another in the face, upon the encounter, the babbler opened. “ Prince mine ”, says he, “ you have a pack of lazy, droning devils in your dominions, that look after nothing but sit with their arms and legs across, and leave all your affairs at six and seven. And you have divers abroad too, upon commission, that have stayed out their time, and yet give you no account of their employment.” The Duenna, who had been blowing the coal and whispering sedition from one to another, chanced to pass by in the interim, and, stopping short, addressed herself to Lucifer: “ Look to yourself ”, she cried, “ there is a desperate plot upon your diabolical crown and dignity. There

are two tyrants in it, three parasites, a world of physicians, and whole legions of lawyers and attorneys. One word more in your ear. There is among them a mongrel priest (a kind of a lay-elder) that will go near to sit upon your skirts, if you have not a care of him ”.

At the very name of priest and lay-elder Lucifer looked as pale as death, stood stone-still, as mute as a fish, and in his very looks discovered his apprehensions. After a little pause he roused himself as out of a trance : “ A priest do ye say ? a lay-elder ? tyrants ? physicians ? A composition to poison all the devils in hell, and purge their very guts out ”. With that, away he went to visit the avenues and set his guards, and who should be met next but the busybody, in a monstrous haste and hurry. “ Nay then ”, says he, “ here is the fore-runner of ill-luck. But what’s the matter ? ” “ The matter ? ” cried the meddler ; and then with a huge deal of tedious and impertinent circumstance, he up and told him that a great many of the damned had contrived an escape ; and that there was a design to call in four or five regiments of hypocrites and usurers, under colour forsooth of establishing a better intelligence betwixt earth and hell, with a hundred other fopperies ; and had gone on till this time, if Lucifer would have found ears. But he had other fish to fry ; for neck and all was now at stake ; and so he went about his business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his guards. And for the future security of his royal person, he entertained into his own immediate regiment several reformadoes of the society, that he particularly knew to be no flinchers.

He began his survey in the vault and dungeons, among his jailers and prisoners. The make-bate babbler marched in the van, breathing an air that kindled and inflamed wherever he passed, without giving any light (setting people together by the ears, they know not why). In the second place the *gouvernante*, as full of news and tittle-tattle as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the breach of her following the meddler, leering as he passed along, first on one side then on the other, without ever moving his head, and making fair with every soul he saw in the way. He gave one a bow, t’other a kiss ; “ Your most humble servant ”, to a third ; “ Can I serve you, Sir ”, to a fourth : but every compliment was worse to the poor creatures than the fire



itself. "Ah, traitor!" says one. "For pity's sake away with this new tormentor!" cries another. "This fellow is hell upon hell", says a third. As he trudged on there was a rabble of rascals got together; and in the middle of the crowd a most eminent knight of the post, a (great master of his trade) that was reading a lecture to that venerable assembly, of the noble mystery of swearing and lying; and would have taught any man in one quarter of an hour to prove anything upon oath, that he never saw nor heard of in his life. This doctor had no sooner cast his eye upon the meddling busybody, but up he started in a fright. "How now", says he, "is that devil here? I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamt he'd have been in hell, beyond all dispute I'd have gone myself to paradise."

As he was speaking we heard a great and a confused noise of arms, blows, and outcries; and presently we discovered several persons falling one upon another like lightning; and in short with such a fury, that 'tis not for any tongue or pen to describe the battle. One of them appeared to be an emperor; for he was crowned with laurel, and surrounded with a grave sort of people, that looked like counsellors or senators; and had all the old statutes and precedents at their fingers' ends: by which they endeavoured to make it out, that a king might be killed in his personal capacity, and his political capacity never the worse for it. And upon this point were they at daggers drawn with the emperor. Lucifer came then roundly up to him, and with a voice that made hell quake, "What are you, sir", says he, "that take upon you thus in my dominions?" "I am the great Julius Cæsar", quoth he, "that in this general tumult thought to have revenged myself upon Brutus and Cassius, for murdering me in the Senate, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the common liberty: whereas these traitors did it merely out of envy, avarice and ambition. It was the emperor, not the empire they hated. They pretended to destroy me, for introducing a monarchy; but did they overthrow the monarchy itself? No; but on the contrary, they confirmed it; and did more mischief, in taking away my life than I did in dissolving their republic. However, I died an emperor, and these villains carried only the infamy and brand of regicides to their graves, and the world has ever since adored my memory and abhorred theirs. Tell me", quoth he, "ye cursed bloodhounds",

(turning toward them) "whether was your government better think ye, in the hands of your senators, a company of talking gown-men, that knew not how to keep it, or in the hands of a soldier that won it by his merit? It is not the drawing of a charge, or making of a fine oration, that fits people for government; nor will a crown sit well upon the head of a pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true patriot that advances the glory of his country, by actions of bravery and honour. Which has more right to rule, think ye, he that only knows the laws, or he that maintains them? The one only studies the government; the other protects it. Wretched republic! Thou call'st it freedom to obey a divided multitude, and slavery to serve a single person; and when a company of covetous little fellows are got together, they must be styled fathers of their country, forsooth; and shall one generous person take up with the name of tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserved that one son that made her mistress of the world, than that multitude of fathers, who by so many intestine wars rendered her but a stepmother to her own children. Barbarous and cruel that you are! so much as to mention the name of a commonwealth! considering that since the people tasted of monarchy they have preferred even the worst of princes (as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, etc.) before your tribe of senators."

This discourse of Cæsar's struck Brutus with exceeding shame and confusion; but at length, with a feeble and trembling voice, he delivered himself to this effect. "Gentlemen of the Senate", says he, "do ye not hear Cæsar? or will ye add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame to be cast upon the instruments, when you yourselves were the contrivers of the villainy? Why do ye not answer? for Cæsar speaks to you, as well as to us. Cassius and myself were but your bravoës, and governed by your persuasions and advice, little dreaming of that insatiable ambition that lay lurking under the gravity of your long beards and robes. But 'tis the practice of you all, to arraign that tyranny in the prince, which you would exercise yourselves: in effect, when you have gotten power, and the colour of authority in your hands, it is more dangerous for a prince not to comply with you than for a vassal to rebel against his prince. To what end served your perfidious and ungrateful treason? Make answer to Cæsar.

But for our parts, in the conscience of our sin, we feel the severity of our punishment."

At these words a hollow-eyed, supercilious senator (that had been of the conspiracy, and then was blazing like a pitched barrel) raised himself, and with a faint voice asked Cæsar what reason he had to complain! "For, prince", says he, "if King Ptolemy murdered Pompey the Great, upon whose score he held his kingdom, why might not the Senate as well kill you, to recover what you had taken from them? And in the case betwixt Cæsar and Pompey, let the devils themselves be judges. As for Achilles (who was one of the murderers) what he did, was by Ptolemy's command, and then he was but a free-booter; a fellow that got his living by rapine and spoil: but Cæsar was undoubtedly the more infamous of the two. 'Tis true, you wept at the sight of Pompey's head, but such tears as were more treacherous than the steel that killed him. Ah, cruel compassion and revengeful piety! that made thee a more barbarous enemy to Pompey, dead than living. Oh that ever two hypocrite eyes should creep into the first head of the world! To conclude, the death of Cæsar had been the recovery of our republic, if the multitude had not called in others of his race to the government, which rendered thy fall the very hydra of the empire."

We had had another skirmish upon these words, if Lucifer had not commanded Cæsar to his cell again, upon pain of death; and there to abide such correction as belonged to him, for slighting the warnings of his disaster. Brutus and Cassius too were turned over to the politic fools: and the senators were dispatched away to Minos and Rhadamanthus, and to sit as assistants in the devils' bench.

After this I heard a murmuring noise, as of people talking at a distance, and by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still louder and louder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the ears in a bloody fray: they were persons of great quality all of them, as emperors, magistrates, generals of armies. Lucifer to take up the quarrel, commanded them peace and silence, and they all obeyed, but it vexed them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full career of their fury and revenge. The first that opened his mouth was a fellow so martyred with wounds and

scars, that I took him at first for an indigent officer ; but it proved to be Clitus (as he said himself). And one at his elbow told him, he was a saucy companion, for presuming to speak before his time ; and so he desired audience of Lucifer, for the high and mighty Alexander, the son of Jupiter, and the emperor and terror of the world : he was going on with his qualities and titles ; but an officer gave the word, Silence, and bade Clitus begin ; which he took very kindly, and told his story.

“ If it may please your Majesty ”, says he, “ I was the first favourite of this emperor, who was then lord of all the known world, bare the title of the King of Kings, and boasted himself for the son of Jupiter Ammon ; and yet after all this glory and conquest, he was himself a slave to his passions : he was rash and cruel ; and consequently incapable either of counsel or friendship. While I lived I was near him, and served him faithfully ; but it seems he did not entertain me so much for my fidelity as to augment the number of his flatterers ; but I found myself too honest for a base office ; and still as he ran into foul excesses, I took a freedom, with all possible modesty, to show him his mistakes. One day, as he was talking slightly of his father Philip (that brave prince, from whom he received as well his honour as his being) I told him frankly what I thought of that ingratitude and vanity, and desired him to treat his dead father with more reverence, as a prince worthy of eternal honour and respect. This commendation of Philip so inflamed him, that presently he took a partisan and struck me dead in the place with his own hand. After this, pray’e where was his divinity, when he gave Abdolominus (a poor garden-weeder) the kingdom of Sidonia, which was not, as the world would have it, out of any consideration of his virtue, but to mortify and take down the pride and insolence of the Persians. Meeting him here just now in hell, I asked him what was become of his father Jupiter now, that he lay so long by’t, and whether he were not yet convinced that all his flatterers were a company of rascals, who with their incense and altars would persuade him that he was of divine extraction and heir-apparent to the throne and thunder of Jupiter. This now was the ground of our quarrel. But innectives apart, who but a tyrant would have put a loyal subject to death, only for his affection and regards to the memory of his dead father ? how barbarously did he

treat his favourites, Parmenio, Philotas, Calisthenes, Amintas etc., so that good or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime enough to be the favourite of a tyrant ; as, in the course of human life, every man dies because he is mortal, and the disease is rather the pretext of his death than the cause of it." " You find now ", says Satan, " that tyrants will show their people many a dog trick, when the humour takes them. The good they hate, for not being wicked ; and the bad, because they are no worse. How many favourites have you ever seen come to a fair and timely end ? Remember the emblem of the sponge, and that's the use that princes make of their favourites: they let them suck and fill, and then squeeze them for their own profit."

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a venerable old man, as pale as if he had no blood in his veins, came up to Lucifer, and told him that his emblem of the sponge came very pat to his case ; " for ", says he, " I was a great favourite, and a great hoarder of treasure, a Spaniard by birth, the tutor and confidant of Nero, and my name is Seneca. Indeed his bounties were to excess, he gave me without asking, and in taking I was never covetous but obedient. It is in the nature of princes, and it befits their quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of honour and fortunes ; and 'tis hard for a subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his master. For 'tis not the merit or modesty of the vassal, but the glory of the prince that is in question ; and he is the best subject that contributes the most to the splendour and reputation of his sovereign. Nero indeed gave me as much as such a prince could bestow, and I managed his liberalities with all the moderation imaginable ; yet all too little to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues, which would have it, that my philosophising upon the contempt of the world was nothing else but a mere imposture, that with less danger and notice I might feed and entertain my avarice, and with the fewer competitors. Finding my credit with my master declining, it stood upon me to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw myself from being the mark of a public envy. So I went directly to Nero, and with all possible respect and humility made him a present back again of his own bounties. The truth is, I had so great a passion for his service, that neither the severity

of his nature nor the debauchery of his manners could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a loyal subject. Especially in cases of cruelty and blood, I laid it perpetually home to his conscience, but all to little purpose ; for he put his mother to death, laid the city of Rome in ashes, and indeed depopulated the empire of honest men. And this drew on Piso's conspiracy, which was better laid than executed ; for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives ; and by Divine Providence the prince was preserved, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue the conspiracy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the same time he put Lucan to death, only for being a better poet than himself. And if he gave me my choice what death to die, it was rather cruelty than pity ; for in the very deliberation which death to choose, I suffered all even in the terror and apprehension that made me refuse the rest. The election I made was to bleed to death in a bath, and I finished my own dispatches hither ; where, to my further affliction, I have again encountered this infamous prince, studying new cruelties and instructing the very devils themselves in the art of tormenting ”.

At that word Nero advanced, with his ill-favoured face and shrill voice. “ It is very well ”, says he, “ for a prince's favourite or tutor to be wiser than his master ; but let him manage that advantage then with respect, and not like a rash and insolent fool make proclamation presently to the world, that he's the wiser of the two. While Seneca kept himself within those bounds, I lodged him in my bosom, and the love I had for that man was the glory of my government ; but when he came to publish once (what he should have dissembled or concealed) that it was not Nero but Seneca that ruled the empire, nothing less than his blood could make satisfaction for so intolerable a scandal, and from that hour I resolved his ruin. And I had rather suffer what I do a hundred times over than entertain a favourite that should raise his credit upon my dishonour. Whether I have reason on my side or no, I appeal to all this princely assembly : draw near, I beseech ye, as many as are here, and speak freely, my royal brethren, Did ye ever suffer any favourite to escape unpunished, that had the impudence to write, ‘ I and my king ’ ; to make a stake of majesty, and to publish himself a better statesman than his

master ? ” “ No, no ”, they cried out all with one voice, “ it never was and never shall be endured, while the world lasts : for we have left our successors under an oath to have a care on’t. ‘Tis true, a wise counsellor at a prince’s elbow is a treasure, and ought to be so esteemed while he makes his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his sovereign ; but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary, away with him to the dogs, and down with him, for there’s no enduring of it ”.

“ All this ”, cried Sejanus, “ does not yet concern me ; for though I had indeed more brains than Tiberius, yet I so ordered it that he had the credit in public of all my private advices. And so sensible he was of my services, that he made me his partner and companion in the empire ; he caused my statues to be erected, and invested them with sacred privileges. ‘ Let Sejanus live ’, was the daily cry of the people ; and in truth, my well-being was the joy of the empire ; and far and near there were public prayers and vows offered to my health. But what was the end of it all ? When I thought myself surest in my master’s arms and favour, he let me fall, nay he threw me down, caused me to be cut in pieces, delivering me up to the fury of a barbarous and enraged multitude, that dragged me along the streets ; and happy was he that could get a piece of my flesh to carry upon a javelin’s point in triumph. And it had been well if this inhuman cruelty had stopped here ; but it extended to my poor children, who, though unconcerned in my crimes, were yet to partake in my fate. A daughter I had, whom the very law exempted from the stroke of justice, because of her virginity ; but to clear that scruple, she was condemned first to be ravished by the hangman, and then to be beheaded, and treated as her father. My first failing was upon temerity and pride : I would outrun my destiny, defy fortune ; and for Divine Providence I looked upon it as a ridiculous thing. When I was once out of the way, I thought doing worse was somewhat in order to being better ; and then I began to fortify myself by violence, against craft and malice. Some were put to death, others banished, till, in fine, all the powers of heaven and earth declared themselves against me. I had recourse to all sorts of ill people and means. I had my physician for poisoning, my assassins for revenge ; I had my false witnesses and corrupt judges ; and, in truth, what instruments of wickedness had I not ? And all this, not upon

choice or inclination, but purely out of the necessity of my condition. Whenever I should come to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both of good and bad ; and therefore I shunned the better sort, as those would only serve to accuse me ; but the lewd and vicious I frequented, to increase the number of my complices, and make my party the stronger. But, after all, if Tiberius was a tyrant, I'll swear he was never so by my advice ; but, on the contrary, I have suffered more from him for plain dealing and dissuading him, than the very subjects of his severity have commonly suffered by him. I know, 'tis charged upon me, that I stirred him up to cruelty, to render him odious, and to ingratiate myself to the people. But who was his adviser, I pray'e, in this butcherly proceeding against me ? Oh Lucifer, Lucifer ! you know very well that 'tis the practice of tyrants, when they do amiss themselves, and set their people a-grumbling, to lay all the blame (and punishment too) upon the instrument ; and hang up the minister for the master's fault. ' This is the end of all favourites ', cries one. ' Not a half-penny matter if they were all served so ', says another. And every historian has his saying upon this catastrophe, and sets up a buoy to warn after-ages of the rock of court favours. The greatness of a favourite, I must confess, proclaims the greatness of his maker ; and the prince that maintains what he has once raised does but justify the prudence of his own choice ; and whenever he comes to undo what he has done, publishes himself to be light and inconstant, and does as good as declare himself (even against himself) of the enemy's party ''.

Up stepped Plautian then (Severus his favourite), he that was tossed out of a garret window to make the people sport. " My condition in the world ", says he, " was perfectly like that of a rocket or fire-work : I was carried up to a prodigious height in a moment, and all people's eyes were upon me, as a star of the first magnitude ; but my glory was very short-lived, and down I fell into obscurity and ashes ". After him, appeared a number of other favourites ; and all of them hearkening to Belisarius the favourite of Justinian, who, blind as he was, had already knocked twice with his staff, and shaking his head, with a weak and complaining voice, desired audience ; which was at length granted him, silence commanded ; and he said, as follows :—

" Princes ", said he, " before they destroy the creature



they have raised and chosen, should do well to consider, that cruelty and inconstancy is much a greater infamy to a prince than the worst effects of it can be to a favourite. For my own part, I served an emperor that was both a Christian and a great lover and promoter of justice. And yet, after all the services I had done him, in several battles and adventures (insomuch that he was effectually become my debtor, for the very glory of his empire) my reward, in the end, was to have my eyes put out, and (with a dog and a bell) to be turned a-begging from door to door. Thus was that Belisarius treated, whose very name formerly was worth an army, and he was the soul of his friends as well as the terror of his enemies. But a prince's favour is like quick-silver—restless and slippery, never to be fixed, never secured. Force it, and it spends itself in fumes ; sublime it, and 'tis a mortal poison. Handle it only, and it works itself into the very bones ; and all that have to do with it, live and die pale and trembling ”.

At these words, the whole band of favourites, set up a hideous and a heavy groan, trembling like aspen leaves, and at the same time reciting several passages out of the Prophet Habakkuk, against careless and wicked governors. By which threatnings is given to understand, that the Almighty, when He has a mind to destroy a wicked ruler, does not always punish one potentate by another, and bring His ends about by a trial of arms, or the event of a battle ; but many times makes use of things the most abject and vile, to confound the vanity and arrogance of the mighty ; and makes even worms, flies, caterpillars, and lice to serve Him as the ministers of His terrible justice ; nay, the stone in the wall and the beam in the house shall rise in judgment against them.

This discourse might have gone further, but that the company presently parted, to know the meaning of a sudden noise and clatter they heard, that half-deafened the auditory. And what was it at last but a scuffle between the Gown-men and the Brothers of the Blade ; and there were persons of great honour and learning, young and old engaged in the fray ; the men of war were at it dashing with their swords, and the gentlemen of the long robe, fencing, some with tostatus, others with huge pandects, that with their old wainscot covers were as good as bucklers, and would now and then give the foe a heavy rebuke, over and above. The combat had certainly been very bloody, if one of Lucifer's constables

had not commanded them in the king's name to keep the peace ; which made it a drawn battle. And with that, one of the combatants, with the best face he had, said aloud, " If ye knew, gentlemen, either of us, or our quarrel, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us ". At that instant, there appeared Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, Phalaris, Heliogabalus, Alcetes, Andronicus, Busiris, and old Oliver, with a world of great personages more ; which, when Lucifer saw, he disposed himself to treat that majestical appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave ancient man, with a great train at his heels, that were all bloody, and full of the marks they had received under the persecution of these tyrants.

" You have here before ye ", quoth the old man, " Solon ; and these are the seven sages, natives of Greece, but renowned throughout the universe. He there in the mortar is that Anaxarchus that was pounded to death by command of Nicocreon. He with the flat nose is Socrates ; the little crump-shouldered wretch was the famous Aristotle ; and t'other there, the divine Plato. Those in the corner are all of the same profession too, grave and learned philosophers that have displeased tyrants with their writings ; and, in fine, the world is stored with their works and hell with the authors. To come to the point, most mighty Lucifer, we are all of us dealers in politics, great writers and deep-read men in the maxims of State and Government. We have digested policy into a method, and laid down certain rules, by which princes may make themselves great and beloved. We have advised them impartially to administer justice ; to reward virtue, as well military as civil ; to employ able men, banish flatterers ; to put men of wisdom and integrity in places of trust ; to reward or punish without passion, and according to the merits of the cause, as God's vice-regents. And this now is our offence. We name nobody, we design nobody ; but 'tis crime enough to wish well to the way and to the lovers of virtue." With that, turning towards the tyrants. " O most unjust princes ", said he, " those glorious kings and emperors from whom we took the model of our laws and instructions are now in a state of rest and comfort, while you are tormented. Numa is now a star in the firmament and Tarquin a fire-brand in hell. And the memory of Augustus and Trajan is still fresh and fragrant, when the names of Nero

and Sardanapalus are more putrid and odious than their bodies."

When Dionysius the tyrant heard this (with his companions about him) flesh and blood could hold no longer ; and he cried out in a rage, " That roguish philosopher has told a thousand lies. Legislators, with a pox ? Yes, yes, they are sweet legislators, and princes have many a fair obligation to them. No, no, sirrah ", says he to Solon, " you are all of you a company of quacks ; ye prate and speculate of things ye don't understand ; and with your damned moralities set the people agog upon liberty, cry up the doctrine of free-born subjects, and then our portion is persecution in one world and infamy in t'other ".

" We shall have a fine time on't, my most gracious prince ", cried Julian the apostate, staring Lucifer in the face, " when these dunghill pedants, a company of cock-brained, ridiculous, mortified, ill-bred, beggarly tatterdemalions, shall come to erect a committee for politics, and pass sentence upon governors and governments ; styling themselves, forsooth, the supporters of both, without any more skill than my horse in what belongs to either. Tell me ", says he, " if a brave prince had not better be damned than subject himself to hear one of these turdy-facy-paty-nasty-lowsie-fartical rascals, with a scabbed head and a plantation of lice in his beard, and his eyes crept into the nape of his neck, pronouncing, for an aphorism, that a prince that looks only to one is a tyrant, and that a true king is the shepherd and servant of his people. Ah, rash and besotted coxcombs ! If a king looks only to others, who shall look to him ? As if princes had not enemies enough abroad, without being so to themselves too. But you may write your hearts out, and be never the nearer. Where's our sovereignty, if we have not our subjects' lives and estates at our mercy ? And where's our absolute power if we submit to the counsels of our vassals ? If we have not to satisfy our appetites, avarice and revenge, we want power to discharge the noblest ends of government. These contemplative idiots would have us make choice of good officers, to keep the bad in order ; which were a madness, in our condition. Let them be complaisant, and no matter for any other merit or virtue. A parcel of good offices, handsomely disposed among a pack of cheats and atheists, will make us a party another day ; whereas all is lost that's bestowed upon

honest men, for they're our enemies ; speak truth then all of ye, and shame the devil ; for the butcher fats his sheep only for the shambles.

" I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your mouths, but here's an orator will read you another greater lecture of politics than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the hearing. ' Photinus, advance ', said Julian, ' and speak your mind ' " ; whereupon there appeared a brazen-faced fellow, with a hanging look and twenty other marks of a desperate villain who, with a hellish yell, and three or four wry mouths for a prologue brake into his discourse.

*The wicked advice of one of Ptolemy's courtiers, about  
the killing of Pompey ;  
taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia, Lib. VIII. v. 484.*

" Methinks, under favour (most renowned Ptolemy) we are now slipped into a debate, a little beside the business. The question is whether Pompey should be delivered up to Cæsar, or no. That is to say, whether in reason of state it ought to be done ; and we are formalising the matter, whether in point of equity and justice it may be done. Bodies politic have no souls, and never did any great prince turn a council of state into a court of conscience, but he repented it. Kingdoms are to be governed by politicians, not by casuists ; and there is nothing more contrary to the true interest of crowns and empires, than in public cases to make a scruple of private duties. The argument is this :—Pompey is in distress and Ptolemy under an obligation, so that it were a violation of faith and hospitality not to relieve him. Now give me leave to reason in the other way. Pompey is forsaken, and persecuted by the Gods ; Cæsar upon the heels of him, with victory and success. Shall Ptolemy now ruin himself, to protect a fugitive, against both heaven and Cæsar ! I must confess, where honesty and profit are both of a side, 'tis well ; but, where they disagree, the prince that does not quit his religion, for his convenience, falls into a direct conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the hearts of his soldiery, and the reputation of his power. Whereas, on the contrary, the most hateful tyrant in the world shall be able to keep his head above water, let him but give a general licence to commit all sorts of wickedness ; you'll say 'tis impious, but I say, what if it be ? Who shall call you to account ? These deliberations

are only for subjects that are under command, and not for sovereign princes whose will is a law ”.

Exeat Aulâ  
Qui volet esse pius.

He was never cut out  
For a Court, that's devout.

“ In fine, since either Pompey or Ptolemy must suffer, I am absolutely for the saving of Ptolemy, and the presenting of Pompey's head, without any more ado, to Cæsar. A dead dog will never bite.”

Photinus had no sooner made an end, but Domitian appeared in a monstrous rage, and lugging poor Suetonius after him like a bear to the stake. “ There is not in nature ”, says he, “ so damned a generation of scribbling rogues as these historians. We can neither be quiet for them, living or dead : for they haunt us in our very graves ; and when they have vented the humour and caprice of their own brains, that forsooth must be called, *The Life of such an Emperor*. And, for an instance, I'll show ye what this impertinent chronicler says of myself. ‘ He had squandered away his treasure ’, says he, ‘ in expensive buildings, comedies, and donatives to the soldiers .’

“ Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employed.

“ In another place, he says, that ‘ Domitian had some thoughts of easing himself in his military charges, by reducing the number : but that he durst not do, for fear some of his neighbours should put an affront upon him. So that, to lick himself whole, he fell to raking and scraping whatever he could get, either from dead or living ; and any rascal's testimony was proof enough for a confiscation : for there needed no more to undo an honest man, than to tell a tale at court that such a one had spoken ill of the prince ’.

“ Is this the way of treating majesty ? what could this impudent pedant have said worse, if he had been speaking of a pick-pocket or a pirate ? But princes and thieves are all one to them.

“ He says further, that ‘ Domitian made seizure of several estates, without any sort of right whatsoever ; and there went no more to his title than for a false witness to depose that he heard the defunct declare, before he died, that he made Cæsar

his heir. He set such a tax upon the Jews, that many of them denied their religion to avoid it ; and I remember that, when I was a young fellow, I saw an old man of fourscore and ten taken upon suspicion by one of Domitian's spies, and turned up in a public assembly, to see if he were circumcised'.

" Be ye now judges, gentlemen of the Black Guard, if this be not a most intolerable indignity. Am I to answer for the actions of my inferior officers ? It amazes me that my successors should ever endure these scandalous reports to be published, especially against a prince that had laid out so much money in repairing the libraries that were burnt."

" It is very true ", said Suetonius in a doleful tone, " and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your honour. But what will you say, if I show you, in a warrant under your hand, this execrable and impious blasphemy ? It is the command of your Lord and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint ? I have written the Lives too of the great Julius Cæsar, and the divine Augustus, and the world will not say but I have done them right. But for yourself, and such as you, that are effectually but so many incarnate and crowned plagues, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those tyrannies, which heaven and earth cannot but look upon with dread and horror ? "

This discourse of Suetonius was interrupted by the babbler that rounded Lucifer in the ear, and told him, " Look ye, sir ", says he, pointing with his finger, " that limping devil there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the hoof, has been abroad in the world, these twenty years, and is but just now come back again ". " Come hither, sirrah ", cries Lucifer ; and so the poor cur went wriggling and glotting up towards his prince. " You are a fine rogue to be sent on an errand, are ye not ? " says Lucifer, " to stay twenty years out, and come back again e'en as wise as ye went : what souls have you brought now ? or what news from t'other world ? " " Ha ! Your highness ", quoth the devil, " has too much honour and justice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember, that at my going out you gave me charge of a certain merchant ; it cost me the first ten years of my time to make him a thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had stolen ." " A fine fetch for a devil this, is it not ? " cried Lucifer. " But hell

is no more the hell it was when I knew it first, than chalk is cheese ; and the devils nowadays are so damnedly insipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roasting. A senseless puppy to come back to me with a story of a calf that went nine miles to suck a bull. But he's not master of his trade yet ." And with that Lucifer bade one of his officers take him away and put him to school again ; " for I perceive he's a rascal ", says he, " and he has e'en been roguing at a play-house, when he should have been at church ".

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many men came running as hard as they could drive after a company of women : the men crying out, " Stop, stop ", and the women crying for help. Lucifer commanded them all to be seized, and asked what was the matter. " Alas, alas ! " cried one of the men, quite out of breath, " these carrions have made us fathers, though we never had children ." " Govern your tongue, sirrah ", cried a devil of honour, out of respect to the ladies, " and speak truth : for 'tis utterly impossible you should be fathers without children ." " Pardon me ", said the fellow, " we were married men, and honest men and good house-keepers, and have borne offices in the parish, and have children that call us fathers ; but 'tis a strange thing, we have been abroad some of us seven years together ; others, as long bed-rid and so impotent, that the civilians would have put us *inter frigidos et maleficiatos* : and yet our wives have brought us every year a child, which we were such fools as to keep and bring up, and give ourselves to the devil at last to get them estates ; out of a charitable persuasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a twelve-month together (perhaps) we never so much as examined whether our wives were fish or flesh. But now since the mothers are dead, and the children grown up, we have found the tools that made them. One has the coachman's nose, another the gentleman-usher's legs, a third a cousin-german's eyes. And some, we are to presume, conceived purely by strength of imagination, or else by the ears—like weazels ."

Thereupon appeared a little remnant of a man, a dapper Spaniard, with a kind of a besom-beard, and a voice not unlike the yapping of a foysting cur. As he came near, the company, he set up his throat, and called out, " Ah jade ! " says he, " I shall now take ye to task, whore that you are, for making me father my negro's bastard, and for the estate

I settled upon him. I did ever misdoubt foul play, but should never have dreamt of that ugly toad, when there was such a choice of handsome, lusty young fellows about us ; but it may be she had them too. I cursed the monks many and many a time, I remember, to the pit of hell—heaven forgive me for it ; for the strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to confession, and in sooth I was never any great friend to penance and mortification. And then would I be easing my mind ever and anon to this cursed Moor. ‘ I cannot imagine ’, said I, ‘ where this mistress of thine should commit all the sins that she goes every hour of the day to confess at yonder manstery.’ And then would this dog-Moor answer me. ‘ Alas, good lady ! I would e’en venture my soul with hers with all my heart ; she spends all her time, you see, in holy duties.’ I was at that time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more than a pure respect and civility to my wife ; but I have learnt better since, and that effectually his soul and hers were commonly ventured in the same bottom ; yes, and their bodies too, as I perceive by their magpie issue, for the bastards take after both father and mother ”.

“ So that at this rate ”, cried the adopted fathers, “ the husband of a whore has a pleasant time on’t. First, he’s subjected to all the pukings, longings, and peevish importunities, that a breeding woman gives those about her till she’s laid ; and then comes the squalling of the child, and the twittle-twattle gossipings of the nurse and midwife, that must be well treated too, well lodged, and well paid. ‘ A sweet baby ’, says one (to the jade the mother on’t) ‘ ’tis e’en as like the father as if he had spit it out on’s mouth ; it has the very lips, the very eyes of him ’, when ’tis no more like him than an apple is like an oyster. And, in conclusion, when we have borne all this, and twenty times more in t’other world, with a Christian patience, we are hurried away to hell, and here we lie a company of damned cuckolds of us ; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *sæcula sæculorum* : which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason.”

I cut this visit short, to see what news in a deep vault near at hand, where we heard a great bustle and contest betwixt divers souls and the devils. There were the presumptuous, the revengeful, and the envious, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. “ Oh, that I could but be born again ! ” says one ; “ Oh, that I might go back



into the world again ! ” says another ; “ Oh, that I were but to die once more ! ” cries a third. Insomuch that they put the devils out of all patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable wishes and exclamations. “ Hang yourselves ” cried they, for a pack of cozening, bawling rascals : you live again ? and be born again ? and what if you might do it a thousand times over ? You would only die at last a thousand times greater villains than now you are, and there would be no clearing hell of you with a dog-whip. However, to try you and make you know yourselves, we have commission to let you live again and return. Up then, ye varlets, go, and be born again ; get ye into the world again. Away ”, cried the devils, with a lusty lash at every word, and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor rogues hung an arse, and were struck with such a terror, to hear of living again, and returning, that they slunk into a corner, and lay as quiet upon ’t as lambs.

At length, one of the company that seemed to have somewhat more brain and resolution than his fellows, entered very gravely upon the debate, whether they should go out or no. “ If I should now ”, says he, “ at my second birth, come into the world a bastard, the shame would be mine, though my parents committed the fault ; and I should carry the scandal and the infamy of it to my grave. Now put the case, my mother should be honest (for that’s not impossible) and that I came into the world, legitimate ; how many follies, vices, and diseases are there that run in a blood ! Who knows, but I should be mad, or simple ? swear, lie, cheat, whore ; nay if I came off, with a little mortification of my carcase, as the stone, the scurvy, or the noble pox, I were a happy man. But oh the lodging, the diet, and the cookery that I am to expect for a matter of nine months in my mother’s belly ; and then the butter and beer that must be spent to sweeten me, when I change my quarter. I must come crying into the world, and live in ignorance even what life is till I die ; and then as ignorant of death too, till ’tis passed. I fancy my swaddling-clouts and blankets to be worse than my winding-sheet ; my cradle represents my tomb. And then who knows, whether my nurse shall be found or no ? She’ll over-lay me perhaps ; leave me some four and twenty hours, it may be, without clean clouts, and a pin or two all the while, perchance, up to the hilts in my backside. And then follows

breeding of teeth, and worms ; with all the gripes and disorders that are caused by unwholesome milk. These miseries are certain, and why should I run them over again ?

“ If it happen that I pass the state of infancy, without the pox or measles, I must be then packed away to school, to get the itch, a scaled head, or a pair of kibed heels. In winter, 'tis ten to one you find me with a snotty nose, and perpetually under the lash, if I either miss my lesson or go late to school. So that hang him, for my part, that would be born again, for anything I see yet.

“ When I come up toward man, the women will have me as sure as a gun, for they have a thousand gins and devices to catch wood-cocks ; and if ever I come to set eye upon a lass that understands dress and raillery, I'm gone, if there were no more lads in Christendom. But, for my part, I am as sick as a dog, of powd'ring, curling, and playing the ladybird. I would not for all the world be in the shoemaker's stocks, and choke myself over again in a straight doublet, only to have the ladies say, ' Look, what a delicate shape and foot that gentleman has '. And I would take as little pleasure to spend six hours, of the four and twenty, in picking grey hairs out of my head or beard, or turning white into black. To stand half ravished in the contemplation of my own shadow ; to dress fine, and go to church only to see handsome ladies ; to correct the midnight air with ardent sighs and ejaculations ; and to keep company with owls and bats, like a bird of evil omen ; to walk the round of a mistress's lodging, and play at bo-peep at the corner of every street ; to adore her imperfections (or as the song says—for her ugliness, and for her want of coin) : to make bracelets of her locks, and truck a pearl necklace for a shoe-string. At this rate, I say, cursed again and again be he, for my part, that would live over again so wretched a life.

“ Being come now to write full man, if I have an estate how many cares, suits, and wrangles go along with it ! If I have none, what murmuring and regret at my misfortunes ! By this time, the sins of my youth are gotten into my bones ; I grow sour and melancholy ; nothing pleases me ; I curse old age to ten thousand devils ; and the youth which I can never recover in my veins, I endeavour to fetch out of the barbers' shops, from peruques, razors, and patches, to conceal, or at least disguise all the marks and evidences of Nature in

her decay. Nay, when I shall have never an eye to see with nor a tooth left in my head, gouty legs, windmills in my crown, my nose running like a tap, and gravel in my reins by the bushel, then must I make oath that all this is nothing but mere accident, gotten by lying in the field, or the like, and out-face the truth in the very teeth of so many undeniable witnesses. There is no plague comparable to this hypocrisy of the members. To have an old fop shake his heels, when he's ready to fall to pieces ; and cry, these legs would make a shift yet to play with the best legs in the company ; and then, with a lusty thump on's breast, fetch ye up a hem, and cry, ' Sound at heart, boy ', and a thousand other fooleries of the like nature. But all this is nothing to the misery of an old fellow in love, especially if he be put to gallant it against a company of young gamesters. Oh the inward shame and vexation to see himself scarce so much as neglected. It happens sometimes that a jolly lady, for want of better entertainment, may content herself with one of these revered fornicators, instead of a whetstone ; but alack, alack ! the poor man is weak though willing ; and after a whole night spent in cold and frivolous pretences and excuses, away he goes with torments of rage and confusion about him, not to be expressed ; and many a heavy curse is sent after him for keeping a poor lady from her natural rest to so little purpose. How often must I be put to the blush too, when every old toast shall be calling me old acquaintance, and telling me, ' Oh sir, 'tis many a fair day since you and I knew one another first. I think it was in the four and thirtieth of the Queen, that we were school-fellows. How the world's altered since ! ' etc. And then must my head be turned to a *memento mori* ; my flesh dissolved into rheums ; my skin withered and wrinkled ; with a staff in my hand, knocking the earth at every trembling step, as if I called upon my grave to receive me ; walking like a moving phantasm ; my life little more than a dream ; my reins and bladder turned into a perfect quarry ; and the urinal or pisspot my whole study. My next heir watching, every minute, for the long-looked for and happy hour of my departure ; and in the meantime, I'm become the physician's revenue, and the surgeon's practice, with an apothecary's shop in my guts ; and every old jade calling me grandsire. No, no ; I'll no more living again, I thank ye : one hell rather than two mothers.

“ Let us now consider the comforts of life, the humours and manners. He that would be rich must play the thief or the cheat ; he that would rise in the world must turn parasite, informer, or projector. He that marries ventures fair for the horn, either before or after. There is no valour without swearing, quarrelling, or hectoring. If ye are poor, nobody owns ye. If rich, you’ll know nobody. If you die young, ‘ What pity it was ’, they’ll say, ‘ that he should be cut off thus in his prime ’. If old, ‘ He was e’en past his best ; there’s no great miss of him ’. If you are religious, and frequent the church and the sacrament, you’re an hypocrite ; and without this, you’re an atheist or an heretic. If you are gay and pleasant, you pass presently for a buffoon ; and if pensive and reserved, you are taken to be sour and censorious. Courtesy is called colloquing and currying of favour ; down right honesty and plain-dealing is interpreted to be pride and ill-manners. This is the world ; and for all that’s in it I would not have it to go over again. If any of ye, my masters ”, said he to his camerades, “ be of another opinion hold up your hands.” “ No, no ”, they cried all unanimously “ no more generation-work, I beseech ye ; better the devil than the midwives.”

After this came a testator, cursing and raving like a bedlam, that he had made his last will and testament. “ Ah villain ! ” said he, “ for a man to murder himself as I have done ! If I had not sealed, I had not died. Of all things, next a physician, deliver me from a testament. It has killed more than the pestilence. Oh miserable mortals, let the living take warning by the dead, and make no testaments. It was my hard luck, first to put my life into the physician’s power, and then, by making my will, to sign the sentence of death upon myself, and my own execution. ‘ Put your soul and your estate in order ’, says the doctor, ‘ for there’s no hope of life ’ ; and the word was no sooner out, but I was so wise and devout (forsoot ) as to fall immediately upon the prologue of my will, with an *In nomine Domini*, Amen, etc. And when I came to dispose of my goods and chattels I pronounced these bloody words (I would I had been tongue-tied when I did it), ‘ I make and constitute my son, my sole executor. *Item*, to my dear wife, I give and bequeath all my plays and romances, and all the furniture in the rooms upon the second storey. To my very good friend T.B. my large tankard, for a

remembrance. To my foot-boy Robin, five pound to bind him 'prentice. To Betty, that tended me in my sickness, my little caudle-cup. To Mr. Doctor, my fair table diamond for his care of me in my illness'. After signing, and sealing, the ink was scarce dry upon the paper, but methought the earth opened as if it had been hungry to devour me. My son and my legatees were presently casting it up, how many hours I might yet hold out. If I called for the cordial julep, or a little of the Doctor's water, my son was taking possession of my estate, my wife so busy about the beds and hangings that she could not attend to it. The boy and the wench could understand nothing but about their legacies. My very good friend's mind was wholly upon his tankard. My kind Dr. I must confess took occasion, now and then, to handle my pulse, and see whether the diamond were of the right black water, or no. If I asked him what I might eat, his answer was, 'Anything, anything, e'en what you please yourself'. At every groan I fetched, they were calling for their legacies, which they could not have till I was dead.

"But if I were to begin the world again, I think I should make another kind of testament. I would say: 'A curse upon him that shall have my estate when I am dead, and may the first bit of bread he eats out on't choke him. The devil in hell take what I cannot carry away, and him too, that struggles for't, if he can catch him. If I die, let my boy Robin have the strappado, three hours a day, to be duly paid him during life. Let my wife die of the pip, or the mother (not a halfpenny matter which); but let her first live long enough to plague the damned doctor, and indite him for poisoning her poor husband'. To speak sincerely I can never forgive that dog-leech. Was it not enough to make me sick, when I was well, without making me dead when I was sick? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my grave too. But, to say the truth, this is only neighbour's fare, for all these fools that trust in them are served with the same sauce. A vomit or a purge is as good a passport into the other world as a man would wish. And then, when our heads are laid, 'tis never to be endured the scandals they cast upon our bodies and memories! 'Heaven rest his soul', cries one, 'he killed himself with a debauch.' 'How is it possible', says another, 'to cure a man that keeps no diet?' 'He was a madman', cries a third, 'a mere sot, and would not

be governed by his physician. His body was as rotten as a pear, he had as many diseases as a horse, and it was not in the power of man to save him. And truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal die well than live on as he did.' Thieves and murtherers that ye are, you yourselves are that hour ye talk of. The physician is only death in a disguise, and brings his patient's hour along with him. Cruel people ! Is it not enough to take away a man's life, and like common hangmen to be paid for't when ye have done, but you must blast the honour too of those you have dispatched, to excuse your ignorance ? Let but the living follow my counsel, and write their testaments after this copy, they shall live long and happily, and not go out of the world at last like a rat with a straw in his arse (as a learned author has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these counterfeit doctors of the faculty of the close-stool."

The dead man plied his discourse with so much gravity and earnestness, that Lucifer began to believe what he said. But because all truths are not to be spoken, especially among the devils, where hardly any are admitted ; and for fear of mischief, if the doctors should come to hear what had been said, Lucifer presently ordered the fellow to be gagged, or put in security for his good behaviour.

His mouth was no sooner stopped but another was opened ; and one of the damned came running cross the company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a cur that had lost his master) bawling as if he had been out of his wits, and crying out, " Oh, where am I ? Where am I ? I am abused, I am choused ; what's the meaning of all this ? Here are damning devils, tempting devils, and tormenting devils, but the devil a devil can I find of the devils that brought me hither ; they have gotten away my devils ; where are they ? Give me my devils again."

It might well make the company stare, to see a fellow hunting for devils in hell, where they swarm in legions. But as he was in this hurry, a *gouvernante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a half turn and stopped him. " Old lucky-bird " says she, " If thou wantest devils here, where dost expect to find them ? " He knew her as soon as he saw her. And " Art thou here old Beelzebub in a petticoat ? " said he, " the very picture of Satan, the coupler of male and female, the buckle and thong of lechery, the multiplier of sin and the

guide of sinners, the seasoner of rotten mutton, the interpretress betwixt whores and knaves, the preface to the remedy of love, and the prologue to the critical minute. Speak, and without more ado, tell me, where are the devils and their dams that brought me hither ? These are none of them. No, no, I am not such a fool as to be trepanned and spirited away by devils with tails, horns, bristles, wings, that smell as if they had been smoked in a chimney-corner. The devils that I look for are worse than these. Where are the mothers that play the bawds to their own daughters ? and the aunts that do as much for their nieces, and make them caper and sparkle like wild-fire ? The black-eyed girls that carry fire in their eyes, and strike as sure as a lance from the rest of a cavalier ? Where are the flatterers that speak nothing but pleasing things ? The make-bates, and incendiaries, that are the very canker of human society ? Where are the story-mongers ? The masters of the faculty of lying ? that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe. Those slanderous backbiters, that like vultures prey only upon carrion ? Where are the hypocrites that turn devotion into interest, and make a revenue of a commandment ? That pretend ecstasy when they are drunk, and utter the fumes and dreams of their luxury and tipples for revelations ? That make chapels of their parlours, preachments of their ordinary entertainments, and everything they do is a miracle. They can divine all that's told them, and raise people to life again ; that counterfeit sick, when they should work, and give an honest man to the devil with a *Deo gratias*. These are the devils I would be at ; these are they that have damned me ; look them out, and find them for me, ye impudent hag, or I shall be so bold as to search your French hood for them ". And with that word he fell on upon the poor gouvernante, tore off her head-gear, and laid 'bout him so furiously that there would have been no getting him off, if Lucifer had not made use of his absolute authority to quiet him.

Immediately upon the composing of this fray we heard the shooting of bars and bolts, the opening of doors and hinges that creaked for want of grease, and a strange humming of a great number of people. The first that appeared were a company of bold, talkative, and painted old women ; but as bonny and gamesome, tickling and toying with one another,

as if they had never seen thirteen ; and carrying it out with an air of much satisfaction and content. The babbler was somewhat scandalised at their behaviour, and told them how ill they did to be merry in hell ; and several others admired it as much, and asked them the reason of it, considering their condition. With that one of the gang, that was wretchedly thin and pale, and raised upon a pair of heels that made her legs longer than her body, told Lucifer, with great respect, that at their first coming they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damned old jades to be. " But ", says she, " we were a little comforted when we heard of no other punishments here, than weeping and gnashing of teeth, and in some hope to come off upon reasonable terms ; for we have not among us all so much as a drop of moisture in our bodies, nor a tooth in our heads." " Search them presently ", cried the intermeddler, " squeeze the balls of their eyes, and let their gums be examined, you'll find snags, stumps, or roots ; or enough of somewhat or other to spoil the jest." Upon the scrutiny they were found so dry that they were good for nothing in the world but to serve for tinder or matches, and so they were disposed of into the devils' tinder-boxes.

While they were casing up the old women there came on a number of people of several sorts and qualities, that called out to the first they saw, " Pray'e, gentlemen ", said they, " before we go any further, will ye direct us to the court of rewards ? " " How's that ", cried one of the company, " I was afraid we had been in hell, but since you talk of rewards I hope 'tis but purgatory." " Good, good ", said the whole multitude, " you'll quickly find where you are". " Purgatory ", cried the intermeddler, " you have left that up the hill there, upon the right hand. This is hell, and a place of punishment : here's no registry of rewards". " Then we are mistaken ", said he that spake first. " How so ? " cried the intermeddler. " You shall hear ", said the other, " we were in the other world entitled to the order of the squires pad, and borrowed now and then a small sum upon the King's highway ; we understood somewhat too of the cross-bite and the use of the frail dye. Some of our conscientious and charitable friends would fain have drawn us off from the course we were in, and to give them their due, bestowed a great deal of good counsels upon us to the very little purpose ; for we were in a pretty way of thriving, and had gotten a habit and



could not leave it. We asked them, 'What would you have us to do? Money we have none, and without it there's no living; should we stay till it were brought, or came alone? How would ye have a poor *individuum vagum* to live? that has neither estate, office, master, nor friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his element unless be he either in a tavern, a bawdy-house, or a gaming ordinary. Now, that's the man that Providence has appointed to live by his wits. Our advisers saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us that in the other world we should meet with our reward.

"They would tell us some time, how base a thing it was to defame and abuse the bed of a friend. Our answer was ready, 'Well! and had we not better do it there where the house is open to us, the master and the lady kind, the occasion fair and easy, than to run a caterwauling into a family where every servant in the house is a spy, and (perhaps) a fellow behind every door in the house with a dagger or pistol in his hand to entertain us.' Upon this, our grave counsellors finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over, and told us as before, that in the other world these honest men told us of, we are inquiring after the rewards they promised us."

"Abominable scoundrels!" said an officer of justice there at hand, "how many of your reprobated companions have squandered away their fortunes upon whores and dice, exposing not only their wives and children but many a noble family to a shameful and irreparable ruin; and let any man put in a word of wholesome advice, their answer is, 'Tush, tush; our wives and children are in the hands of Providence; and let Him provide for the rooks, that feeds the ravens'. Then was it told ye, you should find your reward in the other world; and the time is now come wherein ye shall receive it; up, up then, ye cursed spirits, and away with them." At which word a legion of devils fell on upon the miserable caitiffs, with whips and firebrands, and gave them their long-expected reward; and at every lash a voice was heard to say, "In the other world you shall receive your reward;" these wretches, in the meanwhile, damning and sinking themselves to the pit of hell, still, as if they had been upon earth, and vomiting their customary and execrable blasphemies.

Just as this storm blew over there drew near a multitude of bailiffs, sergeants, catchpoles, and other officers of prey,

with the thieves' devil, bound hand and foot, and a foul accusation against him. Whereupon Lucifer, with a fell countenance, took his seat in a flaming chair, and called his officers about him. So soon as the prince had taken his place, a certain officer began his report. "Here is before thee", quoth he, "a devil, most mighty Lucifer, that stands charged with ignorance in his trade; and the shame of his quality and profession, instead of damning men, he has made it his business to save them." The word save put the court in such a rage, that they bit their lips till the blood started and the fire sparkled at their eyes; and Lucifer, turning about to his attorney, "Who would ever have imagined", said he, "that so treacherous a rascal could have been harboured in my dominions?" "It is most certain, my gracious lord", replied the attorney, "that this devil has been very diligent in drawing people into thefts and pilferies, and then, when they come to be discovered, they are clapped up and hanged, or some mischief or other. But still, before execution, the ordinary calls them to shrift; and many times the toy takes them in the head to confess and repent, and so they are saved. Now this silly devil thinks that when he has brought them to steal, murder, coin, and the like, he has done his part, and so he leaves them; whereas he should stick close to them in the prison, and be tempting them to despair and make away with themselves. But when they are once left to the priest, he commonly brings them to a sight of their sins, and they 'scape. Now this simple devil was not aware, it seems, that many a soul goes to heaven from the gallows, the wheel, and the faggot: and this failing has lost your Highness many a fair purchaser." "Here's enough", cried the president "and there needs no more charge against him." The poor devil thought it was high time to speak now, when they were just upon the point of passing his sentence; and so he cries out, "my lord", said he, "I beseech you hear me; for though they say the devil is dead, it is not meant of your greatness." So there was a general silence, and thus he proceeded.

"I cannot deny, my lord, but prison is the way to paradise, and many a man goes to heaven from the gallows. But if you will set those that are damned for condemning others, against those that are saved from the gallows, hell will be found no loser by me at the foot of the account. How

many marshal's-men, turn-keys, and keepers have I sent ye for letting a coiner give them the slip now and then, with his false money (always provided they leave better money instead on't). How many false witnesses and knights of the post, that would set their consciences like clocks to go faster or slower, according as they had more or less weight, and swear *ex tempore*, at all rates and prices ! How many solicitors, attorneys, and clerks, that would draw ye up a declaration or an indictment, so slyly, that I myself could hardly discover any error in't ; and yet, when it came to the test, it was as plain as the nose on a man's face (that is to say again, provided they were well paid for the fashion). How many jailers that would wink at an escape for a lusty bribe ! And how many attorneys that would give ye dispatch or delay thereafter, as they were greased ! Now, after all this, what does it signify, if one thief of a thousand comes to the gallows ? He only suffers because he was poor, that there may be the better trading for the rich, and without any design in the world to suppress stealing. Nay, it often falls out, that they that bring the malefactor to the gibbet are the worse criminals of the two. But they are never looked after ; or, if they should be, they have tricks and fetches enough to bring themselves off ; so that it fares in this case, as it did with him that had his house troubled with rats, and would needs take in a company of cats to destroy them : the rats would be nibbling at his cheese, his bacon, a crust of bread, and now and then a candle's end ; but when the cats came, down went a milk-bowl, away goes a brace of partridges or a couple of pigeons, and the poor man must content himself to go supperless to bed. In the conclusion, the rats were troublesome, but the cats were intolerable. And then there's this in't : suppose one poor fellow hangs and goes to heaven ; I do but give him in truck for two hundred, at least, that deserve to be hanged but 'scape and go to hell at last. Besides, a thief upon a gibbet is as good as a roasted dog in a pigeon house ; for ye shall immediately have two or three thousand witches about him, for snips of his halter, an eye-tooth, or a collop of his fat, which is of sovereign use in many of their charms. But, in fine, let me do what I will my services are not understood. My successor, it may be, will discharge his duty better, and indeed I am very well content to lay down my commission ; for (to say the truth) I am in years, and would gladly have a

little rest now, in my old age, which I rather propose to myself in the service of some pretender than where I am."

Lucifer heard him with great patience, and, in the end, gave him all the satisfaction imaginable ; strictly charging the evil spirits that had abused him to do so no more, upon hazard of pains corporal and spiritual ; and they desired him, too, that he would not lay down his employment, for he was strong enough yet to do very good service in it. But to think of easing himself, by going to a pretender, he'd find himself mistaken, for 'twas a duty he'd never be able to endure. " Well ! " says he, " e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a devil might have lived very comfortably in that condition ; for he has no more to do, that I can see, than to keep his ears open, and learn his trade. For put case it should be some pretender to a good office, or a fat bishopric (though the fathers and councils are against pretenders in this case) I fancy to myself all the pleasure and divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to school, for these people teach the devils their ABC. And all that we have to do is to sit still and learn."

The vision that followed this was the dæmon of tobacco, which I must confess did not a little surprise me. I have indeed often said to myself, " Certainly these smokers are possessed " ; but I could never swear it till now. " I have " said the devil, " by bringing this weed into Spain, revenged the Indians upon the Spaniards for all the massacres and butcheries they committed there, and done them more mischief than ever Colon, Cortes, Almero, Pizarro did in the Indies : by how much it is more honourable to die upon a sword's point by gunshot, or at the mouth of a cannon, than for a man to snivel and sneeze himself into another world ; or to go away in a megrim or a spotted fever, perchance, which is the ordinary effect of this poisonous tobacco. It is with tobacconists as 'tis with demoniacs under an exorcism, they fume and vapour, but the devil sticks to them still. Many there are that make a very idol of it ; they admire they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it puts them into an ecstasy. In the smoke it is a probation for hell, where another day they must endure smoking ; taken in powder, at the nose, it draws upon youth the incommodities of old age, in the perpetual annoyance of rheum and drivel."

The devil of subordination came next, which was a good-complexioned and a well-timbered devil, to my great amazement I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any devils till now but what were extremely ugly. The air of his face was so familiar to me that methought I had seen it in a thousand several places ; sometime under a veil, sometime open ; now under one shape and then under another. One while he called himself child's-play ; another while, kind entertainment ; here, payment ; there, restitution ; and, in a third place, alms : but, in fine, I could never learn his right name. I remember in some places I have heard him called inheritance, profit, good, cheap, patrimony, gratitude. Here he was called doctor ; there bachelor. With the lawyers, solicitors and attorneys, he passed under the name of right ; and the confessors called him charity.

He was well accompanied, and styled himself Satan's lieutenant ; but there was a devil of consequence that opposed him, might and main, and made this proclamation of himself. " Be it known ", says he, " that I am the great embroiler and politic entangler of affairs. The deluder of princes, the pretext of the unworthy, and the excuse of tyrants. I can make black, white ; and give what colour I please to the foulest actions in nature. If I had a mind to overturn the world, and put all in a general confusion, I could do it ; for I have it in my power to banish order and reason out of it ; to turn sauciness and importunity into merit, example into necessity ; to give law to success, authority to infamy, and credit to insolence. I have the tongues of all counsellors at my girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less than just as I please. In short, that's easy to me which others account impossible, and while I live ye need never fear either virtue, justice, or good government in the world. This devil of subordination that talks of his lieutenantancy, what could he ever have done without me ? He's a rascal that no person of quality would admit into his company, if I did not fit him with vizors and disguises. Let him hold his tongue then, and know himself ; and let me hear no more of those disputes about the lieutenantancy of hell, for I have Lucifer's broad seal to show for my title to't."

" For my part ", cried another mutinous spirit, " I am one of those humble-minded devils that can content myself to hold the door, upon a good occasion ; or knock under the

table, and play at small game rather than stand out. But few words among friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists. I am then ", says he, " the devil interpreter, and my business is to gloss upon the text ; in which case, the cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me ; for I have much to say for the honour of the horn. How should a poor fellow that has a handsome wench to his wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his head in the world if it were not for that quality ? I have a pretty faculty in doing good offices for distressed ladies, at a time of need ; and I make the whole sex sensible how great a folly and madness it is to neglect those sweet opportunities. Among other secrets, I have found out a way to establish an office for thievery, where the officers shall be thieves and justify it when they have done." Here he stopped.

There was a short silence, and then there appeared another devil of about a foot and a half long. " I am ", says he, " a devil, but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in hell ; and yet the door opens to me as well as to another, for I never come empty handed ". " Why, what have you brought them ? " says the intermeddler, and came up to him, " What have I brought ? " quoth he, " I have brought an eternal talker and a finical flatterer ; they are two pieces that were in high esteem in the cabinets of two great princes, and I have brought them for a present to Lucifer. With that, Lucifer cast his eye upon them, and with a damned verjuice-face, as if he had bitten a crab, " You do well ", says he, " to say ye had them at court ; and I think you should do well to carry them thither again ; for I had as lief have their room as their company ".

After him followed another dwarf devil, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a rascal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the bad as well as the better sort were scandalised at his conversation. " A mighty piece of business ", cried the gouvernante. " And could you not have gotten him a handsome office or employment ? That would have made him good for something and you might have done his business."

In the meantime the babbler went whispering up and down and finding faults, till at length he came to a huge bundle of sleeping devils in a corner, that were fagotted up, and all

mouldy and full of cobwebs, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the band to give them air. With much ado, they waked them, and asked what devils they were, what they did there, and why they were not upon duty. They fell a-yawning, and said that they were the devils of luxury : " But since the women have taken a fancy to prefer guineas and jacobusses before their modesty and honour, there has been no need of a devil in the case to tempt them ; for 'tis but showing them the merry spankers, they'll dart like larks, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a purse-net. Gold supplies all imperfections ; it makes an angel of a crocodile, turns a fool into a philosopher, and a dressing-box well lined is worth twenty thousand devils. So that there is no temptation like a present ; and take them from top to bottom, the whole race of woman is frail, and one thread of pearl will do more with them than a million of fine stories ".

Just as this devil made an end we heard another snorting ; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept dog-sleep, or rather the sleep of a contented cuckold, that would spoil no sport where he made none. " I am ", says he, " the nuns' devil, and for want of other employment I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My mistresses are now choosing an abbess, and always when they are at that work I make holiday : for they are all devils themselves then ; there is such canvassing, flattering, importuning, cajoling, making of parties ; and in a word so general a confusion, that a devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the ambitious make it a point of honour upon such an occasion, to show that they can out-wit the devils. And if ever hell should be in danger of a peace, it is my advice that you presently call in a convention of nuns to the election of an abbess, which would most certainly reduce it to its ancient state of sedition, mutiny, and confusion, and bring us all in effect to such a pass that we should hardly know one another."

Lucifer was very well pleased with the advice, and ordered it to be entered upon the register, as a sure expedient to suppress any disorders that might happen for the future to the disturbance of his government : after which he commanded the issuing out of a summons to all his companies and livery-men, who forthwith appeared in prodigious

multitudes ; and Lucifer with a hideous yell delivered himself most graciously as follows :—

*The Decree of Lucifer.*

“ To our trusty and despairing legions, and well-beloved subjects, lying under the condemnation of perpetual darkness, that lived pensioners to sin, and had death for their paymaster, greeting. This is to let you understand, that there are two devils, who pretend a claim to the honour of our lieutenancy ; but we have absolutely refused to gratify either the one or the other, in that point, out of a singular affection and respect to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin, a certain she-devil that deserves it before all others.”

At this the whole assembly fell to whispering and muttering, and staring one upon another, till at last Lucifer observing it bade them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch good fortune to him, known otherwise by the name of Madam Prosperity, who presently appeared in the tail of the assembly, and with a proud and disdainful air marched up and planted herself before the degraded seraphim, who looked her wistly in the face, and then he went on in the tone he first began.

“ It is our will, pleasure and command, that next and immediately under our proper person, you pay all honour and respect to the Lady Prosperity, and obey her, as the most mighty and supreme governess of these our dominions. Which titles and qualities we have conferred upon her, as due to her merit ; for she hath damned more souls than all you together. She it is that makes men cast off all fear of God and love of their neighbour. She it is that makes men place their sovereign good in riches ; that engages and entangles men’s minds in vanity ; strikes them blind in their pleasures ; loads them with treasure, and buries them in sin. Where’s the tragedy that she has not played her part in’t ? Where’s the stability and wisdom that she has not staggered ? Where’s the folly that she has not improved and augmented ? She takes no counsel and fears no punishment. She it is that furnishes matter for scandal, experience for story, that entertains the cruelty of tyrants, and bathes the executioners in innocent blood. How many souls that lived innocent while they were poor, have fallen into impiety and reprobation, so soon as ever they came to drink of the enchanted cup of



prosperity ! Go to then, be obedient to her, we charge ye all, as to ourself ; and know, that they that stand their ground against prosperity are none of your quarry. Let them e'en alone, for 'tis but time lost to attempt them. Take example from that impertinent devil, that got leave to tempt Job ; he persecuted him, beggared him, covered him all over with scabs and ulcers. Sot that he was ! if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begged leave to have multiplied riches upon him, and to have possessed him of health and pleasures. That's the trial ; and how many are there that when they thrive in the world turn their backs upon Heaven, and never so much as name their Creator, but in oaths, and then too, without thinking on Him ? Their discourse is all of jollities, banquets, comedies, purchases, and the like. Whereas the poor man has God perpetually both in his mouth and heart. ' Lord ', says he, ' be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in Thee.' " " Wherefore ", says Lucifer, redoubling his accursed clamour, " let it be published forthwith throughout all our territories, that calamities, troubles, and persecutions are our mortal enemies, for so we have found them upon experience ; they are the dispensations of Providence, the blessings of the Almighty, to fit sinners for Himself, and they that suffer them are enrolled in the militia of heaven.

" *Item* ; For the better administration of our government it is our will and pleasure, and we do strictly charge and command, that our devils give constant attendance in all courts of judicature ; and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of little pettifoggers, flatterers, and envious persons, for they are so well acquainted with hell's road, that they'll guide one another without the help of a devil to bring them hither.

" *Item* ; We do ordain and command that no devil presume for the future to entertain any confident, but profit ; for that's the harbinger that provides vice the most commodious quarter, even in the straitest consciences.

" *Item* ; We do ordain, as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our empire, that in what part soever of our dominions the devil of money shall vouchsafe to appear, all other devils there present shall rise, and, with a lower reverence, present him the chair, in token of their submission to his power and authority.

*“ Item ;* We do most expressly charge and command all our officers, as well civil as military, to employ their utmost diligence and industry, for the establishing a general peace throughout the world. For that’s the time for wickedness to thrive in, and all sorts of vices to prosper and flourish—as luxury, gluttony, idleness, lying, slandering, gaming, and whoring ; and, in a word, sin is upon the increase and goodness on the wane. Whereas in a state of war, men are upon the exercise of valour and virtue ; calling often upon Heaven, in the morning, for fear of being knocked on the head after dinner : and honest men and actions are rewarded.

*“ Item ;* We do from this time forward discharge all our officers and agents whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of tempting men and women to sins of incontinence, for as much as we find, upon experience, that adultery and fornication will never be left, till the old woman scratches the stool for her backside. And though there may be several intervals of repentance, and some faint purposes of giving it over, yet the humour returns again with the next tide of blood, and concupiscence is as loyal a subject to us as any we have in our dominions.

*“ Item ;* In consideration of the exemption aforesaid, by which means several poor devils are left without present employment ; and forasmuch as there are many merchants and tradesmen in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, up and down the world, that are very charitably disposed to relieve people in want, especially young heirs newly at age, and spendthrifts, that come to borrow money of them ; but the times being dead, and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the house affords ; and if a hundred pound or two in commodity will do them any good, ’tis at their service (they say). This the gallant takes up at an excessive rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get ; and the merchant has his friend to take it off underhand, at a third part of the value (which is the way of helping men in distress). Now out of a singular respect to the said merchants and tradesmen, and for their better encouragement, as also, to the end that the devils aforesaid may not run into lewd courses for want of business, we will and require that a legion of the said devils shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting the said merchants and tradesmen, in

the quality of factors, to be relieved monthly by a fresh legion, or oftener if occasion shall require.

" *Item* ; We will and command that all our devils, of what degree or quality soever, do henceforth entertain a strict amity and correspondence with our trusty and well beloved usurers, the revengeful, the envious, and all pretenders to great places and dignities ; and, above all others, with the hypocrites, who are the most powerful impostures in nature, and so excellently skilled in their trade that they steal away people's hearts and souls at the eyes and ears insensibly, and draw to themselves adoration and reward.

" *Item* ; We do further order and command, that all care possible be taken for the maintaining of blabs, informers, incendiaries, and parasites in all courts and palaces, for thence comes our harvest.

" *Item* ; That the babblers, tale-bearers, make-bates, and instruments of divorces and quarrels, be no longer called fanes, but bellows ; in regard that they draw and inflame, without giving any allay or refreshment.

" *Item* ; That the intermeddlers be hereafter called and reputed the devils' body-lice, because they fetch blood of those that feed and nourish them."

Lucifer then casting a sour look over his shoulder, and spying the *gouvernante* ! " I'm of his mind ", quoth he, " that said ' Let God dispose of the *Duennas* (or *gouvernantes*) as He pleases ; for I'm in no little trouble how to dispose of these confounded carrions '." Whereupon, the damned cried out, with one voice, " Oh, Lucifer ! let it never be said that it rained *Duennas* in thy dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new plague of being baited by hags ? " " Ah ! cursed Lucifer ", cried every one to himself " stow them anywhere, so they come not near me." And with that, they all clapped their tails between their legs, and drew in their horns, for fear of this new torment. Lucifer, finding how the dread of the old women wrought upon the devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only *in terrorem* ; but withal he swore, by the honour of his imperial crown, and as he hoped to be saved, that what devil, devil's dam, or reprobate soever, should in time to come be found wanting to his duty and in the least degree disobedient to his laws and ordinances, all and every the said devil or devils, their dams and reprobates so offending, should be delivered

up to the torture of the Duenna, and tied muzzle to muzzle ; so to remain *in sæcula sæculorum*, without relief or appeal, or any law, statute, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding. " But in the meantime, cast them into that dry ditch ", says he, " that they may be ready for use upon any occasion."

Immediately, upon the pronouncing of this solemn decree, Lucifer retired to his cell, the weather cleared up, and the company dispersed in a fright at so horrible a menace, and so went about their business : when a voice was heard out of the clouds, as the voice of an angel, saying, " He that rightly comprehends the morality of this discourse, shall never repent the reading of it."

THE END



III

THE HOUR OF ALL MEN

AND

FORTUNE IN HER WITS



## THE HOUR OF ALL MEN AND FORTUNE IN HER WITS

JUPITER, in a splenetic rage, rent his throat and pierced the earth with his bawling. In haste he summoned all the gods to assemble before him in council. The first that appeared was Mars, that celestial Don Quixote, armed and armoured, with his spear advanced, and making passes in the air. Next to him came the platter-faced deity Bacchus, with a peruque of vine branches, eyes overflowing, and mouth like a wine-press, belching out liquor at second hand : his speech was stammering, his steps were reeling, and his brain was intoxicated with the juice of the grape. On the other side appeared hobbling Saturn, gorging himself with his own sons. With him came dripping Neptune, the watery god ; about whom hung seaweeds like so many rags held together with the spawn of filth, and with the water that ran from him he laid the dust from the charcoal raised by his follower Pluto—a god of devils, whose head and face were powdered with soot, perfumed with brimstone and gunpowder, and clothed in such profound darkness that he was scarce discernible, though closely followed by the glaring sun, of brazen face and tinsel beard. As Venus came she filled the heavens with the vast circumference of her farthingale, hiding the five zones under her petticoats ; her face but half licked and the tour that was to cover her bald skull hanging all awry for haste. After her came the Moon, with her face cut into quarters. Pan rushed in with a great noise, followed by two vast herds of Sylvans, Fawns, and other hairy and cloven-footed gods of the woods. All heaven swarmed with Manes, Lemures, and other little deities, who all took their seats ; the goddesses squatting like tailors upon their legs, the whole assembly attentively fixing their eyes upon Jupiter. Mars, rattling his armour like the harmony of a tinker's kettle, started up ; and, looking as stern as a bully after a beating, thundered out these words : “ Open thy mouth with a vengeance, thou mighty Hector of this upper region. Open thy mouth, I say,



for thou lookest like one in a dream." Thus accosted in so rough a dialect and (though it was summer he held the sparkling thunderbolt, when it had been more opportune to cool himself with a fan) raising his voice, Jupiter answered, "Keep your prating tongue betwixt your teeth, and let us call Mercury". In the twinkling of an eye Mercury dropped before him, holding his wand like a juggler, his heels fledged and his little mushroom-shaped hat on his head. Then Jupiter said, "Thou ubiquitous god, shoot thyself into the world, and in a trice drag Fortune hither by the ears". In an instant the sprite of Olympus, clapping wings instead of spurs to his heels, vanished with such swiftness that sight could not distinguish between his departure and return. He came like Lazarillo,\* leading blind Fortune; who, with a staff in one hand felt out her way, and in the other held a string, which was a bridle to a little dog. She stood on tiptoes upon a globe, in the midst of a wheel bound with threads, beads, ribbons, cords, and ropes; all which, as it moved, knit themselves together, and unknit again. Behind, as her handmaiden, came Opportunity, a broad faced, flat-nosed bald-pated wench; on the top of her forehead was a single lock of hair, scarce big enough to make one good whisker. This lock, restless as an eel, fluttered in the air; being moved by the breath of every word. From her hands it appeared that Opportunity lived upon hard labour, doing all the drudgery of Fortune. The gods appeared to be disgusted at the sight of Fortune, and some of them made signs as if she had turned their stomachs; when she, in a squeaking tone, and speaking at a venture, said, "My eyes being in their swadling clouts and my sight in the dark, I cannot discover who you are that make up this assembly; but be you who you will, my discourse is directed to you all, and particularly to thee O Jupiter, who spittest thy thunderbolts after the drippings of the clouds. Tell me, pray, what whimsy came into thy head to send for me; whereas for many ages past thou hast never so much as thought of me. Perhaps thou and the rest of thy mob of godlings have forgotten how far my power reaches, and that I have tossed about both thee and them, no less than I do poor mortals". Swelling and looking stern, Jupiter replied, "Thou sot. Thy extravagancies, thy follies, and thy wickedness are so great that

\* See Note in Appendix I (c) p.

mortals believe (since we do not curb thee) there are no deities ; that heaven lies waste ; and that I am a poor insignificant god. They complain that thou givest to villainies those rewards which are due to merit ; that virtue is unnoticed and vice encouraged ; that thou placest those in judgment-seats who ought to be brought to the gallows ; that thou bestowest dignities on those whose ears ought to be cut off ; and that thou oppressest and impoverishest those whom thou shouldst enrich ". Fortune looked pale with rage, and chafing, said, " I am no fool. I know what I do : and all my actions are guided by prudence. You who call me rash sot, remember that you cackled like a goose to Leda, that you played the counterfeiter with Danæ, that you bellowed and acted the bull with Europa, and have been guilty of a thousand other roguish pranks ; and that all those who attend you have been but crows and magpies : none of which fopperies can be laid to my charge. If persons of merit be thrust aside and virtuous men pass unrewarded, the fault is not altogether mine ; many despise what I offer them, and their modesty is laid at my door as a crime. Others, rather than stretch out their hands, let slip what I tender them ; others snatch it from me without my consent ; and more are enriched by forcing it from me than by my free gift. There are more that steal what I refuse than keep what I give them ; many receive of me that which they know not how to preserve ; they lose it and I pretend to take it from them ; many accuse me of misplacing on others, gifts which would be much worse employed on themselves. There is no man happy who is not envied by many ; and no man is miserable without being contemned by all. My handmaiden here has always served me, and without her help I have never done anything : her name is Opportunity. Hear her, and learn from a drudge how to judge of things." Then Opportunity, letting her tongue run for fear of slipping, said, " I am that sort of good natured wench that offer myself to all men : many find, but few enjoy me. I am a female Samson, for all my strength lies in my hair ; and he that can hold me by the forelock need not fear to be thrown by my mistress. I manage and pass her round ; and when men know not how to pursue their own interests and seize their opportunities for advancement, they lay all the blame upon me. Folly and Ignorance have furnished me with these hellish catch-phrases : ' Who

would have believed it ! I did not think ! I did not reflect on it ! I did not know ! It is well enough yet ! What matters it ! It is neither here nor there ! To-morrow will do ! There is still time enough ! I shall not want ! God will provide ! All days are alike ! If one thing fails, another hits !' And so forth. These follies make men conceited, slothful and careless ; and at these openings I make myself felt, for they are the rubs that upset my mistress's wheel, and the gusts that split her sail. Then, if the fools let me pass by them, what fault is it in me to be gone ? If they lay the obstacles in the way of my mistress's wheel, why do they complain of its jolting ? If they know it is a wheel, whereof every part is sometimes up and sometimes down, and that each part descends in order to rise, and rises in order to fall again, why do they entangle themselves in it ? The sun has stood still : the wheel of Fortune never did. Whosoever has thought to fix it, only gave it a check, that it might turn again with greater fury. Its motion, like that of time, puts a period to all worldly felicities and calamities ; to all the lives in the world ; and, by degrees, to the world itself. This O Jupiter is matter of fact, let who will gainsay it ".

Fortune, encouraged by these words, turned on all hands like a weathercock, and said, " Opportunity has discovered how unjustly I am accused. I am resolved, however, to convince thee, thou supreme thunderer and all thy company, carousing in nectar and ambrosia, notwithstanding that I always had, now have, and shall ever continue to have as much power over you as over the meanest rabble in the world. I hope to see your divinities starving with hunger and cold for want of victims ; and that not so much as a black pudding shall be sacrificed to you : but you shall only serve up ballads and be brought in for rhyme's sake in love songs for the diversion of the mob and the encouragement of hawkers."

" A curse on all thy designs ", quoth the Sun, " for blaspheming so impudently against our power. Were it permitted, as I am the Sun, I would swelter thee with heat, scorch thee with my rays, and make thee run mad with the headache." " Go dry up the dirt ", said Fortune, " ripen cucumbers, furnish plagues for the good physicians, and assist those that louse themselves in thy light ; remember that your son was burnt to death like a heretic, therefore be silent hereafter and let those speak whose turn it is. Then Jupiter

with all his gravity uttered these words : " Fortune, both thou and that impudent wench thy servant are much in the right in many things you have said : however, for the general satisfaction of all people, it is irrevocably decreed, that *on the same day and hour throughout the whole world every man be put into those circumstances he justly deserves*. This must be. Therefore appoint the day and the *hour*". Fortune replied " Why delay that which is inevitable ? Let it be to-day, and let us know what time of the day it is." The Sun, who is the standard of all clockmakers, answered, " This is the 20th of June.† As to the time of day, it is five minutes before four in the afternoon." " Mind then", quoth Fortune " and as soon as the clock strikes four, you shall see how affairs go upon earth." Then falling to work she began to grease the axeltree of her wheel, arrange the spokes, remove the nails, pull on the several cords, slackening some and straining others, till the Sun cried out, " It is just four o'clock, neither more nor less, for this very instant I have brought the shade of the gnomons of all clocks upon the fourth post-meridian line". No sooner had he uttered these words than Fortune, as if she had been playing on a cymbal, began to unwind her wheel, which, whirling about like a hurricane, put all the world into an unparalleled confusion. Whereupon Fortune gave forth a mighty yell, saying, " Fly, wheel : and may the devil drive thee".

I. That very moment a physician who was riding along on his mule at a snail's gallop in pursuit of diseases, was surprised by the wonderful influence of  
 A                    that *hour*, which was to give all men their due,  
 PHYSICIAN.    and on a sudden he found himself in the posture of a hangman, with his legs across the shoulders of his patient, crying, *Credo*, instead of *Recipe*, as if he had been going to turn him off the ladder.

II. At a short distance there followed, in the same street, a criminal that was whipped. The crier marched before, proclaiming his misdemeanours, and  
 A WHIPPED    the executioner behind, lashing him as he  
 CRIMINAL.    rode upon the ass, stripped naked from the waist upward like a galley-slave ; this was his posture at the striking of the *hour*, which was no sooner done, but the horse the constable rode upon, threw him ;

† Of the year 1635.

and similarly the ass threw the criminal. The horse took up the criminal and the ass the constable : and thus having changed stations, he began to be lashed who before attended the execution ; and he to attend who before was lashed. The petty notary who followed, alighted to set all to rights and, taking out his pen it grew out into a galley-oar, and instead of writing, he began to row.

III. The scavengers carts passing through another street at the first moment of the *hour*, stopped before an apothecary's shop ; and on a sudden all the filth began to fly from the cart into the shop, whence the pots and glasses leaped out into the carts with wonderful noise and confusion.

But the filth and the pots meeting as the one went in and the other out, it was observed that the filth very squeamishly cried out " Keep off ". Meanwhile the dust-men were not idle, but with their brooms and shovels swept together and threw up into the carts heaps of painted whores, poxy coxcombs and powdered fops.

IV. A certain notorious knave had built a sumptuous house, not much inferior to a palace, with a stately porch, and over it a noble coat of arms cut in stone, and an inscription as if he had been of some considerable family. The owner was an arrant thief, who, under the shadow of his employment had stolen the whole cost of the fabric. He was then in the house, and at the door was a bill signifying there were three apartments to be let. The *hour* came. O good God, who can express such a prodigy ! Every stone, every brick in the whole structure, fell asunder ; the tiles flew, some to the top of one house, and some to another ; the rafters, doors and windows hurried into several houses, to the terror of the owners, who looked upon this restitution as the effects of an earthquake, and thought it was the end of the world. The iron bars and grates walked about the streets seeking those to whom they belonged. The arms that stood over the doors posted away to a country gentleman's seat, whence this cursed villain pretended himself to be descended. The rogue himself stripped of his fabric, was left alone at the corner of the street, with only the bill upon him which had been at the door, but so changed, that whereas the purport of it was, " This house is to be let

unfurnished, inquire within of the landlord ". Now it was, " This thief is to be let unfurnished. Whosoever will hire him, may come in without knocking, since the house does not hinder it ".

V. Opposite to this man lived a pawnbroker, who seeing his neighbour's house vanish, thought to secure himself, saying, " The houses are taken from their landlords : this is a base invention ". But  
 THE USURER      though he used the utmost diligence to secure  
 AND              himself, the *hour* was come : and on a sudden  
 THE PLEDGES.      an escritoir, a silver table, and a rich hanging  
 which he kept in captivity, being pawned to him, flew from the walls with such violence, that a piece of the hangings in its way to the window wound itself about him and carried him through the air above a hundred paces, where he dropped on the top of a house—not without some bruises. From thence, to his unspeakable grief he saw all he had hurried away to the right owners. After all the rest came out the letters patent of nobility, upon which he had lent a sum of money to the gentlemen they belonged to, for two months, on condition to receive five and twenty per cent. interest for that short time. These letters, to his astonishment, as they passed by him, said, " Thou barbarous tyrant over pawns, if our master for our sake, cannot be arrested for debt, what reason can you show to keep us in prison ? " This said, they leaped into a cook's shop ; where the gentleman that owned them sat with a hungry belly, envying every bit he saw another put into his mouth.

VI. An incessant talker (who lavished as many words as would have furnished half a score intolerable babblers, and whose tongue seemed to be the perpetual  
 THE              motion so long sought after) was busy in  
 VOLUBLE      confounding his whole neighbourhood with  
 TALKER.      the overflowing of his clack ; when, on a sudden, the *hour* being come, his tongue was tied up ; and he, struggling to run on, only stuttered and stammered the same syllables over, without end ; finding his mouth stopped, his very eyes and ears seemed to forget their own office, and burst out into talk.

VII. Judges were sitting on the bench upon a trial : One of them merely out of ill nature was projecting how he might sentence both parties. Another being a downright

ignoramus, and understanding nothing of the matter, was resolved to give his opinion, as all blockheads  
 JUDGES do, as a venture. The third, a doting old fellow,  
 DECIDE A who had slept most part of the trial (giving  
 CAUSE. Judgment, like Pilate's wife, by dreams) was considering which of his fellows he should follow in opinion at random. The fourth, who was a learned and upright judge, sat like a cypher next to the last ; who, being corrupted with bribes, strained the sense of the law, and drew over to his party the other three : but at the very instant of giving judgment the *hour* commenced : and instead of saying, " The court is of opinion that such a one is cast and condemned " he said, " The court does award that we ourselves be damned : and accordingly we are damned ". " Be the sentence fulfilled ", said an unknown voice. In a moment their gowns were converted into snake-skins, and they falling together by the ears soon stripped one another's faces, every one carrying away his neighbour's beard, to show that their judgment lay in their fingers and not in their heads.

VIII. A matchmaker was busy intoxicating an honest man's brain, who, being weary of a quiet life and a good estate, was thinking to marry. He proposed to him  
 THE a consummate jilt, and set her off in this  
 MARRIAGE- manner :  
 MAKER.

" Sir, I will not commend her birth, because, God be praised, you have quality enough to bestow on her : as for riches, you are plentifully provided ; beauty in a wife is a thing of dangerous consequence ; as for matter of judgment, it is you that are to govern her, and you do not take her for a counsellor ; ill humours she is not troubled with ; her years are but few (yet he meant she had but few to live) ; she has all the other good qualities you could wish ".

The poor man in a passion cried out, " Thou accursed devil, what other good qualities can she have ? Since you own she is neither well born, rich, beautiful, nor discreet ; and all you can say for her is that she is not ill-natured ". Scarce had he done when the *hour* began, and the accursed matchmaker, who acts the tailor at weddings, through stealing, lying, cheating, patching, and piecing, found himself married to the monster he would have foisted upon the other man ; and the new couple falling upon one another, went off

scratching and kicking and crying by turns, "Who are you? What fortune did you bring? You are not worthy to wipe my shoes".

IX. A poet having seated himself among an assembly of wits, was reading to them a pedantic obscure poem of his own composing, so stuffed with Latinisms, so cramped with syncopes, so entangled with parenthesis, and so perplexed with similes and allusions, that none of the company could find either head or tail to it. Upon the turn of the *hour* he had gone half way through his jargon or confusion of languages, and all the hearers pressing upon him to pick out, if possible, some meaning from that chaos of hard words, one of them, who held a candle in his hand to inform himself the better by overlooking the paper, put it so close that the unfortunate poem took fire. The poet stamped and tore his hair, seeing all his labour condemned to the flames; but he that had fired it pacified him, saying, "These verses are like old tarnished lace, they must be first burnt, and then perhaps you may separate the pure metal from the dross".

X. A colossal whore who went sailing out of her lodging with a mighty farthingale, so large she could scarce crowd through her narrow entry, and filling both sides of the street with the vast compass of her coats, was overtaken by the first minute of the all-ruling *hour*; and on a sudden being set upon her head, appeared like a bell inverted. Here was discovered a vast fardel of rags that composed a rump-roll, with a piece of tapestry-hanging rolled up to set out her hips, which, in the turn loosening and falling over her belly, there appeared at the bottom of it an Holofernes's head. The whole street was alarmed with the shouts of the rabble that beheld her. She shrieked: but, her voice being drowned in the labyrinth of her petticoats fallen about her head, the noise sounded as if it came from a deep cavern. She had certainly been stifled in the crowd, but that at the same time a beau strutting along the street with false calves, and three teeth: and two dotards with their grey hair, and beards coloured black; and three old bald-pated fellows that wore periwigs, were all surprised by the influence of that *hour*. The beau (feeling his calves



sink away) thought to cry for help, believing that his legs would be stolen ; but at the first motion of his tongue, out dropped his teeth. The dotards' beards and hair became as grey as a badger, so that they scarce knew one another ; and the bald fellows' periwigs flew away with their hats, leaving them nothing but the whiskers.

XI. A certain nobleman had a favourite domestic who devoured his substance ; this domestic was cheated by his servant, the servant by his man, the man by his friend, the friend by his wench ; and the FAVOURITE wench was deluded by the devil. Now the STEWARD AND *hour* being come, the devil (who seemed to be THE MASTER. at such a distance from the lord) seizes upon the whore, the whore on her spark, the spark on the man, the man on the servant, the servant on his master, and the master on his lord ; and the devil possessing him, in a hellish rage he falls upon his domestic, the domestic upon his servant, the servant on his man, the man on his friend, the friend on his whore, and she laid upon them all : and thus exaggerated by furies they tore one another to pieces. All their frauds and villainies were laid open, and the devil, who had managed the whole contrivance without discovery, swept them away all in a cluster.

XII. A rich married woman sat at her dressing table, plastering up her wrinkled freckly skin, sleeking her weather-beaten forehead, drawing eyebrows with a pencil, colouring her decayed cheeks with THE MATRON AND HER COSMETICS. Spanish wool, and dyeing her pale lips a lively cherry colour. By her, as an assistant, kneeled a decrepit old duenna like a skeleton dressed up, holding a headdress of extraordinary magnitude. Next to her stood a young chambermaid, yet a novice at the trade of daubing, and holding in her hands a pair of iron bolstered bodices, contrived to rectify two mighty excrescences that distorted the figure of the body. In this posture sat the lady, confounding and shaming her very looking-glass, when the *hour* commenced ; and she, led by the powerful influence thereof, began to lay about her, applying the white-wash to her hair, the black-lead to her teeth, the red paint to her eyebrows and forehead, clapping the headpiece on her jaws, and lacing on the bolstered bodice the wrong way. Thus in a moment she was converted into a scarecrow, with a curled

beard, and four hunches more ghastly and frightful than a hobgoblin.

The duenna, thinking she was distracted, started up and took to her heels ; the chambermaid swooned away, as if she had been the devil ; and the lady enraged in that horrible posture scoured after the duenna. The noise brought the husband, who, seeing his wife, thought she was possessed by some malignant spirit, and ran with all speed to call a priest to apply exorcisms to her.

XIII. A sovereign prince resolved to be present himself at a gaol delivery, being informed that his officers made the prison their market, where they bought and  
 A GREAT LORD sold crimes and criminals at all sorts of rates  
 WHO VISITS A and prices, exchanging robbers for gold, and  
 PRISON. murderers for ready money. He ordered the prisoners to be brought before him : and found they had been apprehended for the crimes they had committed, but were detained through the avarice of their keepers, who computed what some had, and might have stolen, and what others had or might have of their own, so that their cause was depending as long as their stock lasted ; and the day it expired was the day they were punished ; it being plain they were apprehended for the ill they had done, and executed for what they had not. Amongst the rest were two condemned to be hanged the next day. One of these, having compounded with his adversary, was kept as a prisoner at large. The other they designed to hang for robbing, after having been three years a prisoner, during which time they had devoured all he stole and all he was worth. Thus far had this prince proceeded when the *hour* commenced, and he turning pale with anger, said, " This man you designed to discharge because he has compounded with his adversary, shall be hanged to-morrow ; for the contrary would be exposing lives to sale, and the price of buying off an appeal would prove the purchase of blood ; so that pardons for murder being to be bought, a rate would be set upon every man's life, and thus all examples of justice would cease, it being an easy matter to persuade the appellant that a thousand or five hundred crowns will do him more good than the hanging of his enemy. There are two parties concerned in all public offences, viz., justice, and the person offended ; and it is no less necessary that the former should punish, than that the latter should forgive. This thief, whom,

after three years' imprisonment you intended to hang, shall be discharged ; for as it had been justice to have hanged him three years ago, so now it would be a barbarous wrong ; because in him you would hang his father, wife, and children, who are innocent ; and his whole substance, by these delays, you have devoured. I remember a story of a man, who, enraged that the mice gnawed his papers, crusts of bread, parings of cheese, and old shoes, took in cats to destroy the mice ; but perceiving the cats not only ate the mice, but stole his meat out of the pot, and tore it off the spit, that one day they spoiled a fowl, and another a whole joint of meat, he killed the cats, and said, ' The mice for my money '. Do you apply the moral of this fable, since you, like devouring cats, instead of cleansing the state from vermin, do catch and eat the thieves ; who are little mice that pick a pocket, cut a purse, snatch a hat or steal a cloak ; and at the same time you waste the country, consume estates, and destroy whole families ". This said, he ordered all the prisoners to be discharged, and the officers to be apprehended. There was a wonderful noise and confusion ; those lamented who before were inexorable ; and the prisoners loaded those with fetters and chains, who before had fettered them.

XIV. Several women appeared in the street, some of them afoot ; and though many were well stricken in years, they tripped it along like young girls, proud  
 WOMEN OF of their little feet and white petticoats.  
 THE STREETS. Others dressed like Bartholomew babies, and set upon glass cupboards, or sedans, were carried by greasy fellows ; the farthest prospect of the ladies' eyes being the neighbouring haunches of the foremost ; and the next perfume of their noses proceeded from the men's sweaty feet, which, being free from socks, sent a most fragrant smell. As gay as young girls, they were striving to be taken as such ; concealing their age as they would their shame, and ogling with those eyes that were ready to sink into their heads. Upon the very entrance of the *hour* they were met by a pack of ancient astrologers, with their ephemerides in their hands, who presently attacked them to fix upon every one the date of her life—to the very year, day, hour, minute, and second, of their nativity. These conjurers set up a cry, " Own your age, ye wretches, since it is your doom ; you are forty-two years old, two months, five days, two hours, nine

minutes and twenty seconds", says one of the astrologers to one of the ladies. Good God! Who can express the terrible shrieks she raised! All that could be understood was, "You lie, 'tis false, I am not fifteen. Lord, what rogue is this to say such a thing? Another cried, "I am not eighteen", a third, "I am but thirteen", "I am a mere child, an infant". cried another. The astrologer was writing her age upon the back of one, as if it had been a bill upon a door; and it was to this effect: "This woman was born into the world in the year 1578". She, perceiving by this means it would appear she was sixty-seven years of age, all in a rage cried out, "Thou old doting emblem of death, I am but just come into the world, my teeth are not all cut". "Thou decayed piece of antiquity", replied he, "teeth will never spring under old stumps; look upon your date." "I'll own no date", quoth she, and thus falling together by the ears, the controversy ended in a wonderful confusion.

XV. After a sumptuous dinner a mighty potentate sat lulling his pride with the false flatteries of his servants. A grumbling noise resounded from his crammed  
 A POTENTATE guts, which could not agree in the cookshop  
 AFTER DINING. of his belly with the strange medley of food-stuffs he had devoured. He foamed at the mouth, the wine boiling over, and his whole face was inflamed and bloated with the exhalation of his stomach. At each word he uttered, though ever so stupid, the bystanders, like men in a frenzy, poured out superlative encomiums. "An admirable sentence", cried one: "Nothing could be expressed finer", says another: "Most incomparable words", says a third: and lastly, a parasite who laboured to out-flatter all the rest, straining a lie to the utmost pitch, exclaims, "Learning itself stands amazed to hear you, and even admiration is outdone". The great man, strutting and fetching up two or three gulps (the forerunners of a vomit) drivelled out these words; "I am much concerned for the loss of my two ships". Immediately the parasites renewed their flatteries, and romancing without measure some of them replied: That that loss redounded to his honour; that it happened as could have been wished; and nothing could have happened more opportunely, since it provided an opportunity of falling out with his neighbours, from whom he might take two hundred in lieu of those two, which might

easily be compassed. To prove this the false flatterer produced many examples. Another said, that the loss was the greatest testimony of his grandeur, for only he was a great prince who had much to lose ; that losing was a better demonstration of power than gaining and acquiring, which were the practice of pirates and robbers ; that the damage sustained, he added, would be the enriching of him. And then he began to fill his listener's ears with sentences out of Tacitus, Sallust, Polybius and Thucydides, representing the vast losses of the Greeks and Romans ; and a thousand other extravagancies. The mighty glutton, who only studied how to excuse his sloth, took these falsehoods as full satisfaction for his loss. The devil himself could not have contrived a better way to infatuate him. At this time the crudity of his stomach, for want of digestion, cast up a belch which made the room to echo. No sooner had the cursed parasites heard it, than kneeling down to make him believe he had sneezed, they unanimously said, " God bless you ! " That very minute began the *hour* ; and the great man raving as if exaggerated by furies, cried out, " Villains, since you would impose upon me so far as to make a belch pass for a sneeze, though my mouth and nose are so close together, what can I expect you would do in those things I neither see nor smell ". Then shaking his hands about his ears, as if he were driving away their lies, he ran at them and kicked them out of the palace, saying, " Had those fellows come upon me when I had a cold, they had utterly undone me ; one sense that was left me proved their ruin ; there is no greater happiness than smelling ".

XVI. The misers, warned by costly experience, separate themselves from the cheats ; and these, rather than lose their trade, attacked one another, disguising their words, and counterfeiting plain dealing.

MISERS AND CHEATS. Says one cheat to another, " Sir, having paid dear for dealing with sharpers, who have been my ruin, I come to you who are no stranger to my honesty, to desire you will lend me three thousand reales in brass, upon a bill which is accepted and payable in silver within two months. The party the bill is drawn upon is so responsible that the money is as good as if you had it in your pocket ; and you will have no further trouble than telling of it." But the man on whom he gave the bill was the very sink of fraud and deceit. The sharper, who heard the other sharper

commending the third, pretended not to be acquainted with the qualifications of either ; and arming himself with his own weapons, with a doleful deliberation, answered that he was just then attempting to borrow 4,000 reales upon a pawn that was worth eight. They all accosted one another with gilt chains that were to pass for gold, counterfeit bills that were accepted, sham securities, false notes, plate they borrowed for a feast, and bits of glass and bright stones under the title of diamonds. It was wonderful to hear the discourse which passed betwixt them. One said, "Honesty is the best policy, and plain dealing is a jewel. I had rather die in a ditch than do a base thing. I stand upon my reputation ; it is a great blessing not to be afraid to show one's face ; this has been my education from my cradle". Another of the cheats answered "There is nothing like keeping touch ; an honest man's word is as good as his bond ; I never desired ill-gotten riches ; I will have nothing that may require restitution ; my soul is more precious to me than all the world ; I would not be guilty of one cheat for all the riches in the earth ; I value my conscience above all the universe contains". Thus were these dissemblers disguising their sly designs with fair speeches when the *hour* came upon them : and every sharper believing his companion, they all ruined one another. He that had the false chain gave it for the counterfeit bill ; he that showed the glass diamonds exchanged them for the borrowed plate ; The one ran to the goldsmith, the other with his bill to the banker, to compound for half in ready money, before the cheat of the chain was discovered. The banker told him the bill was not his, neither did he know of any such man, and sent him away with a flea in his ear. Away slunk the sharper with his bill instead of his tail betwixt his legs, saying, "O dog, what a trick he has served me. The chain was made of old iron". He that parted with the false diamonds for the plate, being at the goldsmith's selling it for less than the weight, rejoiced to think how he had bubbled the other with bits of glass. In comes the right owner, and, seeing his plate swing in the scales, calls an alguacil, seizes the cheat for a thief, and they fell together by the ears. At the noise out runs he with the false diamonds. He that was selling the plate, cried out, "That rogue sold it to me". The other answered, "He lies, he stole it from me". The goldsmith cried, "That scoundrel would have sold me pebbles for diamonds". The

owner of the plate was for seizing them both ; the alguacil's notary was for securing them all three till the matter was decided. The alguacil seized the two cheats, and the notary led the owner of the plate by the cloak. After the rogues had well buffeted one another, and well attended by the mob, they were led to gaol ; and there put into custody of the hangman's master of the wardrobe.

XVII. There is a small island on the coast of Denmark, in which there are five towns. The lord of this place was very poor, rather because he coveted much than that he wanted for anything. God had afflicted the inhabitants with a general inclination in them all to be projectors ; so that the land seemed to be infested with as many monsters as there were men. All the neighbouring people shunned these islanders as they would the plague ; for the very air that came from them was so contagious, it consumed their stocks, blasted their fields, wasted their treasure, and ruined their trade. So prodigious was the natural proneness to projecting in that country, that the very sucking babes, instead of daddy and mammy, cried out nothing but " Project ". The whole island was a confused chaos, for man and wife, father and son, neighbour and neighbour, were ever jangling and bawling about their projects ; and they were as intoxicated with them as if they had been drunk with wine. The lord of this place (avarice, which is one of the worst devils that distracts the world, having gained the ascendant over him) ordered a general gathering of projects. Legions of projectors assembled before his palace, with scrips and scrolls of paper stuck in their girdles, and run through their button-holes, and peeping out of their pockets. The lord, having made known his wants, demanded their assistance ; and they all at once laying hold of their papers, and crowding till they had almost stifled one another, in an instant heaped up four tables with their memoirs. The hurry being somewhat over, he began to look over them. The first paper he opened was entitled to this effect, " A project for getting an infinite quantity of silver and gold, without asking for it or taking it from anybody ". " A difficult proposition in my mind ", says the lord. The second " How to gather unmeasurable treasure by taking it from all men, and enriching them by taking it away ". " The first ",

quoth the lord, " of taking from all men, I like ; but as to the second, which is to enrich them by taking it from them, I am dubious, yet let them look to that ". The third, " An easy, pleasing and just project for amassing of many millions, in such manner that they who are to pay them shall not miss them, but rather think that they are bestowed on them ". " This I approve of, leaving the persuasive part to the projector. The fourth project undertakes to make what is deficient to superabound, without adding anything or taking away, and without giving anybody cause of complaint. A project so inoffensive can have nothing of truth in it. The fifth, which offers to furnish all that shall be desired, directs to take by fair or foul means and to ask of all men ; and they will give themselves to the devil. This project, having to do with the devil, seems practicable ". The author encouraged by this approbation, added, " And I propose, that those who levy it, shall be a comfort to them who suffer by it ". The devil having put it into his head to let slip that word, furies possess the projectors, who thunder out reproaches against him, calling him sot and dog, and crying, " Thou scoundrel, hell itself could never have proposed a comfort in tax-gatherers, they themselves being the greatest of grievances ". They called one another sons of projectors as it had been sons of whores, condemning one another's proposals, and each approving only of his own. In the height of this fray many of the lord's servants came running and crying that the palace was on fire in three several places ; the wind blew high. Just then began the *hour*. The smoke was great and the flames ascended. The lord, in consternation, knew not which way to turn himself. The projectors bid him sit still, and they would set all to rights in a moment ; and rushing out from his presence, some laid hands on all they found in the house, casting the cabinets, tables, glasses, and all that was of value, out at the windows ; others with sledges overthrew a tower ; others saying the fire would cease as soon as it had vent, uncovered a great part of the house, breaking down the roofs, and destroying all that stood in their way. None of them went about to quench the fire, but all were employed in pulling down the house, and confounding all that was in it. The lord, seeing the smoke decrease, went out, and found that the common people, with his officers and servants, had overcome the fire ; yet at the same time perceiving



that the projectors, tearing up the very foundations, had demolished his palace, and spoiled all his furniture. Incensed and raging at this hideous sight, he cried out, "Dogs, you are worse than the fire, and such are all your projects; it were better that I had been burnt than to have given ear to you, so destructive are all the remedies you apply. You overturn a whole house, for fear a corner of it should fall; and throw the best goods into the street, pretending to save them. You feed a prince with his own limbs, and pretend to maintain him, when at the same time he is devouring himself. Villains, justly did the fire come to burn me, for gathering and suffering you to live; but when it perceived me in the power of projectors it ceased, concluding I was already consumed. Fire is the most merciful of projectors, for water quenches it. But you increase in spite of all the elements. Antichrist will be a projector, and shall burn you all alive, and keep your ashes to make ye to wash out the stains of all commonwealths. Princes may be poor: but in dealing with magicians, to become rich, they lose their royal title.

XVIII. The bawds and whores had gathered a wicked council, where they railed at the purses they could not come at, and spoke ill of money that was out of their reach. The oldest of them, mumbling

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| BAWDS AND | their reach. The oldest of them, mumbling |
| TAWDRY    | her words betwixt her gums, with a hollow |
| WENCHES.  | tone proceeding from the want of teeth,   |
|           | grunted out these words to the assembly.  |

"The world is now at the last gasp; it is a starving age; things are at the worst; fairings and New Year's gifts are long since out of date; love-offerings are scarce remembered; money is come to that pass nobody knows it; it is vanished from our sight; a crown piece is thrown about as if it were an elephant, and pistoles are styled of blessed memory. Promises have succeeded in the place of ready coin. A compliment, with 'You may rely upon my word' is the common stop gap; and an empty note passes for current cash. Your spruce beaux with bushy wigs and long sword knots will reduce you to a morsel of bread. Our business is to have and to hold to seize the ready cash and to be paid beforehand. I recommend to you certain men that are half rotten, that live in the space betwixt dotage and the grave, that trim up a walking skeleton, and lay up for no heir but the luxury, paying well for the weakness of their limbs. Interest takes away all

squeamishness : shut your eyes and stop your noses, as if you were swallowing a purge ; a bitter draught is sometimes a wholesome medicine. Make account that you burn old lace for the silver, or suck a bone to get out the marrow. I have half a dozen of dry old dotards, who spit pieces of eight for every one of you. I do not desire the thirds, but shall be satisfied with some small allowance to keep up that reputation I have preserved all my life." Thus she spoke, and, closing her chin with the tip of her nose, made a face like a nut-cracker. One of the young harpies replied, " Thou antiquated contriver of delight, coupler of male and female, tacker of nations, joiner of giblets, and counterfeiter of faces, consider we are too young to be sold to impotent curmudgeons, and make use of your rhetoric among the decayed governantes, who are but walking carcasses playing about the grave, as butterflies do about a candle, till they drop into it. Young blood is more inclined to the flesh than to money, and prefers pleasure before riches ; therefore let me advise you to choose some other trade, for quality has now taken up that of bawding, and I hope to see rotten eggs thrown at their coaches instead of the pillory." Scarce had the night-walker spoken the last word when the *hour* began ; and a whole shoal of creditors rushing in, fell upon them. The landlord seized the beds and hangings for house rent, the upholsterer their clothes for the hire of his goods, till both, with a hideous noise fell foul of each other. At the same time a broker puts in for his clothes. The wenches shrieked, calling them rude unmannerly fellows, threatening what they would do, and swearing they would never put up with such an affront. The damned old bawd blessed herself with both hands and roared as high as the loudest. In comes a bully to one of the jilts, and, without asking questions, draws his sword and falls upon the creditors, calling them thieves and robbers. They drew, and in the fray overturned and broke all the goods in the room. The wenches ran to the windows, crying, " Help ! Help ! Murder ! Murder ! " At this summons up comes an alguacil with all his retinue, bidding them keep the king's peace. The broil grew hottest upon the stairs, till out they all rushed into the streets, some wounded, others with their clothes rent. The ruffian with a broken head, but without hat or cloak, took sanctuary in a church. The alguacil entered the house, and, seeing the old woman, laid violent hands on her, saying,

" Art thou here still old Beelzebub—after having been thrice banished? Thou art the ringleader of all this mischief ". Then seizing her with the young fry, and securing all they had, he drove them away half naked, with their hair about their ears, to gaol, all the rabble attending and shouting, " Away with the whores ".

XIX. A counsel at law, whose greatest learning lay in his grizly beard, like Samson's strength in his hair, sat in a room better furnished with books than he  
 BARRISTER was with conscience. His whole study was  
 AND CLIENTS. how to embroil his clients, not to consult his authorities and text books ; and yet he was so proud of his library that being a mere ignoramus, it might truly be said he knew not the value of it. He had gained a great reputation by his roaring voice, his moving gestures, and a wonderful fluency of tongue ; wherewith he bore down all other lawyers. His chamber could scarce contain his clients, every one pressing forward to lay his case open, and empty his purse. All his answers were, " I am fully informed. I have studied the case. Your right is undeniable. It agrees with the express letter of the law. It is as clear as the day. There is no difficulty in this suit. It is a case adjudged. The law is directly on your side. It will easily be determined. The judges are for us. Your adversary has nothing to say for himself. All that has been done is void in itself. That judgment must be reversed. Be ruled by me." Some he ordered to petition, others to appeal, others to demur, others to put in their interrogatories, others to bring their writ of error, and others to suborn fresh witnesses. All that immense number of volumes was turned over, and nothing resounded but an unintelligible confusion of law gibberish. The counsel demanded his fee, the solicitor his due, the attorney his reward, the clerk his perquisites, and the scrivener his pay. Whilst they were in this debate the *hour* began, and the clients, unanimously, as if it had been one man, cried out, " Good Mr. Barrister, in all suits the adversary is 'the least of evils, for he sues at his own cost, and you plead for us at our own ; and you, the solicitor, the clerk, and the attorney, run away with our money. The adversary waits for judgment, and purses upon an appeal ; but you and your adherents give a definite sentence in your own behalf. Our suit may go for and against us, but in the following of it we must of

necessity be cast four times a day ; so that in the end we may obtain our right, but have lost our money. All those text books cannot persuade us but it is madness to spend what we have, to get what another man has, and perhaps be at last disappointed. We had rather have one adversary than five : for supposing the suit should go on our side, it will do so not before it has ruined us. Lawyers defend their clients as seamen do their ships in a storm, throwing over all they have, that, if it be God's will, they may be brought into their port empty. The best advice is to agree amongst ourselves ; for by agreeing we shall save what you take from us. We are all going to compound with our adversaries. Your best revenues arise out of our obstinacy, and if we, by compounding, should lose all we sued for, at least we shall gain all that you lose. We would advise you to put a bill upon your door ; for we think it better to spend our money upon whores than lawyers : and for your part, since your only business has been to set men together by the ears, it will be your best course to turn soldier or statesman."

XX. The tavern-keepers, a perverse generation (who raise the price of their wine at the same rate that they brew water, selling the rain disguised and discoloured with sloes, and the dregs of their hogheads, for the juice of the grape) were met in a tavern to the number of six or seven ; with as many bullies and highwaymen, and a quorum of draggle-tailed jilts, newly whipped out of bridewell, who danced themselves dry, and drank to dance again. The bumpers flew about like lightning, to the tune of three in a hand. " Delicate wine ", quoth one of the sparks, perceiving the cheat, and winking upon the knave that was to pledge him. The other, who feared it would breed frogs in his belly, rather than send fumes into his brain, replied, " This is truly a rich wine, and we are but poor rogues ; for the waters belong to the rich and not to the poor ". The vintner hearing their shouts, called them sots, bidding them drink and hold their peace. " Drink and swim, you should have said ", replied one of the good fellows. This minute began the *hour*, and the whole company growing mutinous, threw the pots and glasses at the vintner, crying, " Inhuman water-seller, we are more like drowned rats than drunkards : thou makest us pay by the quart for the river water thou bringest in by the hogshead ". The vintner

having nothing to say for himself, cried, "Water! Water!" as if his house had been afire, and rolling his hogsheads into the street, knocked out the heads of them, letting the liquor run down the channel.

XXI. A swarm of thirty-two candidates, all aiming at one employment, were waiting to speak with the nobleman in whose gift it was. Each of them fancied himself as deserving as the rest were unworthy of it. Every one blessed himself, and wondered at the madness and impudence of the rest for pretending to what he imagined to be due to him alone. They beheld one another with evil eyes and hearts full of malice; and meditated how to slander and defame. Their looks were sour and starched, but their joints in continual motion. Every time the door creaked, they made a thousand bows on all hands, and as many submissive grimaces. Not so much as a page could pass by without receiving a loving salute and a kind look. The secretary happening to rush through the room, their submissions were profound, as if they would kiss the ground he trod on. He, casting a glance like a shame-faced girl, pressed through, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I am now in haste". The nobleman called for his desk and sat to dispatch business; when upon a false alarm, thinking themselves summoned to appear, one of the candidates cries, "It is I"; another, "I come"; and others, "Here I am", crowding themselves to death against the door. The poor lord understanding what a peal of petitions attended him, knew not which way to turn himself. Silently he cursed himself, saying it was one of the greatest blessings in the world to have to give, provided there were none to ask: and that favours, that they might not be a plague to him that bestows them, ought to be freely offered and never sued for. The dunners impatient of delay, wasted inwardly, considering there was but one employment, and the candidates many. The lord considered he could please but one, and must disoblige thirty-one; however, to be rid of them, he resolved they should be admitted, and in order to it put on a stern countenance, and looking like a statue that he might appear with more majesty. In they rushed in a crowd, and he perceiving they would all tongue-pad him at once, said, "There is but one employment, and you are a number. I would gladly bestow the place upon one, and satisfy you all".

As he dropped the last word the *hour* commenced, and the lord bestowing the employment upon one, entailed the reversion of it upon them all one after the other, "world without end". The wretched presumptive heirs began to wish one another dead, praying for pleurisies, asthmas, consumptions, plagues, apoplexies, fluxes, sudden deaths, and all manner of disasters. Scarce were two minutes past since the entail, when every man thought his predecessor had lived to the age of Methuselah; and though the tenth man computed his turn could not come till four hundred years after, yet every man was pleased to wait the death of his predecessor. Only the thirty-first finding by his reckoning that his turn fell out exactly with the end of the world, and after the coming of Anti-Christ, said, "My possession and the general conflagration hit exactly together, I shall make a fine business of my employment; when I am burnt on the day of Judgment, who will oblige the dead to pay me my wages? For my part, I wish the thirtieth successor a long life, for when the employment comes to him, the world will be at the gasp". The lord left them striving to outlive and destroy one another, and went himself away, in a passion to see them protracting their ages beyond doomsday and even coping with eternity. He that had carried the employment stood amazed to consider what a long succession of heirs he had got; and at last slunk away, resolving to eat light suppers and avoid taking cold. The rest looked upon one another as so many mutual plagues, and reciprocally cursing their lives; each fancied diseases in the other, and added to the number of his years; every successor threatening his forerunner with death, giving him over as a gone man and wishing him in the hands of physicians: which is the same as to be delivered up to the hangman.

XXII. A sort of men that borrow (after the manner of the day that is past—never to return again) who snap at a purse as a spider does at a fly that is entangled

THE in her web, lie tumbling in bed till the evening  
BORROWERS. for want of rags to cover their nakedness.

Among them they had laid out half a crown they had mumped, in wafers, ink, pens and paper, which they had consumed in begging letters, all to the same effect; expressing how urgent the occasion was, their reputation lying at stake, and even their life, with assurances of a speedy return, and professions of eternal acknowledgment. However,

in case they should not meet with money, they concluded with the *ne plus ultra* of impudent beggary, desiring, in case there was no ready cash, they would be pleased to send them something of value to pawn, which should be most carefully secured. By way of postscript, they begged pardon for the boldness, protesting they would not be so free with any other person. They had drawn about a hundred of these notes to be dispersed in all the corners of the town, whither they were conveyed by one of the fraternity—a notable sponger that had a tongue well hung, not a little resembling a well-travelled mountebank. The herd of letter-beggars remained, computing how much money the messenger would bring; and a cursed noise there was about the sum. Nor did it stop there: for they wrangled about the laying it out, and having given one another the lie, at last they leaped out of their beds, with such fragments of shirts that there was no occasion to take them up to discover their lower parts. In came their mumping post with an air that spoke no relief: both his hands were at liberty, and his arms open, which foreboded emptiness. All that appeared was a great number of notes. They all stood amazed, seeing their contrivance had ended in empty answers, and in a doleful tone said, "What have we got?" "No money", replied the poor scoundrel, "you may divert yourselves with reading, since you have no occasion of telling." They began to open the notes. The first was to this effect: "I was never so much concerned at any thing in all my life as my not being at present in a condition to serve you in a matter of so little value." "He might have served me", quoth the reader, "and have had more cause to be concerned." The second note: "Sir, Had I received yours yesterday, I could have obliged you, and been proud of the occasion". "A curse of yesterday", says he, "that is the daily plague of all mumpers." The third note: "It is such a miserable time". "O damned almanack", cried the shark, "we ask for money and you tell us what weather it is." The fourth note: "Sir, Your want cannot be so grievous to you, as it is to me that I cannot relieve you". "Who the devil told you so?" exclaims the poor wretch, "Dost thou pretend to divination, thou miser, and prophesy when thou oughtest to give?" "No more reading", they all cried, and making a hellish charm, they added, "It is now night. To make up what has been expended, let us gnaw the wafers off the letters

for our supper, and sell these and two other parcels of notes we have by us to the confectioner, who will give at least four royals for them to paper up comfits, wrap sugar, and lay under biscuits in the oven". Says the letter carrier, "This trade of borrowing has been out of the world these ten years. A man had better give what he asks, than endure the gestures and scurvy looks of those he accosts; and if you calculate the whole, the expense of paper and shoes is greater than the profit; your only way is to look out sharp". In this posture were the paper mumpers when the *hour* began; and the lightest of equipage said, "We are very ceremonious with other men's money, and if we expect it should fly in at our windows, we may die in a ditch. Rhetoric is no good picklock, and fine words reach the ears but not the pockets: to listen to one that begs is the devil. It is much easier to take than to ask. When all men hoard it is no time to wait their generosity. Our business is to steal barefaced and with consideration—that is, considering we must steal in such manner that there may be enough for the accuser, for the clerk, for the constable, for the attorney, for the solicitor, for the counsellor, for the jailer, for the judge, and for ourselves; for when what is stolen ends, the hangman begins. My friends, if they banish us it is better than that they should bury us; if they pillory us, it breaks no bones; and as for the shame of it, none of our spectators has any; if they whip us we may be content, for beggars must not be choosers, and at least we shall have the satisfaction of hearing our white skins commended—and as soon as the show is over, the doublet hides the lashes. If they put us upon the rack, we are in no danger, for all their endeavour is to make us speak the truth—which we never do. Therefore let us be like the sailors and we are safe enough—to be sent to the galleys is only going into the king's service with a bald pate; and galley slaves serve only to supply the want of sails. If they hang us, which is the utmost extremity, that day twelvemonth will be a year: and every man that is hanged honours his parents, for though he be a very mean scoundrel, the block-heads of the spectators say, 'He is very well born and of a good family'. Nay, if it were only for the pleasure of choosing the doctor and apothecary at one death, a man might be well enough pleased to die of the hempen disease. Gentlemen, mind your hits." Scarce were the last words out of his mouth,



when, wrapping the sheets about them and swallowing the oil that was in the lamp, they let themselves out of the window with a blanket into the street ; and away they scoured to search chests, pick locks, and dive into pockets.

XXIII. Italy, once the mistress of the world, and now only retaining the memory of its former grandeur, seeing its

vast monarchy cut out into so many parcels,

IMPERIAL to enlarge the dominions of several princes,

ITALY. and its territories rent asunder to patch up

many scattered states, was now at length

convinced how easy it was for others to take from her all that she alone had so happily taken from them all. Now, therefore, finding herself poor, and extremely light (being eased of the burden of many provinces) she resolved to turn ropedancer ; and for want of ground to walk upon, exercised herself upon the tight-rope to the astonishment of the whole world. The ends of her rope she fixed, one at Rome and the other at Savoy. France and Spain were the spectators. The two kings kept a watchful eye upon her, observing to which side she inclined as she danced, each striving to be ready to catch her if she fell. Italy perceiving what they aimed at, laid hold of the republic of Venice, and, grasping it with both hands as a pole to poise her, leaped and skipped at a wonderful rate ; sometimes making as if she would fall to one side, and sometimes to the other, diverting herself with the eagerness of both parties stretching out their arms to catch her, and surprising others with her skill in recovering herself, and deceiving them both. As they stood thus upon the catch, the *hour* began, and the King of France seeing no probability of laying hold on her, began to loosen the end of the rope which was fixed in Savoy, that she might come tumbling towards him. The Spanish monarch perceiving it, clapped in the State of Milan and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, as supporters. Italy, skipping in the air, discovered that Venice which she used as a pole to poise, at the same time crucified her ; and therefore casting it from her and laying hold of the rope, she said, " So much for ropedancing : for it is not for me to rise high when the lookers-on wish I may fall, and the pole that should poise crucifies me ". Then, suspecting the support of Savoy, she betook herself to Rome saying, " Since all are for seizing me, I'll take sanctuary in the Church, where, if I chance to fall, I shall not want somebody to absolve me ".

XXIV. The Neapolitan courser, from whom some have stolen his oats, and others drawn away his hay, while some strove to make of him a gelding, others a mare, and others a post-horse, perceiving that whilst he was in the keeping of that incomparable Viceroy and invincible captain general, the Duke of Osuna, he would cope with Bucephalus, his furniture being composed of the treasures of Venice and Brindisi. That he had made him a sea-horse by his many glorious naval victories ; that he had turned him to grass in Cyprus, and watered him at Tenedos, when he dragged after the mighty ship Sultana from Salonica, for which action Neptune owned him for his first begotten son, brought forth in opposition to Minerva. He remembered that great Girón had shod him with the Turkish half-moons, and that kicking up his heels, he had dashed out the teeth of the Venetian lion at the prodigious battle near Ragusa, where with only fifteen sail he defeated eighty, obliging them shamefully to retire with the loss of many galleys and galleasses, and of the best of their men. Calling to mind these triumphs, and considering he had not now so much as a horse-cloth, but was galled and snuffled because they had thrown feathers into his manger ; and that he was now put to draw a coach, having been once so mettlesome that the Frenchmen, though good jockeys, could never sit him. The miserable condition he saw himself reduced to, drove him into a desperate melancholy, and from that into raving madness : so neighing fiercely, and breathing fire, he thought to have imitated the Trojan horse, and, kicking and plunging, to have overthrown the city. At the noise, in came the magistrates of Naples, who, throwing one of their gowns over his head, blinded him ; and then stroking and speaking fair to him, they put on his collar and fetters : but as they were tying him to a ring in the stable, the *hour* began. Two of them that were farthest off, said, " It was more convenient and cheaper to give the courser at once to the Pope, than every year to send him a nag with a purse. For, by their malicious eyes, it might be judged the Pope's nephews would some time overlook him." The others surprised at this motion, answered that the King of Spain had secured him against that distemper, by placing three castles on his forehead as a spell ; and that they would sooner cut off his legs than see him serve like a mule under long black

trappings, resembling a pall. The two first replied that they talked like heretics in refusing to be Papists ; and that no saddle would fit a courser like that of St. Peter. The others in a passion said that to prevent the heretics making the Pope lose his stirrups in that saddle, it was convenient only the King of Spain should mount the horse. Some were for the mitre, others for the crown ; and words passing, at last they came to blows : so that a terrible havoc had been among them, but that the elect of the people came in, and understanding the cause of the quarrel, said, " This horse, though hard-mouthed, has had many masters, and for the most part has gone to them of his own accord, and not suffered himself to be led. It is requisite he be carefully looked after, for there are in Italy many a-foot that look for baggage horses and jockeys ready booted and spurred ; and the old horse-dealer (who caught him sometimes before) has now got a back-door to the stable. Neither is it convenient that any French groom should curry him—for they tickle and do not make him sleek : and pray look to the Monsieurs who wear canonical robes, that they may have the better opportunity to throw their leg over him ".

XXV. Two ruffians were brought to the gallows for half a dozen murders. One of them had already taken his swing, and the other was mounted on the ladder, with the hangman astride over his shoulders. Among the crowd of spectators, two physicians riding after fevers and plagues, made a halt ; and beholding the criminals began to weep like children, with such a deluge of tears, that the people about them asked whether those that suffered were their sons. They answered that they did not know them, but wept to see men die without paying anything to the faculty. That moment began the *hour*, the criminal spying the doctors, said, " Gentlemen of the faculty, here is room for you, if you please ; for you have killed enough to deserve my place ; and your skill in dispatching men renders you worthy of the hangman's. Galen and Hippocrates must not send all to the grave ; hemp is as effectual as an aphorism. Those mules that carry you about to commit so many murders, are no better than ladders to mount you to the gallows. This is a time to speak truth ; had I used the *Recipe* instead of the *Dagger*, I had not come to this end though I had massacred all the spectators. I beg

a dozen masses for my soul, which you may easily foist into one of the wills you forward."

XXVI. The grand Duke of Muscovy being exhausted by the continual inroads of the Tartars and frequent encroachments of the Turks, found himself compelled to impose new taxes upon his subjects. To this effect he summoned his favourites, servants, ministers, counsellors, and the commons of his court, and spoke to them to this effect: That they could not but be sensible of the great expense he was at in maintaining an army to protect them against the malice of their neighbouring enemies: that no State could subsist without taxes: that those which are imposed in pressing necessities were always just, and must be accounted no burden, being employed in the defence of those that pay them, who purchase their security, lives, and estates with that small pittance, which, in a moderate and well regulated tax, falls to every man's share to disburse: that he had assembled them to consult their own conveniency, and therefore expected their answer would be suitable to their common interest. The first that spoke were his creatures and ministers, saying the proposition was so good and just that it carried its answer and concession: that all was due to the support of the prince, and defence of the country, and therefore he might contrive, according to his pleasure, to lay whatever taxes he thought fit on his subjects, because all that they paid was for their own interest and security: and consequently the greater the burdens he laid upon them, the more he would convince them of the confidence he reposed in their loyalty, and the greater would be their honour. The Czar heard them with satisfaction, but not without some mistrust; and therefore ordered the commons to answer for themselves. They (whilst the courtiers harangued) had privately whispered about and pitched on one to be their speaker, and deliver their sentiments. Having taken a convenient place, he said, "Great Sir, your dutiful subjects whose mouth I am, render you their most humble thanks for your care in protecting and defending them: they yield a blind obedience to your will, and wholly submit themselves to your pleasure, as becomes a people born under your jurisdiction, who have ingrafted in them a hereditary love and reverence for you: and they beg leave to put you in mind

it is their glory they have made this appear during your whole reign, which God long continue over us : they are sensible you make their protection your care, and that it is that which makes you descend from being a sovereign over them and their fortunes, to become a Father to every one, and a testimony of your goodness which they infinitely value. They are not ignorant of the many pressing and unexpected accidents which bring upon you unavoidable expenses, not to be spared with honour to you or safety to them ; and they are convinced you are too far exhausted to defray them. I, in the name of all your subjects, freely offer all they possess without reserving anything, but must also offer two things to your consideration. The one is that if you now take all your subjects have, you will drain that source which is always to supply you and your heirs ; and if you undo them, you do that which you fear your enemies should do ; and the consequence is so much the more fatal to you, by how much their being ruined by the enemy, is dubious, and by you certain ; and they who advise you to destroy yourself to prevent being destroyed, are rather pensioners to the enemy than faithful counsellors to you. Remember the country is *Æsop*, to whom *Jove* gave a hen that every day laid an egg of gold for his maintenance. He, suffering himself to be deluded by avarice, fancied, that a fowl that laid every day a golden egg, must have rich mines of that metal within her ; and therefore thought it better to seize all at once than receive it by little and little, as the gods had ordered it. He killed the hen and was left without the treasure or the egg. Do you not, great Sir, verify this fable of the philosopher : for if you do, you will become a fable to your people. A prince of a poor people is rather a poor man, or poverty itself, than a prince. He who enriches his subjects has as many treasures as his subjects. He who impoverishes them has so many hospitals ; he has as many terrors as men, and fewer men than enemies. Riches may be forsaken at any time, but poverty cannot. We seldom endeavour to quit the former, but always the latter. The other thing I offer to your consideration is that your present wants proceed from two causes, one, the immense frauds and depredations of those about you ; the other, the present extraordinary emergencies. There is no doubt but the first named is the foremost as to time ; and whether it be not the greatest is for you to examine. Divide, therefore, the supply you require

as you shall think fit, laying one part on those who have made a property of your revenues, and the other as a tax upon your subjects ; and then none but a traitor can complain." Thus had he spoken when the *hour* began ; and the Czar rising up, said, " Let him that hath taken it from me restore what is wanting of what I had ; and what is wanting after that let my people pay ; and that this may not be delayed, all you and your friends, who at a distance like spongers have sucked my revenue, shall be left as you were when you came to my service, only allowing your salaries ". So great and universal was the joy of the commons, hearing this just decree of the Czar, that they unanimously gave him the title of Augustus, and, kneeling before him, said, " As an acknowledgment we agree to pay whatsoever you shall impose upon us ; and that done, will of our own accord double the sum ; and ordain that this free offering may remain as a perpetual duty, payable every time you shall resume what has been taken from you, whereby it will come to pass that covetous men will be afraid to receive what you freely give them ".

XXVII. A cheating gamester was at play with a sharpening bully, upon tick—believing it the way to draw him in deeper than if the money had lain upon the table ;

A CHEAT.      and scored the loss with counters. He packed the cards, having let him win something at first, the better to secure him ; and now and then gave him a tolerable hand, but then fetched it back with interest—so that the bully ran down apace, yet not without being very sensible of what was put upon him. The *hour* came upon them, and the gamester reckoning his counters, said, " Sir, you owe me two thousand crowns ". The bully counting them over again, as if he designed to pay, answered, " Good Sir, I must confess you are a good master at your trade, and have as much sleight of hand as any juggler. But you have not yet learned my trick, which is, never to pay what I lose : add that to the rest, and you'll be complete. You may reckon you played for nothing, and that all we have lost is our time—and that neither of us can recover ".

XXVIII. The Hollanders, who are beholden to the sea for the ground they live on (which is only some scraps of land they have stolen from it, under the shelter of heaps of clay they call dykes) having quelled their intestine broils by a universal trade, after they had erected themselves into a free

State and extended their territories, pretending to be first begotten of the ocean, and conceiting that the sea (which gave them for their habitation the land it once covered) would not refuse them that which compasses it ; having covered it with ships and peopled it with pirates, resolved at once in several places to encroach upon the east and west. They go to our fleets for gold and silver, as our fleets go for it to the Indies. They look upon it as the cheaper and shorter way to take it from those that bring it, than from the earth that produces it. The negligence of an admiral or the favour of a storm furnish them with plate at an easier rate than the mines could do. In these undertakings they have been forwarded, favoured and assisted by all the princes of Europe, who behold the grandeur of the Spanish monarchy with envious eyes. Encouraged by these powerful supports, they have established a trade in Portuguese India, settled commerce in Japan, and still persisting after many disappointments, have at length possessed themselves of the best part of Brazil ; where they have not only the power of government but the profit of the sugar and tobacco, which enriches them and beggars us. In this place, which is the inlet to the East and West Indies, they reside like cormorants, ready to swallow ships and whole fleets, alarming Lima and Potosí : for it appears by geography that they may gradually, without wetting their feet, steal round those mountains, if, weary of the sea they should hesitate to creep along the coast by Buenos Ayres to secure to themselves the Straits of Magellan. That world-devouring assembly sat consulting with a pair of compasses over a terrestrial globe and sea chart, leaping over climes and countries and making choice of provinces that were none of their own ; and among them was the Prince of Orange with a pair of scissors in his hand, ready to cut the world according to his fancy. In this posture they were when the *hour* began : and a decrepit old fellow snatching the scissors out of his hand, said, “ Gluttons who are greedy of provinces always die for want of digestion ; there is no surfeit so dangerous as that of dominion. The Romans, from a narrow spot of ground too little to sow half a bushel of corn, swallowed up all their neighbours ; and, extending their avarice, brought the whole world under the yoke of their first plough. And it being certain that whosoever pours himself out, wastes as much as he extends : so they no sooner had

much to lose but they began to lose much ; for ambition gathers more than force can preserve. Whilst they were poor they conquered the rich, who making them rich, and being left poor, took to themselves the customs inherent in poverty ; investing them with those of riches and luxury, and by that means destroyed them, revenging themselves on them with the very riches they gave them. The Assyrians, Greeks and Romans are so many skeletons to instruct us : it is fitter for us to take their warning than to imitate those ruined monarchies. The more we raise our small weight and the nearer we bring it in the Roman balance of power, to the great mass we would outweigh—the less we shall appear : but the more we draw it back, the better will our small portion turn the vast weight that stands against it ; and if we draw back to the last notch, one pound of ours will poise a thousand of theirs. Trajan Boccalini hinted at this secret in the weight of his politic touchstone ; and it is verified in the monarchy of Spain, from which we aim to draw away weight, which added to ours, will diminish it by the addition. For subjects to become free was prodigious : to keep ourselves so, is a work that requires all our application. France and England who assisted us to cut off from Spain that part of its dominion which was formidable to them, will not, for the same reason, permit us to swell to such greatness that they may have cause to fear us. The axe which joins to itself all it cuts off from the tree will not be esteemed a useful instrument, but rather an encumbrance. They will bear with us as long as they think we stand in need of them, but if once they imagine they can have occasion for us, they will meditate our ruin and destruction. He who sees a beggar on whom he has bestowed alms, grow rich, either asks him to refund or lend. We can gain nothing but what the Princes who look on will covet for themselves. As they despise the neighbour that is losing, so they fear him that is gaining. We, by dispersing, act for the King of Spain against ourselves : for should he, to divide and weaken us, wilfully lose the countries we take from him, it were in him a strategem and no loss ; and he will never be so able to take what we have, as when he has suffered us to take what he has so far from him and us. Brazil rather sucks and unpeoples Holland than strengthens it. It is enough for thieves not to restore what they have stolen, without continuing their thefts for ever, which sooner prefers them to the gallows than to the throne.”



The Prince of Orange snatching back the scissors in a temper, said, " Though Rome lost itself, yet Venice holds out, and was at first but a town-stealer, as we are. The gallows you speak of is oftener the lot of the unfortunate than of robbers ; and all the world over the great thief hangs the little one. He that picks a pocket is ever a thief ; he that stole provinces and kingdoms was always a king ; the right of monarchs is in the longest sword. It is natural for one to be engendered out of the corruption of another ; he that is corrupted is the cause of him that is engendered. A carcase complains not of the worms that eat it, because it breeds them. Let every man look to himself that he does not putrify, otherwise he will be father to his own worms. All things consume, but the small sooner than the greater. When it shall come to pass that they fear, who pitied us, we will pity them we feared ; which is a good exchange. If we can, let us be what they are, who were what we are. All the hints you have given are good : let not the kings of France and England hear of them ; but do you put us in mind hereafter, for that is an obstacle in the beginning which proves good advice in the end". So saying he set about with the scissors, cutting to the right and left, altering the face of the earth ; and from old slices of the world a crown was made, and set upon a pasteboard majesty.

XXIX. The Grand Duke of Florence, who, by adding to his title five letters, which compose the word Great, has gained the ill-will of all other princes, was  
 THE GRAND private in his closet with a servant to whom  
 DUKE OF he entrusted his greatest secrets. They  
 FLORENCE. discoursed of the beauty of his cities, the greatness of his territories, the trade of Leghorn, and the victories obtained by his galleys. From this they changed subject, and fell upon the great honour his family had attained to, being allied to most monarchs and princes of Europe, by its matches with France, whereby the Kings of France, Spain and Great Britain, were by the mother's side descended from it. Thus were they discoursing when the *hour* began : and the servant, as it were in a prophetic rapture, said, " Sir, your Highness from a private citizen became prince. *Memento Homo* : whilst you were content to be a prince, you were the richest among them ; and now you look upon yourself as father-in-law of kings, and son-in-law

of emperors. *You are dust* : and if you happen to be father-in-law to France, and the curses of matchmaking fall upon you, to dust you shall return. Your country is fruitful, your cities wealthy, your ports full of trade, your galleys successful, your alliances great, and on all these accounts your State is truly regal ; but this minute I have discovered in it such stains as sully and lessen the value of it, which are these : the remembrance which the subjects retain that once they were equals ; the republic of Lucca, which started up in the midst of us ; the garrisons the King of Spain has in Tuscany ; and the addition of the title Great to that of Duke, which all your neighbours envy". The Duke, who before had not reflected upon any of these things, said, " What method shall I use to remove these stains ? " The servant answered, " They are so grounded in, it is impossible to take them out without cutting off the piece, which is a remedy worse than the disease ; because it is better to be stained than ragged. If the stains I speak of be taken out with the piece, your highness will scarce have a rag left ; but will be rent to tatters. The nature of these stains is, they are cleansed by sinking in deeper, and not by being taken out. Your highness must make use of fasting-spittle, and absorb little and little : and that which you now spend in portions for queens you may lay out in stopping the eyes and ears of those who observe you ".

XXX. A lean ragged alchemist, who looked as if he had extracted the juice from his flesh and calcined his clothes, had wheedled a miser to give ear to him, as he stood at a man's door who sold charcoal, and  
 THE  
 ALCHEMIST. was telling him, " I am a natural philosopher, and, by the grace of God, a chemist. I have found the philosopher's stone, which is a medicine of life and produces a transcendant transmutation infinitely multiplicable : for with the powder of this stone, by projection, I turn into the purest and most refined gold, quicksilver, iron, lead, tin and silver. I can make gold of grass, eggshells, hair, blood, piss, and of the very dirt. This I can do in a few days and with small expense. I dare not discover myself to anybody, because if the King should hear of it he would clap me into gaol to save voyages to India and the trouble of digging in the mines. I know you to be a person of discretion, quality and worth ; and therefore have resolved to trust you with a secret of such importance, and so admirable, that in a few days

it will make you master of millions." The miser listened to him with a greedy ear, so wrapt in contemplation of the millions that his fingers itched with eagerness to tell them. His avarice could not contain itself within bounds, but rushed out of his eyes ; he had in his imagination already converted his frying pans, spits, kettles, and candlesticks into bars of gold. He asked what would be the cost of the operation. The chemist replied, " Little or nothing, for fifty crowns is enough to convert all the world into gold and silver, because the greatest expense would be in limbecks and crucibles ; for the elixir, which is the vivifying spirit of gold, will cost nothing, and may be had gratis everywhere ; neither shall a farthing be spent in charcoal, because I sublimate, digest, separate, rectify and circulate all with lime and dung ". The coalman was listening to this tale of a tub, fretting to hear him say he would use no charcoal ; but just then began the *hour*, and the coalman well powdered with charcoal dust, and smelling of the devil's perfume, falls upon the chemist, saying, " Thou vagabond, scoundrel, rascal, why dost thou feed up that honest man with imaginary gold ? " The chemist in a fury gave him the lie, which the coalman so readily answered with a cuff, it was scarce discernible which was first. They both fell to loggerheads, and in a trice the chemist's battered nose ran like a limbeck. The miser could not part them, nor dared to meddle because of the dust and smuts. They stuck so close to one another, it was impossible to discern which was the coalman, or who soiled the other. At length they were parted by the people that passed by, but in such a condition, they looked as if they had been rolled in lampblack and trimmed with snuffs of candles. Says the charcoal-man, " This poor devil tells thee he'll make gold of dirt and old iron, and at the same time his clothes are all in tatters and he looks as if he had been robbing the rag-woman. I know these fellows, for one of them cheated a neighbour of mine, and made him lay out at my own house at least a thousand crowns in coals only, and that in the space of two months, telling him he would make gold, whereas he only made smoke and ashes, and at last ran away with all he had ". " But I ", quoth the chemist, " will perform what I undertake ; and since you make gold and silver of coals, and of the stones, dirt and rubbish you throw among them, and of the cheats of your weight, why may not I with my art and the

assistance of Arnaldo, Geber, Avicenna, Morienno, Roger, Hermes, Theophrastus, Vulstadius, Evonymus, Croll, Libavius and Hermes's samaragdine table, make gold as well as you." The charcoal-man in a fume replied, "Because all those authors make you mad; and you will make him that believes you a beggar. I sell coals and you burn them, which is the reason I convert them into gold and silver; and you turn them into soot. The true philosopher's stone is to buy cheap and sell dear, and a pox on all your catalogue of hard names. I declare I would with more satisfaction freely give my coals to burn you with all your papers than sell them for ready money. As for you, Sir, you may make account that this day you became master of your money; and if you desire to increase it, trade is the only thing that multiplies coin, and makes one pistole in a month produce another. But if you are weary of your bags, empty them into a house of office and whensoever you repent, you may take them out with more ease and cleanness than ever you will experience in recovering them from the bellows and distillation of this miserable wretch, who, being himself a mere ragamuffin, pretends to outdo the treasures of India and defy the mines of Potosí.

XXXI. Three Frenchmen were travelling into Spain over the mountains of Biscay: one of them trundled before him a wheel with the implements for grinding knives and scissors; another carried before and behind two great fardles of bellows and mouse-traps; and the third had a box of combs and pins. A poor Spaniard, who was travelling into France afoot, with his cloak on his shoulder, met them about half way in the ascent of a craggy steep hill. They sat down to rest in the shade and began to compare notes. The Spaniard being asked whither he travelled, answered that he was going to France, having fled from justice for some unlucky pranks; that thence he would go into Flanders to appease the Judges, and gain honour in his king's service; because a Spaniard out of his own country could not serve any other master. Being again asked how it came he had no trade or handicraft to maintain him in that long journey, he replied that Spaniards had no trade but war; that those who were poor and honest borrowed or begged by the way; and those who were not so, robbed, as they did in all other countries. Moreover, he said he was surprised

that they travelled from France through strange countries and desolate mountains with their goods, being always in danger of falling into the hands of highwaymen. He desired they would inform him what moved them to leave their country, and what profit they would propose to gain for themselves by that lumber they were loaded with, which at a distance made them look so frightful, and put travellers into a quandary to determine what they were. The grinder, who stammered the best Spanish of the three, said, "We are gentlemen, disgusted with the King of France, and have lost our fortunes by being malecontents; but I have made three journeys into Spain, where, with this wheel and these stones, I have gathered many Spanish pistoles, which you call Doubloons". The Spaniard, with a sour look, replied, "Much good may do the King of France with his faculty of curing the evil, if he suffers grinders and pedlars to be malecontents". Quoth the grinder, "You ought to look upon us grinders as a land fleet, for with these stones we sharpen and wear away your bars of gold more than your knives and scissors; take notice of this cracked pot that drivels out the water; this serves us to convey home our plate, without being exposed to the troubles of the sea, and dangers of storms; these wheels, instead of sails, carry us into all parts, and being dispersed through all countries with our grindstones, combs and pins, we gently draw after us the revenues of your Indian mines; and you may be sure it is no small treasure that France catches in its mouse-traps, and sucks in with its bellows". "By the Lord", saith the Spaniard, "though I knew not all this, yet I could easily perceive your bellows blew away our money, and your traps increased your stock, but diminished not our mice; and I have observed that ever since you sold bellows we spend more coals, and our pots boil never the better; that since you bring us traps, we are devoured by rats and mice; that since you grind, all our tools rust, wear, notch and grow dull; and that in grinding our knives you spoil them, that we may have occasion to buy more from you. I am now convinced you Frenchmen are the lice that devour all parts of Spain; that you bite us with the teeth of your combs, and grind us with your stones: nor do I think that scratching is any remedy against this itching, but that it increases it, and makes us tear ourselves to pieces with our own fingers. I hope in God I shall soon return, and

then will make it known there is no remedy against this itch beyond picking you out and pressing you to death. What shall I say of your combs, but that they have made it fashionable to be bald, by wearing all the hair off our heads. I will make the Spaniards more cheery of their mice, their dandruff, and their rust, that you may go to hell to vend your combs, bellows and mouse-traps." At this moment began the *hour*, and the Spaniard foaming with passion, said, "The devil is at my elbow, tempting me to murder you all, and make these mountains as famous as formerly was Roncesvalles for the overthrow of Charlemagne". The pedlars seeing him change colour, and rave, rose up gabbling amain, crying, *Mon Dieu* and calling him *Coquin*. In an ill hour did they name it, for the Spaniard drawing his dagger, and running at the grinder, made him quit his wheel, which receiving the stroke, tumbled down the rocks, and was beaten to shivers. Meanwhile the trap-merchant threw a pair of bellows at him, but he, falling on with his dagger, cut all the rest and broke the traps to pieces. The comb-pedlar laying down his box, began to throw stones; the other two followed his example. All three plied the Spaniard, and he answered them all, there being such plenty of that sort of ammunition in the place, that they stumbled upon it. The Frenchmen kept their distance for fear of the dagger. The Spaniard guarded himself with his cloak, and, giving a kick to the pin box, it tumbled down the rocks and flew open, strewing the mountain with pins and combs. He seeing the merchandise confounded cried out, "I have already begun to do my king good service", and seeing some passengers on mules come up and part them, desired they would give him a certificate of the victory he had obtained over the vermin that infested Spain. The passengers laughed, understanding the cause of the fray; and carrying away the Spaniard behind one of them, left the Frenchmen busy stopping the holes in the bellows, patching together the mousetraps, mending the wheel, and picking up the pins that were scattered about the cliffs. The Spaniard, being at a good distance, cried out to them, "If you were malecontents in your own country, ye scoundrels, thank me for making you so in mine".

XXXII. The most serene Republic of Venice, which in regard of its great wisdom and prudence, is, as it were, the brain of Europe where the Judgment resides, was assembled

in full senate. That assembly was composed of several sounds, some more solid, others more quick

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| THE MOST   | (the common difference betwixt old and          |
| SERENE     | young) yet all skilful, some by experience, and |
| REPUBLIC   | others by information, making together such a   |
| OF VENICE. | harmony, that all the princes in the world      |

dance to their music. The Doge, crowned head of that powerful free nation, sat on a high throne with three counsellors on each side : on his right was one chief of a Quaranta, and on the left two more : next to these were the Secretaries who count the balls, and in their places stood two officers, whose business it is to gather them. The silence was stupendous in so numerous an assembly, and exceeded that of a desert ; it was hard to persuade the eyes, but that the audience was made up of statutes, and not of men, so very mute were the diseases in the old, and so bridled the fierceness of the young. At length the Doge broke the silence with these words : “ Malice brings discord into the world ; double dealing continues it, and dissimulation makes him that sows it beloved even by him that suffers by it. The wars we have occasioned among our friends and not those we made with our enemies, have given us peace and victory. We shall be free so long as we employ others in subduing one another. Our light springs from dissension : we are like the spark that is produced from the striking of flint and steel. The more monarchs batter one another the more we shine. Italy, since the decay of the Empire, is like to a rich and beautiful heiress, who, her parents dying, was left to the care of guardians and trustees, and desires to be married. But the trustees having divided her fortune between themselves, and being loth to restore, and covetous to keep what they have, some of them misrepresent her to the King of Spain, who courts her ; and the others, to the King of France, who asks her in marriage, at the same time finding those faults in the suitors which they see in themselves. These false trustees are the princes of Italy, and among them it is not to be denied but that we also have seized a great part of her fortune. The two suitors now press hard to carry their mistress. We have made use of the King of France to put by the Catholic king, who, being so near a neighbour in Naples and Milan, make signs to her and from his own windows overlooks her. The Most Christian King, who being at a distance, could not gallant nor so much as see

her, therefore made love by letter. Now, by the assistance of Savoy, Mantua and Parma, and his approach to Pignerol, he ogles and courts her, and this obliges us to cheat him of her. This is easy to do, because there is less trouble in casting out the French, than in bringing them in ; they expel others with their fury, and themselves with their haughtiness. However, this snare must be so laid that at the time we break the match we may receive thanks for promoting it. The Most Christian King has bent his thoughts upon Lorrain ; his success in Germany is dubious and his subjects are poor ; which things discourage his partisans in Italy, so that we shall not find any great difficulty in attaining our ends ; for his own motions will disguise ours, and we need not raise jealousies in those that have confided in him, since their repentance saves us that labour. It is my opinion we shall subdue the King of France by encouraging him to go on in his great undertakings, and by heightening his credulity. Our utmost endeavours must be used to raise the esteem he has for his favourite : for this man who takes from him all that he adds to himself, lessens him as he grows great. As long as the subject has the ascendant over his king, and the king is subject to his servant, the subject will be hated as a traitor, and the king undervalued as of a mean spirit. The way to destroy a king publicly with safety, is to stand up for his chief adviser. I know not whether Ravallac was more fatal to his Father, than Richelieu has been to him. This I know, that betwixt them they have robbed him of both parents, the first of his father, the second of his mother. May Richelieu continue, for he is like a disease which, by continuance either consumes itself or him that endures it. It is requisite we cast an eye upon the succession of the crown of France, which is like to fall to the King's brother, whose generous nature we have reason to hope we may impose upon. He is like a fire that may be blown away, yet kindles itself. He is disobliged at the favours he receives, whereby he has offended the King of Spain, and sown the seeds of dissension, which we may improve to our benefit. France is dissatisfied at the Prime Minister's pretending to be of the blood royal ; which he claims by forged genealogies, and is disgusted to see all places of profit and trust in the hands of his kindred and friends. They remember the beheading of Montmorency, and the banishing of so many great men ; and they suspect that violence, and not right, will take place



in the succession to the crown. The affairs of Germany are past composing, the Palatine being dispossessed, the Duke of Lorraine outed, and the Duke of Saxony and other Protestants of the empire conspiring against the house of Austria. Italy seems to despair of peace by reason of the garrisons the French have within it. The King of Spain has his hands full with the Dutch, who have taken what he had in Holland ; and aim to rob him of what he has, being possessed of the best part of Brazil, which furnishes their fleet with the trade of sugar, tobacco, and Brazil wood ; having fortified themselves in one of the Leeward Islands. Besides all this he is engaged to support the Emperor, and to maintain the State of Milan against the French. We, like the spring in a striking watch, must move these hands every hour and every moment, without being perceived, continually sounding abroad without ever turning back. Our politics work like the glassmakers, who blow things into form ; and we sow fire to produce ice." Hither was he come when the *hour* began, the wonderful influence whereof inspiring the politic brain of a republican of the *Capidiechi*, made him discourse to this effect : " Venice is the very figure and resemblance of Pontius Pilate. *Probo* : Pilate, out of mere policy, condemned the just and washed his hands. *Ergo* : Pilate dismissed Barabbas, who was sedition itself, and apprehended Jesus that was peace itself. *Igitur* : Pilate positively said, What I have written, I have written. *Tenet Consequentia* : Pilate delivered the peace and safety of the world to mutineers, to be crucified. *Non potest negari !*" All the assembly uttered a cry and fell into confusion. The Doge ordered the republican, *nem. con.* to be put into irons, and that his genealogy should be inquired into ; for that it was obvious he was in some way descended from somebody that depended on another, who was a friend to some one that was acquainted with some person that came from another that had something of a Spaniard.

XXXIII. The most illustrious Doge of Genoa assembled the senate of that republic, to give audience to his Most Christian Majesty's ambassador, who harangued it to this effect : " Most serene  
 THE DOGE  
 AND SENATE  
 OF GENOA. republic, the king my master (who has always had the same regard for the liberty of Italy as for the majesty of his own crown, endeavouring to support it with all his power, and zealous for your good,

without aiming at any other interest but that of the several princes, who there possess the most beautiful part of the world) has commanded me in his name to put you in mind that he, as a most dutiful son of the Roman Church, and good neighbour to all the princes about him, is willing to justify his proceedings before you ; and make known his good will and affection to all the rest. You know better what you endure than we, who only hear or see at a distance. You have been long in continual wars proceeding from your controversies with the Duke of Savoy, whose neighbourhood was ever troublesome and a cause of jealousy to you ; wherein his Catholic Majesty stood by you, under the title of Arbitrator. This has given you occasion to behold the plains overflowing with blood, and covered with dead-bodies : cities ruined with long sieges and storms ; the country devoured by quartering of soldiers ; your territories over-run by Germans, a fierce nation attended by heresy in spirituals, and plague and famine in temporals. You will not find the king my master in any way concerned in the introducing of these calamities ; for he has only supported the weaker side, not with a design it should grow more powerful by victory, but that, defending itself, the adversary might not become more formidable, that so every man's right might subsist and be supported ; and that Monserrat might not become the regard of any man's ambition. To this purpose he has maintained mighty armies and sometimes headed them in person, overcoming the difficulties of winter snows on the Alps to make way to relieve you ; and returning triumphant with no other profit but his glory. Now all the world is in distraction, since in supporting you he has made powerful enemies in all parts, and now he flatters himself with the hopes that this republic will look upon him as no less a friend than the King of Spain, in regard to the liberty of its parts ; for by observing an exact neutrality you will show you are sensible of the king my master's goodly zeal, and the justice of his arms." The Duke perceiving the ambassador had ended his speech, answered thus : " We bless God that we can do no more than we have hitherto done towards serving his Most Christian Majesty with true zeal and affection. We have been eye-witnesses of what you have said ; and it is easy to persuade men to believe what they see. It is true this confidence might be somewhat disturbed by your king's countenancing, in the relief of Lesdiguières, the

troubles which the Duke of Savoy raised, to ruin, or at least disturb this commonwealth, which, had it not been relieved by his Catholic Majesty, must have been in great distress : besides that, it might be alarmed at the French possessing themselves of Susa, Pignerol, and Casal in Italy ; not unlike those, who, under colour of parting a fray, run away with the cloaks of those that quarrel. To add to this jealousy his Most Christian Majesty has been to the Duke of Lorraine like a smoky chimney which turns a man out of his house with tears in his eyes. However, without regarding these actions, we are, and ever shall be, most truly affectionate to his crown, as far as is consistent with the great obligations this republic and all the members of it owe to the monarch of Spain, by whose power we are protected, by whose grandeur we are enriched, and in whose sincerity and piety we rest secure : and therefore, that we may come to a resolution, as to the point of neutrality you demand, it is requisite we assemble in council all the members of this commonwealth, who are the support of our commerce." The ambassador and senate approved of it, which was done with orders to the messenger to acquaint them to what end they were summoned, and that they must appear immediately. The officer obeyed his orders, delivered his message, and asked for their speedy compliance.

The *hour* came upon them just then, and the Genoese growing into a fume, bid the messenger tell the Most Serene Duke : That having heard the proposal made in the King of France's name, and, being about to go to obey his commands, they found themselves so entangled in funds that they were not able to stir ; yet would have gone to wait on him with those funds at their tails, had they not been fixed in Naples and Sicily, and riveted to the revenues of Spain. That they could not but acquaint his Serenity that the King of France was like one that rows in a boat, who turns his back to the place he is going to, and draws towards him, and therefore it became him to look out sharp. The messenger returning, delivered his answer in an audible voice. The ambassador took snuff, and was out of countenance, setting his hat and wig to leave. The Duke, to nettle him the more, said, " Tell his Most Christian Majesty that since this republic cannot serve him as he desires, they promise him that in case he continues his resolution to enter Italy, there shall be an anniversary for the souls of the French who shall happen to

go to bear those company who made a churchyard of the wood of Pavia, paving it with skulls ; and to bear his Majesty's charges all the while he shall be prisoner in the State of Milan, and a hundred thousand ducats ready money required towards his ransom. And do you take that history of the Emperor Charles V. to divert you by the way, after which it may serve your great king for an itinerary." The Frenchman in a passion replied, " You have spoken like good and loyal subjects of the Catholic king, whom those very funds you talk of, and for which you refuse me a neutrality, have made his overseas and foreign slaves and vassals ".

XXXIV. The heretical Germans (among whom there are as many heresies as men, who consume themselves in supporting the tyranny of the Swedes, the treachery of the Electors of Saxony  
 THE the  
 HERETICAL' and Brandenburg and the Landgrave of  
 GERMANS. Hesse) perceiving themselves infected with the French disease, resolved to cure themselves at once. Considering that the salvation of so many past calamities, the flux they were put into at Nortlingen, and the many bleedings, *usque ad animi deliquium*, of so many overthrows, had availed nothing, they gathered all the physicians, chemists and mountebanks they could find, and having made known to them their distemper, asked advice thereupon. Some were of opinion that the only remedy was to purge out the French humours that had crept into their bones. Others affirming the distemper lay altogether in their heads, prescribed medicines to carry off the humour and discharge them of dull notions, by the help of Hippocrates' *Tetragonum* so much applauded by Galen, to which the smoke of tobacco exactly answers. Others more superstitious and magically inclined, affirm it was no natural disease they were troubled with, but were agitated by evil spirits, and that as persons possessed they stood in need of exorcisms. In the midst of the learned dispute the *hour* began, and the physician of Prague in an audible voice said, " There is no cure for this disease of the Germans, because all their maladies and distempers are only to be cured with a regular diet : and as long as Luther and Calvin keep their taverns open, and they have thirsty throats, and as long as they do not abstain from the French cook-shops and bawdy houses, *they will never be so temperate as they ought to be.*"

XXXV. The Grand Señor, or Emperor of the Turks (a monarch raised by the forgeries and deceit of Mahomet to a vast dominion) summoned together all his visiers, bashaws, beglerbeks, generals, and other eminent men of his mighty Porte (all or most of whom being renegades) as also the Christian captives, who, lying in perpetual

slavery, suffer a lingering death in the towers of Constantinople, without hope of redemption ; by reason of the price asked by that haughty monarch, who looks upon it as a diminution of his grandeur to ransom slaves, and deems that the heavenly virtue of mercy is proper only to the vulgar. The concourse was therefore extraordinary, and greater the expectation of all men, because there had been no precedent for such an assembly in the memory of man. The Grand Señor looking on it as too great a condescension that his voice should be heard, or his person seen by his subjects, being seated on a lofty throne behind a curtain which allowed only some scant passage to the sight, made a sign to the assembly to give ear to what things the Moriscos, who had been expelled from Spain, offered to him by way of advice. The Morisco, after prostrating himself at the Emperor's feet, arose again and said, " We the true and constant Mahometans—who, through the course of a tedious captivity in Spain, have for many years privately entertained in our hearts the law of the prophet descended from Agar, humbly acknowledging the unparalleled goodness of the almighty monarch of the world, the great Emperor of the Turks—in receiving us miserable relics of that expulsion, have resolved among ourselves to do his Most Potent Majesty some considerable service, which must be grounded on our knowledge and experience ; for we have no fortunes to offer, being a multitude stripped of all we possessed. To this effect the first thing we propose is that, for the honour of our nation and as a reward to our invincible generals and commanders in continuing the memory of their exploits, it is convenient (after the manner of Greece, Rome and Spain) that colleges and universities be erected, and rewards be assigned to learning : for by it, after the death of monarchs and extirpation of the monarchies, the Greek and Latin languages still gloriously survive ; and in them, in spite of death, do still flourish their heroic actions, virtues, and names, which were rescued from the oblivion of the grave by those

studies which enriched their minds and made their nations cease to be barbarous.

The second proposition is that the laws and customs of the Romans be received, so far as they are not directly opposite to our law, to the end that policy may be advanced, disorders suppressed, virtue rewarded, vice punished, and the distribution of Justice be so established that neither affection, malice, nor bribery, may have place ; but sure and universal method be settled in all parts.

The third is that for our greater benefit in fight, our crooked simitars be changed for Spanish tucks : because they are more handy either for defence or offence, since the great circular motion of cutting is saved by thrusting by which (whenever we have come to close quarters with the Spaniards) we have sustained unspeakable loss, that nation exceeding all others in handling their rapier ; and besides, swords are lighter to carry and easier to wield.

The fourth, that to preserve health and recover it when impaired the use of wine be by all means allowed ; because moderately taken it is the best vehicle of nutriment, and most efficacious medicine. It is also a rich fund to increase the Grand Señor's and his subjects' revenues, there being several liquors produced by the grape which create a considerable trade. Nay, it is more powerful and effectual than music to raise the spirits and excite the blood to bold undertakings. Neither ought the prohibition in our law, which has already been partly dispensed with, be any hindrance—until a proper interpretation to our purpose be found.

For the putting all we have proposed in execution, we offer to furnish schemes and directors, who shall carry it on without any charge or trouble to the public ; and are assured it will add much to the grandeur and glory of all dominions of the Great Emperor of Constantinople."

Scarce had he uttered the last word, when Sinan Bey, a renegade, started up, foaming with rage, and said, " If all the devils in hell had conspired against the Turkish monarchy, they could not have invented four such cursed plagues as have been proposed by this Morisco dog, who, among Christians, was a bad Mahometan, and would be a bad Christian among the Turks. These fellows would have rebelled in Spain, and here they would destroy us. The reason for expelling them thence was not greater than this ; and we can neatly revenge

ourselves on those who sent them among us, by sending them back. Don John of Austria had not more destructive designs against our power, when, at Lepanto, opening the veins of so many Janisaries, he caused the fish to swim in blood ; and made a new red sea not inferior to the old. The Persian green turban doth not more maliciously aim at the overthrow of our empire ; nor did Don Pedro Girón, Duke of Osuna and Viceroy of Naples and Sicily, with his fleets and land forces and the terror of his name, more fiercely endeavour to obliterate the memory of our half-moons, whose light he often sullied, when our vessels scarce thought themselves secure of him at Pera and Constantinople, than thou, infernal dog, with those four propositions, hast laboured to do. Hell-hound ! Monarchies are upheld by the same arts that erect them. They have always been raised by soldiers, and always corrupted by pedants. Kings hold their dominions by the sword ; not by their books. Armies gain and defend them ; not universities. Victories make them great and formidable ; not arguments. Battles bestow kingdoms and crowns ; learning bestows only caps and degrees. When a State begins to assign rewards for learning, dignities are conferred on drones ; craft is honoured, subtilty exalted, and favour rewarded : and then the conqueror depends on the doctor, the soldier on the scholar, and the sword on the pen. The ignorance of the people is the greatest security of princes. Learning, which instructs, makes them mutinous. Learned subjects rather conspire than obey ; rather examine their sovereign than respect him. No sooner do they understand, than they despise him. No sooner can they know what liberty is, than they desire it. They can judge whether he that reigns is worthy to rule, and then begin to reign over the prince. Learning causes peace to be sought after, because it stands in need of it : and peace that is sought after engenders the most dangerous war. No war is so destructive as that endured by he who seems to covet peace ; the latter sues with words and embassies, and the former takes advantage of the fear that appears in the entreaties. When a nation affects scholars and writers, goose quills take the place of swords and muskets. Ink in writing is more meritorious than blood spilt. A sheet of paper signed is of more force than armour proof against shot ; and the hand of a coward, by virtue of the pen, extracts from the inkhorn honours, revenues, titles, and grandeur.

Many vile wretches wear the black robe. Many raise estates by their writings, and many great men are descended from scribblers. Rome, beginning in a small circumference (scarce big enough to sow two bushels of corn) grew to a vast commonwealth, using neither doctors nor books, but soldiers and weapons. There was violence, and no study : they ravished the women they wanted, subdued what was near, and aimed at what was farther off. No sooner did Cicero, Brutus, Hortensius and Cæsar introduce harangues and declamations than they began seditions ; and conspiring, destroyed one another, and others, themselves, and even the commonwealth. The emperors and the empire were destroyed and overthrown by the ambition of the orators. Even among birds only those suffer imprisonment in cages which talk and sing ; and the more perfectly they do it the closer they are kept. Then the schools were made the magazines against arms ; orations sanctified crimes, and condemned virtue ; and whilst the tongue reigned, triumphs were subject to the power of words. The Greeks suffered by the same itch of learning : they were proud of their academies, which vied with their armies ; and their philosophers were a plague to their generals. Wit became the judge of valour, and they grew rich in books—and poor in triumphs. You say their heroes still live in their famous authors, and their language still survives, though their monarchy be extinct. The same happens to a dagger which wounds a man ; it continues when the man is gone—yet that is no satisfaction to the dead man. It were better the monarchy survived, though dumb, and without a language, than that the language should last without a monarchy. Greece and Rome are become echoes, forming in the hollow emptiness of their majesty, not whole sounds, but the very extremities of absent words. Those very authors that extolled them, could allot themselves so short a life at the pleasure of the reader that in some it reaches only the understanding, in others goes not beyond curiosity. Spain, whose people being in danger, were always prodigal of life, covetous of death and impatient of age, when, with unparalleled resolution, she raised her head out of ruin, grew to a mighty flame from scattered embers and became the prodigy from a skeleton : rather attended to furnish matter for writing than to write ; and to deserve praises than to compose them. The people's drums and trumpets spoke for them, and all their



speeches consisted of repeated huzzas before battle. They furnished the world with subject for admiration under Viriatus and Sertorius ; they gained glorious victories for Hannibal ; they obliged Cæsar (who till then everywhere fought for honour) to fight for his life, and they exceeded valour and resolution itself at Numantia. Yet of these, and many other of their brave actions, they write nothing : all was recorded by the Romans. Their valour made use of foreign pens ; they themselves thought it was enough to act, and for the Latins to write. As long as they knew not how to be historians, they deserved them. Artillery was not long since invented (to take off lives before secured by distance, to overthrow the strongest walls, and to bestow victories by aim, not by true courage) but presently was printing invented in opposition to cannon : it is metal against metal, ink against powder, and letters against bullets. Wet powder takes no effect : there is no doubt but it is moistened by the ink that sends down orders to provide and dispose it. No doubt there is a scarcity of lead to make bullets, ever since it is consumed in the casting of letters. But it was battles that gave us empire, soldiers that gained the victories, and the victories the rewards—which ought always to be bestowed on those who always made us triumph. They who called letters and arms sisters, knew nothing of their pedigree ; for no families are less of kin than saying and doing. The steel is never joined to the quill but to cut it ; but the quill, with those very wounds it receives from the steel, revenges itself. Most contemptible Morisco, it is our desire that among our adversaries there be many learned, and among us many victories, for it is victory over our enemies that we covet, and not their practices. The second thing you propose is to receive the laws of the Romans, which if once you have compassed, you had ruined all. Our whole empire would run into confusion between plaintiffs and defendants, and inferior and superior judges ; and the people would be all taken up in the employments of barristers, solicitors, attornies, clerks, apparitors, sergeants, and other dependants of courts. Thus war, which now makes choice of men, will be forced to take up with the refuse of embroilers of the nation : and there will be more suits, not because there will be more occasion, but because there will be more laws. Following our own methods we enjoy as much peace as we stand in need of ; and as much war as we please to make with

our neighbours. The laws in themselves are just and good, but where there are lawyers they are dull and senseless. This cannot be denied, since the lawyers themselves own it as often as they impose what sense they please upon the law, supposing that of itself it has none. Every judge affirms he is an interpreter of the law, and, by giving a meaning to it, supposes it has none. I for my part am a renegade, and was a Christian, and do avouch as an eye-witness that there is no law, either civil or criminal, but has as many meanings as there are lawyers, commentators, or judges—who give it so many, that it proves at last to have none at all. When, then, there is no reason to dispossess a man of his estate, there never wants a law which being either strained or ill interpreted is ground enough for a suit; and both the plaintiff and defendant are in the end sufferers. Consider now what two wholesome propositions have been made by this grateful Morisco.

“The third thing is, that we should change our simitars for long swords. In this particular, as there is no considerable ill consequence to obstruct, so I can find no great advantage to encourage us to put it in execution. The crescent is our distinctive character, and that we always brandish with our simitars. To take up the customs and fashions of enemies is a ceremony proper to slaves and a garb for conquered people; or at least it is an omen or forerunner of both. If we are to be permanent, let us stick to the old proverb which says, *Let that ever be done, which was always done, for by keeping to it, we shall be free from novelties.* Let the Christian thrust and the Turk hew, and let this Morisco, excelled by the former, be impaled by the latter.

“As to the fourth and last point, which relates to the use of vineyards and wine, let thirsty souls agree about it with the Korán. No small toleration has been given in this case long ago. But I must observe that if there be a universal toleration of wine and taverns, it will only serve to enhance the price of water, and to make us buy rain by the quart. My opinion is, therefore, weighing what has been proposed, that this cur is a greater enemy to those that harbour, than to those who expelled him.”

All the assembly heard this discourse with profound silence. The Morisco looked on piteously, a cold sweat running down his forehead. Then Hali, the prime vizier (who stood next to the curtain that was before the Grand

Señor) after considering his looks said, "Christian slaves, what say you to what you have heard?" Seeing the blindness of that deluded nation, and perceiving they loved their own barbarity, and placed their security in tyranny and ignorance, abhorring the light of learning, and the justice of laws, the Christians caused a Spanish gentleman, who had been thirty years in slavery, to answer for them all; which he did in these words: "We Spaniards shall not advise you of anything that is for your good, because it would be a piece of treachery against our monarch and an offence against our religion; neither will we deceive you, because we do not stand in need of frauds to defend ourselves against you. Therefore we Christians have resolved to await our doom in silence." The Grand Señor influenced by the *hour*, and drawing the curtains before his throne (a thing never before seen) said in an angry voice, "Let these Christians be set free. Their generous goodness shall be their ransom. Clothe and furnish them plentifully for their voyage from the estates of the Moriscoes. And let that dog be burnt alive for proposing innovations; and all that follow his example shall suffer the like pain. It is my choice to be called barbarous conqueror, rather than be learned and overthrown. All our knowledge must be to know how to overcome: for an idiotic people is the safety of a tyrant. I command all here present to forget what they heard from this Morisco, the powers of the soul as well as the corporal senses shall obey my orders; therefore let your memories dread my anger." Thus the hour gave to everyone what they deserved; the barbarous infidels were hardened in their ignorance; the Christians obtained their liberty; and the Morisco was punished.

XXXVI. A Dutch ship, by stress of weather, was forced into one of the ports of Chile. The Indians who guarded

that harbour (being a people who in that  
 THE conquered world manfully defended their  
 CHILEANS AND liberty to the damnation of their souls in  
 THE DUTCH. their idolatry) with weapons in their hands  
 attacked the ship's crew, thinking they were

Spaniards whose dominions enclosed them; and from whose subjection they have still exempted themselves. The captain pacified them saying they were Hollanders, and came as ambassadors from that commonwealth with a message of importance to the *Caciques* and chief men. Then sweetening

these words with rich wine, brewed after the manner of the north, and mollifying them with butter and other rarities, they were admitted and caressed. The Indian who commanded gave an account to the magistrates of the new people who had arrived, and of their intentions. All the principal men and a great number of people assembled with their weapons in their hands. This nation is so provident against possibilities, and so jealous of appearances, that they receive ambassadors with the same precautions as they meet an enemy's army. The captain of the ship came before them, attended by four of his men, and a slave serving as an interpreter. They asked of him who he was, whence he came, to what purpose, and from whom. He answered not without some dread of the warlike audience: "I am a Dutch captain and come from Holland, a commonwealth in the west, to offer you our friendship and trade. We live in a land which the sea from above looks down upon with indignation, to see it dry below its billows. We were not long ago subjects, and part of the dominion of the great monarch of Spain and the new world, where only your valour has exempted itself from his crown, which, like the sun, extends its compass round the earth. We gained our liberty with immense labour, because the severity of King Philip the Second preferred the bloody execution of two noblemen, the Counts Horn and Egmont, to the sovereignty of so many provinces. Revenge inflamed our courage, and, carrying on a war which lasted about sixty years without interruption, we have sacrificed two millions of men to those two lives; and made the fields of the Low Countries a universal burial-place to all Europe. Our success has made us absolute masters of half those countries; and not satisfied we have taken many strong-holds in the other provinces, have gained large dominions in the east and in Brazil, have conquered Pernambuco and Parahyba, enriching ourselves with Brazil wood, tobacco and sugar. And to conclude, we who were subjects to the king of Spain have become his most implacable enemies. We have taken into our consideration that the Spaniards have not only subdued these provinces, but that in a few years they have destroyed in them many towns, peopling them again with strangers; so that there scarce remains the memory of the natives in their tombs; and mighty emperors, kings, caciques, and other princes are as wholly extinct and buried in oblivion as if they

had never been. We perceive that you alone, (either that you are wiser or warned by the fate of others) maintain an hereditary liberty, and by your valour the American race is preserved from slavery. It is natural for every creature to love its like, and, since you and our commonwealth so much resemble one another, it was decreed to send me through vast seas and a dangerous distance to tender you their sincere amity and friendship ; and to offer (not only for your defence, but to promote your farther designs) to furnish you with ships, cannon, officers and soldiers, who are such as are praised and admired by all, by whom they are not feared. By way of trade they offer you free commerce in their dominions, with a brotherly and perpetual alliance, desiring for themselves the freedom of your ports, and the settlement of a league offensive and defensive upon equal terms on both sides. And the more to express their affection by their great interest, they will secure you the friendship of many kings, princes, and commonwealths, their confederates." The Indians returned a courteous answer, telling him that to receive his proposals it was enough to hear him, but in order to give their answer they must consult in council, and that the next day at the same time they would give him their resolution. It was so agreed. And the Dutchman (knowing the Indians are naturally inclined to toys and curiosities) the better to gain their affection presented them with barrels of butter, cheese, casks of wine, swords, hats, and looking glasses ; and lastly a telescope, highly extolling the use of it saying, by the help of it they might see ships at ten or twelve leagues distance, and discover by their colours whether they belonged to friends or enemies ; and that they might do the same by land. He added that with it they might find stars in heaven, which they had never seen before, and could not be discerned without it ; that through it they might plainly discover the spots in the face of the moon, which look like eyes and mouth, and might perceive a black spot in the circle of the sun. That it wrought these wonders by drawing close to the eyes, with these two glasses, things that were at a vast distance. The principal man among the Indians asked for it, and the Dutchman, having opened it to the correct distance, and instructed him how to use it, delivered it to him. He clapped his right eye to it, and, levelling it towards the mountains, set up a cry that testified his admiration to the rest, telling them he

had at four leagues plainly seen close to the farthest glass men, beasts, and birds, and the rocks and shrubs so near at hand, that they seemed bigger than natural.

Here the influence of the *hour* affected them : and they, having gabbled in their language some discourses in appearance passionate, he that took the glass, holding it in his left hand, directed his discourse to the Dutchman in these words : “ An instrument that finds a spot in the sun, proves the moon a liar, and discovers what heaven hides, is a mischievous instrument, a glass pickthank, and cannot be grateful to heaven. By attracting things at a great distance, it is a sufficient cause to raise a jealousy in us who are far removed from you. It was with this no doubt you discovered us who are so remote ; and through it we have descried the design you labour to hide under your specious offers. By this artifice you pry into the elements, and thrust yourselves into sovereignty. You, as you say, live dry below the water, and wrest your land wrongfully from the sea. We shall not be such fools to take those for our friends who could not be good subjects, nor shall we trust them with our habitations, who have stolen theirs from the fishes. You were subjects of the king of Spain, and, having usurped his dominion, value yourselves upon being rebels ; and would have us, through a fond credulity, become a prey to your treachery. Neither is it true that we resemble you, for in maintaining that native country which nature gave us, we only defend what is our own ; we preserve our liberty, but do not steal it. You offer to assist us against the king of Spain yet confess at the same time you have taken Brazil from him, which was his ; if you take the Indies from him who took them from us, how much more reason have we to be afraid of you than of him. You must observe that America is a rich beautiful harlot, and since she was false to her husbands, she will never be true to her bullies. Christians say that heaven punished the Indies, because they adored idols : and we Indians say that heaven will punish the Christians because they adore the Indies. You think you carry gold and silver, and you only carry well-coloured envy and precious misery. You take from us that you may have for others to take from you. That which makes you our enemies, makes you enemies to one another. Begone, then, within two hours out of this port, and let us know if you want for any thing. If you have a mind to gain

our good will, since you are so good at invention, invent an instrument to remove what is by us to a great distance ; for we promise you we will never look upon your country, nor Spain, with this that attracts things that are far off. Carry away this glass spy, this discoverer of the firmament : for we have no need of it, being able with the help of our eyes only to discover more in you than we like. And let me tell you the sun is beholden to it for showing you the black spot in his circle ; or else for the colour's sake you would have endeavoured to cut him out and stamp him into money."

XXXVII. The blacks assembled in mighty numbers to consult about obtaining their liberty, a thing they have often earnestly solicited. The numerous concourse  
 THE NEGROES. being seated and silent, one of the chiefest among them, who in that swarthy audience appeared blacker than the rest, and had proposed this affair in the court of Rome, spoke to this purpose : " There is no cause for our slavery but our colour, and colour is an accident, not a crime. Yet certain it is that those who lord it over us have no colour for their tyranny but our colour, which is produced by the presence and the nearness of the greatest beauty, to wit, the sun. Flocky heads, clotted hair, squab noses and blubber lips are no better grounds for our captivity. Many whites might be slaves if these three things carried it, and it were more reasonable they should be so who are hideous with their mighty noses like rudders in their faces, and snivel through elephants trunks, than we who have nothing to lose by the pox, and are the very opposites to the snouts. Why do not the whites consider that if we look like blots among them, one of them looks like a stain among us ? Did they make slaves of the mulattoes, it were more excusable ; for they are a rabble without a king, a compound 'twixt light and darkness, wainscot faces compared with white men, soils to the brown, next in degree to the blacks ; and the very picture of soot. In all ages there have been men of our complexion famous for martial exploits, learning, virtue, and sanctity ; it is needless for me to repeat a catalogue of them, for they are sufficiently known. Nor can it be denied that we are preferable to the whites, for not endeavouring to disguise the colour nature gave to our skins. Among them the women that are swarthy or brown, plaster themselves like walls to become white ; and they that are white, never satisfied with whiteness,

wash to increase it. Our women only content themselves with their natural complexion, and are beautiful in the dark, where the whiteness of their teeth shining the brighter through their blackness when they smile, they sparkle like the stars in the night. Neither do we belie our age, dye our hair, or wear false locks. Why then are we contemned and chastised? This is it I offer to your consideration, that you may consult what means may be used for obtaining our due liberty and rest."

The *hour* prevailed and a black, whose head through age was become gray (contrary to the received opinion that blacks take no colour) rose up and said, "Let ambassadors be immediately sent to all the kingdoms in Europe with two proposals—the first that if colour be the cause of bravery, they will take notice of the red beards, for the sake of Judas, and pass by the blacks, on account of the three kings that came to Bethlehem; and since cats and dogs of that colour are hateful, it will be but reasonable there be no men or women of it; and let him in our name propose means for the speedy destruction of fox heads, with their apurtenances. The second proposal is that they mix their breed with ours, and blending their brightness with our sootiness, produce a mongrel race, so that swarthinness may become fashionable; being sufficiently warned by the clearness of the Germans and Flemings, who have embroiled and distracted the world, stained so many fields with blood, and filled so many nations with rebellions and heresies: but particularly let them remember the Frenchmen's yellow beards. As for our ambassadors, let them take this advice, that if the people sneeze at them, they may take comfort and answer, 'God bless us'—bestowing the prayer upon themselves."\*

XXXVIII. The mighty monarch of England\* (whose island is the most beautiful mole upon the face of the ocean) having assembled his parliament, spoke as follows:

THE "My dominions are encompassed by the  
MOST SERENE raging sea, hemmed in and defended by the  
MONARCH waves; as to public worship my kingdoms  
OF ENGLAND. are of the Reformed religion, but in their  
hearts they are Catholics. I have engrafted  
the papal power upon the regal, wear at once the crown and  
the mitre; and have two heads, the spiritual and the temporal.  
I suspect, though it is not visible, a spiritual schism among



my subjects ; and that the city which holds St. Peter's keys, influences the private councils in London. This is of so much more dangerous consequences, by how much it is the more private. It is a great eyesore to me to behold the rebellious Hollanders grown up into a commonwealth. I confess that mine and my ancestors' jealousy of the greatness of Spain has raised them in stature, as Juvenal says, to a bulk that exceeds the British whale. I see them daily encroaching upon the East and West Indies ; and am devoured by the vermin I bred. I know that almost every year they have rich fleets from their stolen dominions ; and sometimes they snap all, or a considerable part of those that belong to the king of Spain, which brings them in inestimable treasure. By land, so many years continual exercise has made them soldiers, with the reputation of innumerable victories ; and their experience in obeying has rendered them fit to command. By sea their ships are not to be counted, their fortune is matchless, their conduct not to be paralleled ; and their reputation stands above that of their neighbours. On the other side I see my neighbour the king of France (whom I hate upon ancient grudges) aspire to the empire of Germany and Rome, having already got footing in Italy, being possessed of towns, favoured by some princes, and in all appearances countenanced by the Pope. He is a youth born and grown up amidst arms ; and gained triumphs with them when he was fitter to have played with toys. I now look upon his subjects to be wholly united, since he has demolished all the strongholds of the Huguenots, Lutherans and Calvinists, and vested the power of the government in the Catholics alone ; neither do I on this account esteem him the better Catholic, but believe him a crafty politician, and am persuaded he is in himself a time-server—that he only aims at his interest, and believes in what he would have done, and not that he adores a religion many follow under the name of another ; yet he dissembles, because his design being to work himself into the possession of Naples and Milan he thought it convenient to favour the Catholics, as being infinitely the stronger party : they are beholden to their number, not to their doctrine. He pretends a Catholic zeal, because it is the best colour to disguise his ambition of enlarging his dominions in Italy ; and he is as much beholden to his hypocrisy as to his valour for his conquests. In Germany, by calling in the Swedes,

and stirring up the electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and the Landgrave of Hesse, he was sworn *in verba Lutheri*. He laid hold of Calvin's conscience to seize the Duke of Lorraine's dominions : and thus he is a Janus in religion, looking upon the Turk with one face, and upon the Pope with another—Cardinal Richelieu being made his instrument to wind him into that Court. This causes my nose to swell at him, because I consider that for the compassing his ends he has made no account of my power ; but has taken up with the fortune of the Hollanders, despising England, as if he were furnished with another wonderful Joan of Arc, or Maid of Orleans. I have so ill a relish for all these actions, that they set my teeth on edge, and the very air I breathe is nauseous ; to which, adding the success in the Isle of Ré, it causes a loathing in my memory. It occurs not to me with whom I can join in confederacy to clip the wings of these two neighbours, unless with the king of Spain, who is a great, rich, and mighty monarch, being lord of the most warlike nations in the world, and in the prime of his age ; yet I cannot but take notice that my honour and reputation are engaged in restoring the Palatine, and I cannot expect it from the Catholics, and consequently must not hope it from the Imperialists and Spaniards, by reason of the difference of religion and that the Protestants are already sick of the house of Austria. Besides, I guess the king of Spain has not forgotten my journey to his court ; since I have not forgotten my return to my own, the memory whereof is renewed by the attempt of my ships upon Cadiz. I would willingly reduce the Most Christian King to his former bounds : for, like a fool, he is swollen above his banks, and has spread himself over all Europe ; and at the same time would pull back the Dutch to what they were. It is your parts to advise what methods will be most proper for this undertaking ; but at the same time you are to understand that I am not only resolved, but eager to go myself in person, because I am of opinion that a prince who, being engaged in a necessary war, does not himself lead his people, rather condemns his subjects to carry arms than makes soldiers of them : and they, being thus driven like criminals, suffer more than they act ; whence it comes they expect their liberty and revenge no less by being overcome than overcoming. There is as much difference betwixt leading and sending of armies, as betwixt jest and earnest ;

as appears by experience. Answer in relation to the public without meddling with my safety ; and let me hear nothing in your opinions that looks like self-interest. Inform my understanding : do not perplex it." This said, they all looked upon one another in an awful silence, and after consulting together in private, the speaker returned this answer : " Your Majesty, great Sir, has contrived so to place your question that you have taught us how to answer—an art highly to be valued by kings, because it creates perspicuity and a good understanding. Truth is but one ; it is plain and clear. Few words express it ; multiplicity confounds it : it breaks little silence, whereas falsehood leaves none unbroken. The reflections you have made on the king of France and the Hollanders are worthy your royal consideration. The imminent danger requires a manly and speedy resolution. The king of Spain is at this time the only confederate who can promote your designs ; and will be the more effectual if you join with him in person to crush these two troublesome neighbours. And your Majesty may observe there is as great distance betwixt acting and commanding as is betwixt words and deeds. I confess your heirs are too tender to be forsaken ; but it is a less evil to leave them young, than childishly to bear them company, being a father." Scarce had he uttered these words, when an old decrepid member of the assembly whose grisle-clotted beard covered his breast, his head hanging down, and the hunch of his back, through age, rising above it, lifting himself up by the help of his staff, said, " There is no doubt but it is a great rashness to advise his Majesty to go abroad in person, when his kingdoms swarm with concealed Catholics, whose number is known to be great, but expected to be much greater. Your Majesty has subjects fit to be entrusted with such an undertaking : let an army of our own religion be sent under the command of the chief men who are suspected to be Catholics ; thus their allegiance will be secured abroad, and fewer enemies will remain at home. Do not venture your person, in which we venture our all, and which alone secures all : for, from the speaker's opinion I gather that he plots like a Papist and does not advise like a counsellor."

The whole assembly fell into confusion, and in this disorder the *hour* began ; and the king changing colour, said, " You two, instead of advising, have distracted me. One says if I go not abroad in person, my enemies will deprive me of

my kingdom ; the other says that if I go, it will be taken away by my subjects ; so that you will have me stand more in awe of my subjects than of my enemies. The condition I am reduced to is deplorable. It remains that every one of you, within twenty-four hours, lay before me by whose and by what means I am reduced to this pass, naming persons and causes, without sparing one another ; otherwise I shall suspect you all—for the blame lies only among you that advise me ; and I am now resolved to attend to my affairs both at home and abroad. The king of France goes abroad without having issue, or the hopes of it, and leaves a kingdom divided on several accounts—the nobility stained with the blood of Montmorency ; the Huguenots suppressed, but not without thoughts of revenge ; the country eaten up with taxes and the whole kingdom groaning under the oppression of the prime minister. And you would have me, who have issue, and less obstacles to obstruct me, stay to rock and play with my children. France and Holland have become formidable because I have lived at home at my ease : if I appear not abroad they will be my ruin. If I stay for fear of my subjects I encourage them to condemn me. If once my enemies are assured I cannot go abroad, I shall not be able to secure myself against them ; and if I go abroad and perish, at least I shall gain the honour of the attempt and prevent the scandal of cowardice. That King who acts not himself in defence of his crown, furnishes them with an excuse who do not assist him. It will be unjust to punish those that follow his example, for he cannot be judge of the crime he taught, nor condemn what was learned of him by those who imitate him in forsaking the defence of their country. Begone all of you immediately, and consult, according to your duty, what is best for my service—preferring it before your lives, and my quiet : for I promise the more sharp the truth you deliver shall be, the better I will look upon it ; and do not perplex me with the pretence of carrying all the nobility along with me, for experience demonstrates that no man ever assembled them in an army, but he lost them and himself. The rings measured by the bushel at Cannas, testify it to the unspeakable sorrow of Rome. So the wood of Pavia became the sepulchre of all the French nobility, and of their king's liberty. So the Spanish Armada, under the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, which, coming to invade this kingdom, enriched the shores with its

wreck. And so King Sebastian, who lost his nobility, his crown, and his life in Africa. The nobility united causes confusion and occasions ruin, because they know not how to command and will not obey ; and consequently their pride breaks all military discipline. I will take with me a few that have gained experience ; the rest shall stay to be a check on the licentiousness of the multitude and a curb to mutineers. I have occasion for such men as think they cheat me, in exposing their lives for sixpence a day ; and not for those, who, having exhausted my treasure that they might go, claim a title to my revenue because they went. It were good that all the nobility were trained ; yet it were not safe. Private persons must not arm madmen, or kings the nobility. Take this along with you by way of instruction and there will be the less to distract your consultations—and my resolution will the sooner take effect."

XXXIX. At Salonica, the city of the Levant which is seated at the bottom of the gulf to which it gives its name and subject to the Emperor of Constantinople,

THE JEWS by the appointment of Rabbi Saadías, Rabbi  
ASSEMBLE AT Isaac Abarbaniel, Rabbi Salomon, and Rabi  
SALONICA. Nissin, was held a general assembly of Jews.

Thither resorted representatives of the various synagogues : from Venice came Rabbi Samuel and Rabbi Maimon ; from Ragusa, Rabbi Aben Ezra ; from Constantinople, Rabbi Jacob ; from Rome, Rabbi Chamaniel ; from Leghorn, Rabbi Gersomi ; from Rouen, Rabbi Gabirol ; from Oran, Rabbi Asepha ; from Prague, Rabbi Mosche ; from Vienna, Rabbi Bercháí ; from Amsterdam, Rabbi Meir Armahah ; and for those disguised Jews who masquerade as Christians came Rabbi David Bar Nachman. With these joined the Monopantos,\* a republican people inhabiting certain islands in the Black Sea, betwixt Muscovy and Tartary ; they are politically maintained against their fierce neighbours, rather by cunning than by force of arms or strength of fortifications. The natives are men of very great subtilty, thorough-paced in hypocrisy, absolute masters of dissimulation, and of so deceitful a presence that all religions and nations take them for their own. Trade gives them multiplicity of faces and changes their countenances ; and interest shifts their souls. They are governed by a Prince called Prágas Chincollos. By his order there came to this

sanhedrim six of the most learned men in the doctrine of raking and griping ; the first was called Philárgyros, the second Chrysostheos, the third Danipe, the fourth Arpiotrotono, the fifth Pácas Mazo, and the sixth Alkemiástos.\* The assembly seated themselves orderly, according to the pre-eminence of each synagogue, giving the first seat to the Monopantos in courtesy, as they were guests. After silence was called for, Rabbi Saadíás, having repeated the psalm *In exitu Israel* made the following speech : " We, the first generation of the world, who are become the off-cast of all ages, and a dispersed multitude living in captivity and miserable contempt, perceiving the whole world entangled in the snares of discord, have assembled ourselves together to consult our interest amidst the present tumults, that we may raise ourselves upon the ruins of all others. I confess that captivity, plagues, and obstinacy, are our inheritance. Fears and jealousies are the first-begotten of our understandings, and we were ever malcontents against God, valuing more the deity we ourselves made than the one which made us. From the first beginning His government was irksome to us, and we followed the interpretation of the devil in opposition to His law. When His omnipotency governed us, we rebelled ; when He gave us governors, we disobeyed. Samuel, who governed in His name, was thought burdensome ; and gathering an ungrateful assembly, we, though God was our king, asked of God another king. He gave us Saul, and him a tyrannical right over us, declaring He would make slaves of our children, and take away our estates to give to his servants ! and He aggravated this punishment saying He would not take him from us, though we should beg it of Him. He said to Samuel that it was Him they despised and not the prophet or his sons. To fulfil his curse he ordained that Saul continue among us at all times, in all places, and under several names. Since then he oppresses us with infamous and miserable thralldom in all kingdoms and commonwealths, and God permits every king should be a Saul to us, who left God for Saul. Our nation remained criminal in the sight of all men, all cast it from themselves ; all retain, and all are ashamed of retaining it. We may not reside in any place but are expelled from it to another ; and are then compelled to return. We rest nowhere but they are desirous to cast us out, and all dread we should be driven upon them.

" We cannot but own there is no congruity between our words and actions, and that our mouth and heart never were united in adoring the same God : our mouth always called upon the God of Heaven while our heart ever gave idolatrous adoration to gold and usury. Being under the conduct of Moses, when he went up to the mount for the law, we made it appear that the religion of our souls was gold, and any creature framed thereof. There we adored our own jewels in the calf, and our avarice took for its deity the semblance of sucking cattle. We admit not of God in any other metal ; and in this we receive any insect for a God. He well understood the disease that caused our insatiable thirst, who made us to swallow our idol reduced to powder. A mighty vengeance followed this crime, yet though it slew many thousands, it was a warning to few ; for whereas God afterwards did for us all that we could ask, he yet did nothing but what we grew weary of. He stretched out the clouds like a canopy to cover us in the desert from the scorching heat of the day. He strengthened with the fiery pillar the weak light of the moon and stars, that they, assisted with its glittering motion, might overcome the darkness of the night, and represent the sun in its absence. He commanded the wind to shower down our harvest, and disposed the regions of the air into wonderful barns, pouring thence our sustenance ready dressed in the manna with all the seasoning every palate could desire. He caused the quails, descending like rain, to become game and nets for our entertainment. He dissolved the immoveable rocks into running streams, and caused springs to gush from the stones to quench our thirst ; he dried up the bottom of the sea into an easy road for our feet, and raised the waters perpendicular, heaping up their smoothness into liquid walls, detaining in a secure structure the waves and billows, which became a straight way for our fore-fathers, and a sepulchre to Pharaoh and his army. His word raised vermin and lifted frogs, flies, and locusts in his army for our service. There is nothing so weak, whereof God does not make up invincible hosts against tyrants. With such small soldiers He vanquished the formidable enemy's squadrons, glittering in their steel armour, vain-glorious in the bearings of their shields, and flourishing in the feathers of their crests. These wonderful mercies, which our king and prophet David celebrated in the one hundred and tenth psalm, beginning *Hodu la-Adonai*,\*

were requited by our obstinacy and ingratitude, with a loathing and dislike of our food, and with oblivion of the way opened through the waves of the sea. Many times God chastises with what He gives, and rewards with what He refuses. Such forefathers are a scandalous genealogy of our perverseness.

"We are generally looked upon as obstinate in endless hopes, whereas in reality we are the most desperate people in nature. We are the *ne plus ultra* of incredulity, and *hopes* and *incredulity* are incompatible. Neither do we hope, nor is anything to be hoped of us. Because Moses stayed a little on the mount we despaired of him, and asked a God of Aaron. The reason it is said we are obstinate in everlasting hope, is, because we have so many ages expected the Messiah; but neither do we receive him in Christ, nor do we expect him in any other. The cause of our saying always that he is to come, is not that we desire him; or believe it: but by these delays we disguise our being the fool that begins the thirteenth psalm, saying in his heart, 'There is no God'. The same says he who denies Him that came, and waits for him that is not to come. This is the language of our heart, and, rightly considered, it is the *Quare* (of the second psalm) *fremuerunt gentes, et populi mediati sunt inania . . . adversus Dominum, et adversus Christum ejus?* So that we say we always hope, to conceal our always despairing.

"Of the law of Moses we retain only the name, giving it to the exceptions the Talmudists have forged to belie the scripture, disguise the prophecies, invalidate the precepts, and dispose consciences to worldly ends; instructing our atheistical inclinations with seditious politics for the conveniency of civil life, and changing us from sons of Israel to become sons of Mammon. When we had a law we kept it not. Now that we keep it, it is no law, more than in the sound of the three letters.

"It was necessary to declare what we were, to excuse what we are, and promote what we aim to be, advancing ourselves upon the wild extravagances, which, like a frenzy, possess all the earth; for now not only the heretics rise in arms against their enemies the Catholics, but the Catholics themselves, in hostile manner, invade one another. The Protestants of Germany for many years past have struggled for a heretic emperor, and in this they are favoured by the



Most Christian King, who acts as if he were not so ; and connives at Calvin and Luther. The Catholic King opposes them all, to keep in the house of Austria the supreme dignity of the Roman eagles. The Hollanders, encouraged by being successful traitors, aspire to raise their treason into a monarchy : and from rebellious subjects of the king of Spain, they dare presume to become his competitors. They wrested from him what he had in them, and they proceed to rob him of what is so far from them—Brazil and India—designing to extend their conquests over his crown. We have been no small instruments in promoting these usurpations, by means of the sham Christians, whom, under the disguise of the Portuguese language, we have applied to undermine him ; upon pretence of being his subjects. All or most of the princes of Italy have harboured the French in their dominions, pretending they read the Pope's inclinations in his looks, and interpreting his silent toleration for a positive command. . . . *Ex motu proprio*. The king of France has practised an unheard of stratagem against the monarch of Spain, discharging upon him all his family under the title of malcontents, that he might consume the pay of his army in pensions and presents. When was it ever known that a king made ammunition of his mother and brother's teeth against another ; that they might eat him by morsels ? It is a beggarly invention, and yet most pernicious. To wage war by mumping, looks more like jest than earnest. We have synagogues in the dominions of all these princes, where we are the principal element in composing of this confusion. At Rouen we are the purse of France against Spain, and of Spain against France. In Spain, disguising our circumcision by our habit, we supply that monarch with the stock we have at Amsterdam amidst his enemies, who make a greater advantage by ordering us to delay the payment of the bills, than he does by receiving them. This is indeed an extraordinary riddle—to wit, to serve and ruin friends and enemies with the same money ; and to cause him that pays it to reap advantage over him that receives it. The same we do in Germany, Italy, and Constantinople, and we have knit this indissoluble knot by placing the supply every one expects in the hands of his greatest enemy. For we furnish money as he that lends upon interest to one that plays and loses, that he may lose the more. I do not deny but that the Monopantos

are the boxkeepers of Europe, who furnish cards, dice, and candles ; and at length the box runs away with all the gold and silver, leaving the gamesters nothing but noise, ruin, and a desire of revenge, which they encourage in order that their gaming house (which is the end of all men) may never have an end. Thus far they are the true copies of our original. True it is they have much the advantage of us in the manner of worming themselves in, because they are the Jews of the New Testament, as we are of the Old ; for as we did not believe that Jesus was the Messiah that came, so they, believing that Jesus was the Messiah already come, let him slip through their consciences in such a manner, it seems he never came to or for them. The Monopantos believe him, as a grave author says we expect him. *Auream et gemmatam Hierusalem expectabant*, a Jerusalem of gold and precious stones. Both we and they, through different principles and unlike means, tend to the same end—which is to destroy the Christianity we would not receive, and which they, after receiving, rejected. And this is the reason we have met to join a confederacy of malice and deceit.

“ This synagogue has taken into consideration that gold and silver are the true sons of the earth which make war against heaven, not only with a hundred hands ; but with as many as dig, cast, coin, gather, tell, receive, and steal them. They are two subterranean demons, yet beloved of all mortals—two metals such that the greater body they have, they have also the more spirit. No estate or condition despises them ; and if any law should condemn them, the lawyers and interpreters of it bring them off. He that thinks it an undervaluing to dig them, values himself upon gathering them. He who is too great to ask of him who keeps, courteously receives them of him that offers. And he who thinks it too great a labour to earn them, esteems it an art to steal them. He that says, ‘ I will not have them ’ at the same time means, ‘ Give me them ’. And he who cries, ‘ I receive nothing ’ speaks truth, because he snatches all. It were a falsehood should the sea pretend it does not swallow up the springs and brooks (since drinking up the rivers which suck them up, it also licks up brooks and springs) ; in the same way great men prevaricate when they say they do not receive from the poor and beggars because they devour the rich, who swallow up the poor and beggars. The premises being granted, it

will be most proper to level the strokes of our interest at kings, commonwealths, and prime ministers, in whose stomachs all the rest cause a surfeit ; which being by us stirred up, will prove a lethargy or apoplexy in their heads. Let the great Monopantos have the pre-eminence of giving their opinion first, what method they judge most proper for our advantage."

These, having buzzed about their sly thoughts from one to another, agreed that Pácas Mazo (as the most fluent of tongue and abounding in words) should speak for them all, which he did in this manner :

" The goods of the world belong to the industrious, and fortune follows the dissemblers and the old. Crowns and sceptres are more easily usurped and snatched than inherited or observed. He who in temporal preferments is the worst among the wicked, is without exception the most deserving, and grows till he suffers himself to be outdone in villainy ; for in all ambitious attempts, justice and honesty make tyrants criminals. No sooner do these begin to use moderation, but they depose themselves. If they wish to continue their tyranny they must not suffer any signs to appear abroad, that may prove them to be tyrannous. The fire that burns a house by throwing out smoke, calls people to quench it with water. Let everyone take as much of this discourse to himself as suits his purpose. Money is the true Circe which changes into sundry forms all that come near or fall in love with it. We ourselves are a living example. Money is a disguised deity, which in no place has any public altar, but is privately adored in all parts. It has no particular temple, because it slides into all churches. Riches is a universal sect, in which most souls agree ; and covetousness is an arch-heretic (beloved by all politicians) and the reconciler of all differences in opinion and humour. We, therefore, perceiving he is the most wonderful magician and necromancer, have chosen him for our North Star, and make him our loadstone and pointer to that pole, that we stray not from our course. This we perform with such art, that we discard him to the end that we may have him ; and despise him that we may gather him. This we learn from the deceitful pump, which, being empty, fills itself with what it has not ; attracts what others have, and easily sucks and fills by its own emptiness. We are the semblance of gunpowder, which being small, black and close rammed, gathers vast strength and swiftness from its close

imprisonment. We do the mischief before the noise can be heard : and as we open one eye and shut the other, to take aim, we carry all before us in the twinkling of an eye. Our houses are like the barrels of guns, they are emptied by means of keys and charged at the mouth. Yet though we are such, we have countenances and manners that suit all men, and therefore we seem not strangers to any sect or nation. The Turks take our hair for a turban, the Christians for a hat, the Moor for a cap, and you for a veil. We admit not of the name of a kingdom, commonwealth, or any other but only that of Monopantos. We yield all titles to kings and commonwealths, we take from them the power abstracted from the vanity of those noisy words. We lay our design that they may be lords over the world, and we over them. To attain so glorious an end, we have not found any to join in confederacy with us on equal terms, like you, who are at present the sharpeners of Europe : you only want our good breeding to complete the subverting of all. We offer it to you entirely, by way of contagion or infection, to be transmitted by means of an infernal trick devised against Christians by us here present—which is, that as treacle is prepared with the sharp poison of the viper because it is the moisture that goes quickest and most directly to the heart (for which reason being compounded with many simples of efficacious virtue, it conveys them to the heart to defend it against poison, which is the design of the medicine) so we have invented a counter-treacle to convey poisons to the heart, by falling upon the virtues and good works that go to it, and to carry to the soul the vices, abominations, and errors, which on these vehicles will slip into it. If you resolve upon this alliance we will give you the receipt, with the weight and number of ingredients, and furnish apothecaries well versed in the composition ; in the contriving whereof, Danipe, Alkemiástos and I, have taken great pains ; and our labour is nothing inferior to the Trochisks of the viper. Be ruled by our Prágas, for you need not cease to be Jews, and at the same time will learn to be Monopantos.”

At the very uttering of these words, the *hour* had its effect, and Rabbi Maimon, one of those that came from the synagogue of Venice, rising up (and putting aside with his hand a fathom and a half of snout, that he might come the closer to the ear of Rabbi Saadíás) whispered these words :

" Rabbi, I smell a rat in that phrase *be ruled*. We must keep a sharp eye on these fellows, for to me they look like family Pharaohs and subtle encroachers." Saadías replied, " Now at length I am convinced they are the very manna of instruction, for they taste as every one would have them. The best way is to say little, and give them a bait in the trap as republican mice ". Chrysóstheos, seeing the mumbling dialogue, said to Philárgyros and Danipe, " I observe the suspicion of these wicked Jews. Let every man of the Monopantos give himself a lick of the golden calf, and they will all fall upon their knees." They all ran upon snares and contrivances against one another, and Rabbi Saadías, to amuse the Monopantos, said, " We look upon you as discoverers of the land of promise, and the true basis of our designs : that we may be united in a mischievous body it will be requisite we consult the ways and means—and conclude and sign articles at our next meeting, which we appoint three days hence." Pácas Mazo, covering his snake's skin with dove's feathers, said that the time was sufficient, and the resolution discreet ; but it was necessary that exact secrecy be observed. Then taking out a book bound in sheepskin with the wool on, which was curiously interwoven and wrought with gold thread, he gave it to Saadías saying, " This jewel we give you as a pledge ". He took it and asked, " Whose works are these ? " Pácas Mazo answered, " This is our book of words. The author is Nicholas Machiavelli who composed the bass to our treble." The Jews looking attentively upon the book, particularly observing the sheepskin binding, Rabbi Asepha, who was deputy for Oran, said, " This is some of the wool of which the Spaniards tell us in their proverb about those that go to fetch it being fleeced before they return ".

Thus they parted, both parties contriving to meet again like the steel and flint—to batter, bruise, and beat one another to pieces, till they struck fire against all the world ; and founded the new sect of Moneyism, changing the name of Atheists into that of Money-mongers, or Moneyists.

XL. The subjects of Princes, commonwealths, kings and emperors assembled together at Liège, a neutral country, to consult about their affairs, redress their grievances, vent their spleen and breathe out their thoughts, before stifled under the fear of sovereign power. There were people of all

nations, conditions and qualities. The number was so great it looked more like an army than an assembly, THE ASSEMBLY for which reason they made choice of the OF SUBJECTS open fields to meet in. On the one hand it was OF PRINCES. surprising to behold the wonderful variety of garbs and countenances; on the other the ears were confounded, and attention itself deceived by the strange diversity of languages. Voices seemed to rend the air and resound in the same manner as when, in the heat of harvest time, the fields ring with the incessant noise of grasshoppers. The most piercing cry was that raised by the women, who tore their throats with an altogether distracted activity. All was full of tumultuous madness and raging discord. The republicans would be governed by princes, and the subjects of princes were for erecting themselves into commonwealths. This controversy set a noble Savoyard and a commoner of Genoa together by the ears. The Savoyard complained that his Duke was perpetual motion, and consumed his subjects with continual wars to bear up his dominions, which are ever ready to sink betwixt France and Spain. "Safety consists in embroiling the two kings at the expense of his subjects—to the end that they two being employed against one another, neither of them might swallow him; since both those princes alternatively, first one and then the other, conquer and defend him: all of which the subjects pay for, being never allowed any respite to breathe. When France attacks, Spain supports him; and when Spain invades, France defends him: and whereas neither protects him for his own sake but to prevent the other from enlarging his dominion by that accession, and becoming a nearer and more formidable neighbour and thus the defence is often as fatal, if not more so, to the subjects, than is the invasion. The Duke retains a secret ambition to be thought the founder of the liberty of Italy—bearing it before him the better to draw to his party the See of Rome. The Duke is diseased of the distemper of King Cyrus, is perplexed with the remembrance of having been lord of Geneva, and grows sick with the desire to be supreme among Italian princes. All these motives are spurs to his ambition which needs a curb; and for these reasons I come to propose that Savoy and Piedmont be formed into a commonwealth where justice and wisdom govern, and liberty reigns." "Where liberty reigns!" quoth the Genoese, damning

himself to the pit of hell," Thou art certainly mad, and having never lived in a commonwealth, doest not know the misery and slavery that attends it. All the politics in the world will never make us set our horses together. I who am a Genoese, born under that commonwealth, which, by its nearness and the great contentions betwixt us, is well acquainted with you ; and come to persuade your duke, with the assistance of us of the commons, to make himself king of Genoa : and if he accepts not of it, I will go and make the same offer to the king of Spain ; and from him to the king of France ; and so from one to another, till I find one that will take pity on us. Tell me, thou wretch ungrateful to the goodness of God towards you in making you the subject of a Prince : have you ever considered how much easier it is to obey one than many met together in one room, but divided as to manners, inclinations, opinions, and designs. Dost not thou observe, monster, that in commonwealths, the government being annual and successive through several families, it is consequently under an awe ; and justice is not freely distributed for fear lest those who shall govern the next twelve months or three, should revenge themselves on those that governed before ? If a republican senate consist of many, it is all confusion ; if of few, it only serves to corrupt the security and excellency of unity. Nor is this remedied by the Duke, who either has no absolute power, or lasts but for a time appointed. If the Government be equally divided betwixt the nobility and commons, they make up an assembly of dogs and cats ; for the one proposes snapping and barking—and the other answers, scratching and clawing. If they be rich and poor, the rich condemn the poor ; and the poor envy the rich. Consider now what will be the issue of envy and contempt. If the power rests in the commons, neither will the nobles be able to endure them, nor they to bear not being such. Now, if only the nobility rules, I can compare the subjects to nothing but the damned in hell ; and such are we the commons in Genoa : nay, could I say worse of our condition, I should think this too little. Genoa has as many commonwealths as nobles, and as many slaves as commons ; and all these commonwealths meet in one palace, only to reckon up our stock—that they may squeeze us either by enhancing or abasing the value of money ; and as if they were informers against our estates, their continual study is

to depress our intelligence into poverty. They make use of us like sponges, sending us abroad into the world, that by plunging in trade we may suck riches ; and when they perceive us swollen with cash, they squeeze us out for their own use. Tell me then, thou cursed abominable Savoyard, what it is you aim at by your treachery, what can be your infernal design ? Do you not perceive that the nobility and the commonalty transmit their power to kings and princes, in whom being removed from the pride of the former, and lowness of the latter, it composes a supreme head, authorised by a peaceful and disinterested majesty, over which the nobility dares not insult, and under which the commonalty does not groan."

They had fallen foul of one another, had they not been prevented by the muttering of a drove of legislators, driven by a rabble of women, who, with open mouths, confounded them, shrieking, and threatening to fall on with their teeth. One of them was of such transcendant beauty that it was increased by the hideousness of passion, which is an affection that adds deformity even to the fierceness of lions. She delivered herself in these words : " Tyrants, for what reason have you alone made laws against women without their consent, according to your own fancies ; whereas they are an equal part of the two wherein human government consists. You exclude us the schools merely through envy, because we shall exceed you : and deny us the use of arms, for fear you should be conquered by our anger—as you are already by our smiles. You have constituted yourselves the supreme judge of peace and war ; and we suffer your extravagances. Adultery in us is a crime punishable with death—and among you it is a mere jest. You will have us be good that you may be wicked, and require us chaste that you may be lewd. We have not a sense but what you keep under hatches ; you tie up our feet and hoodwink our eyes. If we look, you say we are impudent : if others look on us we are dangerous. And thus, under colour of modesty, you condemn us to forfeit our reason and senses. It is your jealousy, you scoundrels, not our own weakness that often persuades us to do against you that for which you are most watchful over us. More are made wicked by you than would be so of themselves. If you, senseless rascals, make yourselves the forbidden fruit to us, it follows of necessity, we shall all become so many Eves



against you. Very many are good when they are put into your hands, and you force them to be wicked ; and you receive none so wicked, but most of you oblige her to be worse. All your gravity consists in the wild hairiness of your faces ; and he who thinks his beard will make the biggest brush, thinks himself the ablest man—as if the strength of the brain lay in long bristles, which rather look like a tail than a head. This is the day these grievances must be redressed, either by allowing us a share in learning and government, or by giving us a hearing ; and doing us right against the laws established, enacting some more favourable to us, and repealing others that are prejudicial to us.”

A doctor, whose beard hung down in daglocks, seeing the women in a crowd and bent upon mischief, relying on his eloquence attempted to appease them with these words : “ It is not without much dread I undertake to oppose your sentiments, considering reason itself is oft overcome by beauty ; and rhetoric of no force, compared with your charms. However, tell me what law you can be entrusted, since the first woman proved herself by breaking the law of God ? With what safety can weapons be put into your hands, since, with an apple, you struck to the ground all the generation of Adam—not even those that were hid in the distance of futurity escaping ? You say all laws are against you : ’twere truth had you said you were against all laws. What power is there to compare to yours, though you do not pronounce judgments according to laws but by means of judges that corrupt them. If we make laws, it is you that break them. If judges govern the world, and women the judges, it is the women that govern the world, and debauch them that govern it ; for the women they love are more prevalent with many than the laws they read. What the devil said to the woman took the place with Adam of what God said to him. The influence of the devil is great over human hearts, if he speaks through the mouth of one of you. Woman is a rarity that ought to be feared and loved, and it is very hard to fear and love the same thing. He who loves only her, hates himself ; and he who hates only her, hates nature. What law is there which your tears will not blot out ? And what equity is of force against your smiles ? If we have employments and preferments, it is you that spend the profits in your dresses. You have but one precedent to quote, which is your beauty : when did you

ever urge it that it did not take place ? Or, whosoever saw it that did not submit ? If we suffer ourselves to be bribed, it is that we bribe you. If we strain the laws, and incline justice, it is for the most part because we consult with your charms ; you run away with the prize of the villainies you command us to act, and we are left with the scandal of corrupt judges. You envy us our military employments, whereas you are beholden to war for the happiness of being left widows ; and we for being buried in oblivion among the dead. You complain that adultery is a capital crime in you and not in us. Why, you charming white devils, if one slip of yours dishonours parents and children, and stains a whole generation, how can you fancy death too severe a punishment ? Whereas the honour of many innocent persons is infinitely valuable above the life of a criminal. But let us judge by your works how you value the penalty. You cannot count the adulteries you are guilty of, because they are innumerable ; and among us they are so rare, we have nothing to count. Death is a punishment that deters others from falling into the same crime—but where does this appear in you ? To complain of our guarding you, is to complain that we value you, for no man takes pains to secure what he despises. By what I have said it appears you are absolute ladies of all things : all things are subject to you ; you enjoy peace, and are the occasion of war ; if you would ask what many of you want, ask for moderation and brains."

Scarce was the word brains out of his lips, when all the women together discharged their fury upon the wretched doctor, in a storm of blows, scratches, and pinches ; and so outrageously did they pull his beard and hair, that they left him as smooth as if he had been new shaved, looking more like an old woman than the reverend interpreter of the law. They had quite stifled him, but that a multitude of people came in, hearing the noise and outcries. Among them a French Monsieur and an Italian Signor had already made known to one another their displeasure by some good bangs ; and saluted their countenance with cuffs, followed by kicks, and suchlike familiarities. The Frenchman fretted with rage, and the Italian foamed with anger. Italians and Frenchmen flocked to them on all hands. The Germans interposed, and having with much difficulty appeased them, asked the cause of their strife. The Frenchman, gathering up with both hands his breeches, which in the scuffle were fallen over his legs,

answered, " All nations are met here this day, to redress their grievances, and I among the rest was discoursing with others of my countrymen concerning the miserable condition France is in at present, and how the French are oppressed under the tyranny of Cardinal Richelieu. I was laying open with what art he pretends the king's service, at the same time degrading him ; how he covers the fox under the purple robe ; how, by embroiling all Christendom, he diverts all from looking into his practices ; how his subtlety makes a property of his Prince's favour ; and how he had put the power of sea and land, governments, preferments, armies, and fleets, into the hands of his kindred and confederates, defaming the nobility, and raising the unworthy. I was putting my countrymen in mind how the Marshal d'Ancre was hacked and hewed in pieces ; and called to their remembrance Monsieur de Luines, and how our King cannot yet rid himself of prime ministers—showing how this last was the only friend to the other two, whose reputation he established by blackening his own. I was discovering to them how in France of late years traitors have hit upon the most pernicious art that ever hell invented : for perceiving that to usurp kingdoms is become treason, and that he who attempts it is punished as a traitor, the better to secure themselves in their wicked practices, they usurp the kings, calling themselves favourites ; and thus, instead of being punished as traitors, they are adored as kings of kings. I was proposing, do now propose, and will again propose in the general assembly, that for perpetuating the succession and the establishing of kingdoms ; and for the extirpation of this sect of traitors, an inviolable and indispensable law be enacted, ordaining that whatsoever king of France shall subject himself to a favourite, he and his heirs shall *ipso jure* forfeit their title to the crown and their subjects be absolved from their oath of allegiance : for the Salique law, which excludes females, does not prevent so manifest a danger as this that cuts off favourites. I added that at the same time it should be ordained that whatsoever subject, under that title, presume to usurp his king, should suffer an infamous death, and forfeit all the estate and honours he stood possessed of, his name for ever remaining scandalous and execrable. Now that distracted Bergamasco never considering what was said by me, and not so much as once thinking of the nepotists of Rome, called me heretic, saying, that in detesting favourites, I

detested the nepotism—for that favouritism and nepotism are two names, yet but one and the same thing ; and though I had not spoke a word tending to that mad notion, he attacked me as you all beheld.”

The Germans with the rest of the spectators were surprised and amazed. With much difficulty they directed each one to his post, and disposed the multitude into a silent auditory, to hear the propositions which were to be made in the name of them all, by a ruddy lawyer who had set them all a-madding and put into their heads such wild and extravagant demands. Two trumpets gave the signal for silence, when he, standing upon an eminent place in the midst of the multitude, which swarmed about, delivered himself in this manner :

“ The thing we all aim at is the general liberty of all, to be purchased by contriving how we may be subject to justice, not to violence : that reason may govern us, and not the absolute power of the will : that we may belong to those who inherit, not to them that ravish us : that we may be the care of princes, not their merchandise ; and in commonwealth companions, not slaves ; limbs, not lumber ; bodies, and not shadows : that the rich man hinder not the poor man from growing rich, nor the poor grow rich by plundering the wealthy : that the nobleman despise not the commoner, nor the commoner hate the nobleman ; and that the whole care of government be employed in encouraging the poor to grow rich ; and in honouring the virtuous. And in preventing the contrary, care must be taken that no one man become greater and more powerful than all the rest ; for he that excels all others destroys equality, and they that suffer him to exceed, encourage him to conspire. Equality is the harmony in which consists the music of the commonwealth’s peace ; for when disturbed by an excess, it becomes discord ; and what before was concert becomes noise. Commonwealths are to be so united with kings, as the earth which represents the former, is with the sea representing the latter ; these always embrace one another, yet as the earth always defends itself against the encroachment of the sea by its banks ; the sea always threatens the earth, wears and endeavours to overflow and swallow it up ; and the earth, ever fixed and unmoved, opposes the perpetual motion and inconstancy of the sea. The sea swells with every wind ; every blast makes the earth fruitful. The sea grows rich with what the earth commits to it ; and the

earth with hooks and nets drains and depopulates the sea. Even as all the security and shelter against the sea is in the land which furnishes harbours, so commonwealths are a refuge against the revolutions and storms of kingdoms. Commonwealths ought always to make war with their heads, and seldom with their hands. They must have armies and fleets ready in the greatness of their stock, which is the celerity that lays hold of all opportunities. They are to make war upon kings by setting one against the other : for monarchs, though they be fathers, sons, brothers, and relations, are like iron and a steel file, which though not only near allied, but the same substance and metal, yet the file always cuts and wears away the iron. Commonwealths are to assist rash princes, so far as may serve to overthrow them ; and the more cautious far enough to make them rash. It is their best policy to honour trade, because it enriches and carries men throughout the world, gaining them practical experience, by which they discover the ports, customs, government, strength, and designs of their neighbours. The study of politics and mathematics ought to be encouraged, as advantageous to the public ; and nothing ought to be so much condemned as idleness, though under never so specious a title, or riches devoted to luxury. All public sports shall consist in the exercise of arms and handling of other weapons used in battle, that they be at once useful and diverting—at the same time sports and exercises ; and it will be decent to frequent theatres when they have become academies. All formality of garb is to be absolutely condemned : and all the distinction between the rich man and the poor must be that the former extends relief and the latter receives it ; and virtue and valour shall make the difference betwixt the nobleman and commoner, for those virtues were the foundation of all ancient nobility. I will here drop a few words out of Plato : let him that has need of them gather them up, for I do not know to what purpose I bring them, but somebody or other, perhaps, may know to what purpose. he spoke them in the third Dialogue, *De Republica vel de justo*. They are these : *Igitur rempublicam administrantibus præcipuè, si quibus aliis, mentiri licet, vel hostium, vel civium causa, ad communem civitatis utilitatem : reliquis autem à mendacio abstinendum est.* ‘ If it be lawful to any to lie, it is chiefly permissible to them who govern the commonwealth, either on account of the enemies or citizens

for the common advantage of the city : all others are to abstain from lying.' I cannot but reflect that, whereas the Catholic Church condemns this doctrine of Plato's commonwealth, there are many that value themselves upon being of his commonwealth.

" Let us come now to what is proposed by the subjects of kings. These complain, that they are all become elective, because those who are and continue hereditary, elect favourites who become kings by their election. This enrages them, because the French tell us that princes, who, for the better government of their kingdoms, wholly give themselves up to their favourites, are like galley-slaves who travel by force, turning their backs to the port they go to ; and that the favourites are like jugglers, who the more they deceive, the more they entertain ; and the better they conceal their sleight from the eyes, and baffle the senses and understanding, the more they are valued and praised by him that pays for their tricks to divert himself. Their chief art consists in making him believe to be full that which is empty, that there is something where there is nothing, that those are wounds in others, which are but bruises in his armour, and that they throw away what they conceal with their hand. They say they give him money ; and when he looks upon it, he finds dirt or rubbish. These comparisons are vile, but these men make use of them for want of better ; and so they affirm those kings are equally to blame, who will not be what the great God made them, and those who would be what he made them not. They presume to say, that an absolute favourite brings upon kings the same that death does upon man, *Nova forma cadaveris*, a new form of a carcass, to which follows worms and corruption, according to the opinion of Aristotle in his Prince. '*Fit resolutio usque ad materiam primam.*' That is, ' There remains nothing of what was but the bare resemblance'. So much for this point.

" Next, let us go into the complaints against tyrants, and the reason there is for them. For my own part I know not of whom I speak, or of whom I speak not—whoever understands me may explain me. Aristotle says, ' He is a tyrant who has more regard to his private interest than to the public.' Whosoever can inform of any who are not comprehended under this definition, may give an account of them, and they shall be well rewarded. They complain more grievously

against tyrants who receive benefits from them, than they do that are oppressed by them : for the benefits of tyrants make men criminals and accomplices, and their severity proves virtue and merit. They are of such a nature that innocence in their dominions must be miserable that it may be happy. A tyrant, in respect of his covetousness and avarice, is a **wild** beast ; in respect of his pride, a devil ; and in respect of his riotousness and luxury, all manner of wild beasts and devils. Nobody conspires against a tyrant sooner than himself : whence it follows, it is easier to kill a tyrant than to endure him. The favour of a tyrant is ever fatal, the greatest good he does him he favours most, is to delay doing him harm. Polyphemus in Homer is the emblem of tyrants. He favoured Ulysses, discoursing with him, and inquiring into his merits heard his entreaties, saw his distress ; and all the kindness he offered him was that after eating all his companions, he would devour him the last. Let no man hope more favour from a tyrant that devour those under their power, than to be the last eaten ; and it is to be observed that though the tyrant grants it as a favour, he that is to be eaten takes the delay for an addition of cruelty. He that is to devour you after all the rest, begins to eat you in all those he eats before you. The longer he delays feeding on you, the longer you have to lament you shall become his food. Ulysses was preserved by the giant as sustenance, not as a guest. To keep him in his den in order to transfer him to his stomach was more like burying him alive than entertaining him. Ulysses put him to sleep with excess of wine. The bane of tyrants is sleep. You that are subject to them cast them into a sleep, harden your spikes at the fire, put out their eyes : for that done, it was nobody did what everyone desired should be done. The tyrant Polyphemus cried that Nobody had blinded him, because Ulysses, with wonderful sagacity, had told him his name was Nobody. He named him with desire of revenge, and defended him with the double meaning of the words. Tyrants themselves excuse those that kill them, or put out their eyes. Ulysses made his escape, disguised with a sheep's skin among the sheep he kept. That which a tyrant most carefully preserves, preserves his destroyer against him.

“ Having premised thus much it remains to tell you that we subjects are met here this day to consult how we may defend ourselves against the arbitrary power of those who

either mediately, or immediately govern kingdoms and commonwealths. The chief heads I have to offer to this purpose are these : that all councillors be fixed for ever in their posts, without hoping to rise a step higher, because there is no room for application or justice where a man has one charge and aims at another ; and the ambition of ascending to another more eminent employment makes him look upon himself as a passenger not a resident ; so that his charge serves only to purchase what he aspires to ; and being thus distracted he attends to neither—not to that which he has, because he designs to leave it, nor to that which he desires, because as yet he has it not. Every man is useful in that post where he has gained long experience ; and troublesome where he is learning the first rudiments, because removed from business he was versed in, to that which he does not understand. Honours conferred on men must still be such as are proper to their profession, not mixing civil and military, lest the sword and the cloak render the habit disagreeable ; for the cloak is cumbersome to the sword, and the sword disdains to be hid under the cloak.

“ The next thing is that rewards are indispensable. But not only must they not be bestowed on the unworthy, but these must not be permitted to pretend to them ; for if the rewards of virtue be exhausted on vice, the prince or commonwealth will be robbed of their greatest treasure, and the metal of which the recompense consists will become base and contemptible. Neither the deserving nor undeserving must expect it : the former, because it must be immediately given him ; the latter, because he must never have it. Gold and diamonds were better employed in making fetters to secure criminals than in military and honourable insignia to be bestowed on vagabonds and vicious persons. This doctrine was well received amongst the Romans, who, with a branch of laurel or oak, rewarded more wounds and victories over cities, provinces, and kingdoms, than it bore leaves. Let only the brave and experienced be admitted to councils of state and war ; let the blood they have spilt, and their qualifications, not the pride of long genealogies, be their recommendation. The brave and successful are to be preferred to military employments. To be successful as well as valiant is a great addition. Lucan gives this advice :

. . . . Fatis accede, Deisque,  
Et cole felices, miseros fuge.



I have always read these words with delight ; and to this admirable poet (let who will deny it) I give attention, as preferable to all but Homer for politics and military sense.

"The Courts of Justice are to be filled with learned and disinterested persons. He who is not covetous is subservient to no vice ; because vices induce the interest for which they are sold. Let them know the laws ; but not more than the laws. Let them cause them to be obeyed ; not make them obedient to their wills. This is the very touchstone of judgment. I have spoken. You may now say what occurs to you, and propose the most convenient and practicable remedies for your grievances."

He ceased. And the auditors being a multitude of several nations and languages, there ensued such a confused buzzing of unintelligible jargons that it sounded as if the whole clack of the tower of Babel had been turned loose in that place. They understood not themselves, nor one another. All was filled with contention and discord, and by their looks and actions they appeared like an assembly of people distracted or possessed. Then the congregation of shepherds, to whom the sheep-skins bound about with slings are rather a reproach than a defence against the weather, said that they must be heard immediately before any others, because their sheep had rebelled, saying that they kept them from wolves who eat them one by one at a time, to the end they themselves might shear, fleece, kill, and sell them all at once. And since the wolves at most devoured one, two, ten, or twenty, their design was that the wolves would guard them against the shepherds, not the shepherds against the wolves. That they looked upon the hunger of their enemies as less prejudicial to them than the avarice of their guardians, and had brought the shepherds' dogs as evidence against them. There was not one soul but said, "We guess what they would be at—the sheep are no fools if they bring this to pass".

At this stand they were when the *hour* affected them, and being all enraged, some cried, "We are for the wolves" : others, "They are all wolves" : others, "It is all the same thing" : others, "They are all bad" ; and many others contradicted them. The lawyers perceiving them ready to fall to loggerheads, in order to appease them, said it was a case that required mature deliberation, and therefore it was advisable to defer it till the next day ; and to have

recourse to the churches to implore a blessing on their debates.

The Frenchman hearing that word, cried out, "If there must be recourse to the churches, we are undone; and we fear the same should befall us as did the owl when she was sick. She, taking counsel about her distemper with the fox, whom she judged the most skilful among the beasts, and also with the rook whom she took for a physician, because she often saw him upon carrion mules, was told there was no remedy for her but to repair to the temples. The owl hearing their opinion answered, 'Then my case is desperate, if the remedy is only to be found in those holy places; for sucking the oil out of the lamps I have left them all in the dark, and there is not an idol that I have not betrayed' ". The Italian hearing this discourse, with all his might cried out, "The comparison is allowed you, and we make bold to put you and all such as feed upon the church, in mind of what Homer relates of the mice, when they fought with the frogs: for then they having recourse to the gods for their assistance, all the deities excused themselves, some saying they had gnawed their hands, others their feet, others their garments, others their crowns, and others the tips of their noses, so that there was none but missed some part of his image, and bore the marks of their teeth". Good God! what a hideous tumult the *monsieurs* raised against the poor Italian; the confusion of hell is nothing compared to it. The whole multitude ran great danger in endeavouring to pacify them. At length withheld, but not silenced, they are parted—all complaining of what they endured, and every one raving that he might change his condition with another.

As these things were in agitation upon earth, and the gods attentively looking on, the Sun said, "The *hour* is now at the last gasp, and the shade of the gnomon will in a trice touch the figure five. Great father of all, dost thou determine whether Fortune shall proceed before the *hour* expires, or else wheel and roll back as she used to do." Jove answered, "I have observed that during this *hour* (which gave to every man what he deserved) those who, because they were poor and despicable, were also humble, are become proud and intolerable; and those who being rich and respected, were consequently vicious, perverse, arrogant, and wicked, seeing themselves poor and abject, are become penitent, bashful,

and pious : so that the consequence is that those who were good men have become knaves, and the knaves are now good men. This little time may suffice to satisfy the complaints of mortals, who seldom know what they ask of us ; for such is their frailty that he who does ill when he can, forbears when he can do it no longer—and this is not repentance, but a forced refraining from wickedness. Oppression and misery curb, but do not correct them. Honour and prosperity make them do that which, if they had sooner attained them, they would always have done. Let Fortune direct her wheel and globe in their former course, and cause merits in the wise, and punishment to the senseless ; wherein our infallible providence and divine presence shall always be assisting her. Let all men receive what she distributes : that is, either frowns or smiles—since neither are bad in themselves ; for patiently enduring the former, and magnanimously contemning the latter, they both became equally advantageous. And let him that receives and makes a misfortune of what he takes upon himself, complain of himself ; and not of Fortune, who gives to all indifferently and without favour or affection. We permit Fortune to complain against men, who making a wrong use of their property or adversity, defame and curse her.”

At this time it struck five, and the *hour of all men* was at an end. Then Fortune well pleased with what Jove had said, changing hands, began again to ravel up the cares of the world, and unwind what was wound backwards ; which done, fixing her globe in the regions of the air, she slid down as if she had been upon ice, till she found herself upon earth.

Vulcan, that blacksmith god who keeps time with his hammer, cried, “ It is hungry weather, and I being in haste to obey, left two ropes of garlic a-roasting at my forge, to break my fast with the Cyclops.” All-ruling Jove ordered meat to be brought, and immediately there appeared Iris (chambermaid to Juno) with nectar, and Ganymede with a platter of ambrosia. Juno, who spied him by her husband’s side (and had more mind to suck his blood than to swill the heavenly liquor) spitting fire and hissing like an adder when his tail has been trod, said, “ Either this catamite or I must reign in Olympus, or else I will sue for a divorce in Hymen’s court ”. Had not the eagle which the rogue bestrode slunk away with him, she had made hawks meat of him with her

nails. Jove began to blow his thunderbolt and she said, "I will snatch it from you, to destroy that sodomite page". Minerva, the product of Jupiter's noddle (who, had he been a blockhead, could never have been born) with fair words soothed Juno, enraged with the sight of her husband's vile cupbearer. But Venus in a fume heightened her jealousy, scolding like a butter-whore, and rated Jove as if he had been a chimney-sweep. Then Mercury letting loose his clack said that all would end well, and therefore requested them not to disturb the heavenly banquet. Mars seeing the ambrosia handed about in china dishes, like a roaring bully deity cried out, "Damn your coffeedishes. Let the moon and other petty goddesses drink out of them." Then mixing Bacchus and Neptune he swallowed down both the gods at two or three pulls: laying hold of Pan, he sliced him out, and, cutting up his flocks of sheep, devoured them wholesale. Saturn stayed his stomach with half a dozen children. Mercury, like a true sponger, stuck close to Venus, when she was cramming her chops with biscuits and sugar-plums. Pluto drew out of his knapsack some griskins provided by Proserpina for his journey: Vulcan, who stood gaping, perceiving this, came limping towards him, and courteously intruding himself with much ceremony, began to lay on and swallow. The Sun, who is the father of jollity, pulling out his lute sang lustily a hymn in praise of Jupiter. Venus and Mars being offended at the gravity of the tune and seriousness of the words, he, to the harmony of a pair of tongs, roared out a bawdy song, and she rattling a pair of overgrown castanets, danced a jig—as if she would have skipped over the heavens and shaken herself to atoms, tickling with her wanton motions the hearts of all the gods. Her dance set them all into such an itching that they could not hold their hands or feet still. Jove, whose mouth watered at the lewd motions of the goddess, said, "This is a farewell to Ganymede. There shall be no quarrel." He gave them leave, and they, being all full and satisfied, slunk away crying, "The devil take the hindmost"; and the lot fell to the eagle-striding cupbearer.



# IV

## MISCELLANEA



# I

## A PROCLAMATION

BY THE

### MIGHTY OLD FATHER TIME

WE, the mighty Old Father Time, the most knowing master in the world, universal heir to all mankind, sovereign lord of all things, death's champion and one of her privy council, supreme judge in things spiritual and temporal, and general overseer of the universe: having our commission from the Almighty and being accordingly informed of the very many great and intolerable abuses committed in this worldly commonwealth (that our zeal for reformation may appear) *do strictly charge and command* all our justices and other officers in all parts whatsoever that they take care and see all that is contained in this our proclamation be observed, under the penalties herein mentioned.

*Imprimis.* We have been informed of the great cheats and extortions by innkeepers, and do therefore ordain for the future that their houses be called not inns but exchanges of thieves; because their trade is robbing rather than selling—upon pain of being obliged to make use of those who shall be found guilty of the contrary.

*Item.* Being informed that there is a sort of sponging and begging travellers who lie at friends' houses longer than they ought to, it is our will that the first day they be made welcome, received with a pleasant countenance, and lovingly entertained; the second day they shall be treated indifferently; the third with neglect and uneasiness, looking upon them no longer as friends, but enemies to the house and estate. And we order all who feed in this manner upon the public to be banished our commonwealth.

*Item.* Perceiving that generally barbers have a natural inclination to fiddling and scraping, we direct that (instead of a long pole and basin) their sign be one or several fiddles, according to the barber's stock or ability. And considering that they throw men's beards into the dirt (they being a mark of respect and honour) it is our will that for the time to come they preserve them to make brushes to clean pictures and their



own looking-glasses. That considering every time they *use their scissors* a man looks ten years younger than he did before ; which is like flattery in painting ; therefore, for the future, they shall not be called barbers but painters.

*Item.* For as much as all painters are naturally flatterers and make it their business to mend all the faults of nature ; and perceiving they cannot do the same kindness to their own sons and daughters, who are seldom handsome, *we do require* that hereafter (since they can give no satisfactory reason for so doing) they paint the ladies as they really are : and not with their hands on their breasts, as if they were swearing by their honour the picture was well done ; nor in strange habits wild and loose as if they were in readiness to go to bed with the first man that comes in, and had all their breasts exposed to invite him to it. And if they fail hereof, we do ordain that they be called sycophants and flatterers ; and may the *sitter* dislike the picture.

*Item.* Observing the various sects and multitude of poets which it has pleased God to permit to over-run the world as a punishment for our sins, it is our will that those now in existence be done away with, the time allowed for dispatching them to be two years ; and if any shall remain after that time, when all human means has failed, they shall be laid by charms and spells as they do the devil. We do farther declare all those poets, who disguise themselves and their ladies under Pagan names, as Diana, Daphne, Coridon, etc., to be heathens and infidels.

*Item.* In regard that astrologers, poets, and rhetoricians have a conceit that they alone are masters of figures (with which they conceal and palliate their cheats) we do declare that all those shall be looked upon as scurvy figures who take off their hats to nobody, especially if it proceed from pride ; those who speak ill of everything ; those who, to be thought contemplative, designedly speak from the purpose, though they do it with premeditation ; those who have no estate and yet boast of their extravagancies ; those who in dirty weather pick stones and salute all the women they meet, though they be old and ugly ; those who would be thought to pray all the morning and pick their teeth in the afternoon ; all old men that endeavour to look young ; and gallant women : we require that these last be not permitted to go abroad without tutors, since notwithstanding their age, they would make

themselves children. We also include in this number all women who are either handsome or old and continue to paint ; and all widows that are ever talking of their late husbands, only to inveigle new ones ; as also those women, who, when they are in a coach, do not take notice of their most familiar acquaintance, that they be the more noticed thesmelves.

*Item.* Observing the pride and vanity of *valets de chambre* and footmen, grown saucy by the encouragement they have from their masters, and accordingly mimicking the gentlemen by running in debt, wearing watches in their pockets, powdering their wigs, and talking of races, dogs, and whores. We do ordain that they be called gentlemen-scoundrels, or knights-panders ; and that they be obliged to lie with horses or dogs upon straw. ; or on lousy flock beds in the stews where the profession is.\*

*Item.* Observing the ceremonious submissive impertinency of some persons in bowing and cringing beyond the bounds of civility and courtesy, We do ordain that it be looked upon as want of breeding and good manners ; and if they do not amend it, that they be for ever obliged to continue bowing and crooked (like the devil that broke his back with carrying tailors to hell) ; and may their breeches fall down when they are in most company.

*Item.* We make it known to all kings and princes in the world that they must not think themselves the greatest because men are uncovered before them, for the heat to which they stand bare and uncovered themselves is much greater.

*Item.* For as much as we have observed that there are many tricks and contrivances in relation to giving and begging, for the better relief of purses ; and that there may be an easy answer to all sharpening and begging women, We declare that for the future none shall give any thing but the time of the day, good night and good morrow, a hand to a woman that falls, precedence to superiors in all places, and good words to all people. We farther direct that no man presume to give gowns and petticoats upon pain of being reputed an ass ; but may be allowed to give as many promises as he pleases, never to be performed ; and that he give all impudent jades to the devil who beg treats and entertainments. And if man be compelled to give anything, let it be a little at a time and often—as physicians advise people to drink : for so it will last the longer ; and every gift is a fresh obligation.

And it is our will that all those who shall not fulfil these our commands be for ever poor and in love, and have neither money nor mistress.

*Item.* Being sensible that the world swarms with a sort of impudent, shameless and impertinent men of business, We direct that they be excluded all offices and employments ; that only some few of them be admitted to be clerks and beadles of parishes ; and the rest be distributed about the country to instruct bashful wenches, and backward school-boys : and that as many as remain be bestowed among the oyster and herb-women ; and for their punishment instead of executioners that they be delivered up to be tormented by fools that have a conceit of their own wit.

*Item.* We declare to be madmen all tradesmen, who take any account of great men's promises of payment ; and those great men should be reputed under the same capacity who value not at what price they buy—reckoning how long it will be before they pay, when they ought to consider there is no term so long but comes at last, and that always too soon, when they are obliged to part with the money : and then they all look like fools.

*Item.* Considering the many murders and other mischiefs daily committed by physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, babblers, Sir Positives and Ignoramuses, We do here declare them to be mortal enemies to the lives and reputations of mankind ; as we do lawyers, attorneys, jilts, and pickpockets to their purses.

*Item.* Being satisfied there is a generation of slaughtering bullies (who kill none but such as suffer themselves to be killed) it is our will that none be called bravoës, but such as are, or pretend to be, descended from physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries.

*Item.* Considering the many irregularities committed among those women, who by reason of their age might be called mothers, We do require that whensoever any that is above thirty-eight years of age shall not laugh where there is occasion, it shall not be attributed to want of sense or satisfaction, but of teeth : and therefore for concealing of this defect, whensoever they have an inclination to grin, they may be allowed to hold their fan or their muff before their mouth. And this and no other formality shall be allowed to any above the age of twenty-five.

*Item.* Calling to mind the many extravagances of lewd men, We do forbid all persons calling anything pinked which is torn, or taking pet at what bystanders say, because they lose at play ; or being positive in any matter of no moment, upon pain of being brought into much trouble and danger. It shall therefore be an irrevocable law, that no man take pet at any time, or for any cause whatsoever. It is also our will that no man give the title of fasting or abstemiousness to that which is really want of meat and necessary hunger. And whereas it is a common saying that heats and colds, troubles and surfeits, destroy most people, We declare, that though it is true that heats and colds bring some to their end, and some few may come to it by sorrows ; yet that empty bellies bring more to the grave, than all of them together.

*Item.* Considering that troubles have complained to us that all gray hairs have been laid to their charge, We declare that they are wronged ; and that those are only the effect of age ; and we command all persons to confess it.

*Item.* Reflecting on the infinite multitude of " Madams " there are nowadays (which title has been usurped by all sorts of women, from the palace to the oyster-hall), We do ordain that the said title be turned out of all houses of credit and reputation, and condemned to herb-women, chandlers, hawkers, whores, and bawds.

*Item.* For as much as there is a great scarcity of true friends, and considering there are only friends where there is no need, being all words and nothing of sincerity, We direct that for the future all friends be as well known as money, whose value is tried before it comes to be used.

*Item.* Perceiving how much every gallant values everything that drops from his mistress, that he may take and keep it as a favour, We declare that what drops in public is no favour, but a slight that he may buy her better ; and therefore he may as well take to himself what she drops in private, which, though not so sweet, is less costly. We farther ordain that no woman wear silk upon silk, nor one husband upon another ; and that some women passing for maids, do not impose upon the world what really is not. And for a comfort to the slaves in the galleys and mines, We declare that they are no greater slaves than husbands that have bad wives.

*Item.* Being satisfied that cuckoldom is become a matter of honour and profit, and that many mischiefs happen in the

world, because they who are so know not how to manage it. We do therefore ordain, that they be incorporated into a company, and none admitted to it without being examined and approved of, though he be an alderman or a seaman. We also declare all patient husbands incapable of making a will, and think it unfit that they who had none of their own when living, should be allowed it when they are dead. We farther forbid all men that have no teeth, marrying, especially old or lean women ; for women now-a-days are so loose and impudent, that they scarce value men that show their teeth ; and as a wife is old or lean, a toothless husband will have enough to do to gnaw her.

*Item.* Considering it is requisite to comfort husbands and say something on behalf of women, We declare that the latter give the former three good days or nights which are the wedding night, the first time they are delivered, and when they die. And in answer to foul-mouthed railers who call women liars, We declare they speak truth three times in their lives ; the first when they say, " This head of mine makes me distracted ", the second, when the husband in bed bidding them turn this way they reply, " I have nothing else to think on, I'll warrant you ". And the last, when they cannot eat at table because they have crammed themselves in private and say, " I shall never have much stomach as long as this course of life lasts ".

We farther ordain that whosoever shall happen to kill a bailiff's followers or an informer, which is no better than an apple-woman's cur, a jailor's tool, an useless piece of lumber in the commonwealth, and the devil's instrument, or any other officer belonging to the evidencing trade, may be allowed to flay him and carry about the skin among all persons who are in law, that every one may give him a reward.

*Item.* For as much as we are sensible there is a sort of lawyers, who, like common strumpets, admit of every client, especially if he is but eager and passionate ; and put interpretations, and make additions to the laws according to the crowns they receive, so inverting their true sense and meaning, We do ordain that they be looked upon as hackney-interpreters and men that plead for the increase of controversies, and not for their clients ; and we declare those countries happy which have none such, as those seas may be called pacific where there are no pirates. And in regard that

the senseless multitude thinks all learning and wisdom consists in old age and grizzly long beards, we direct all scholars, before they go to the universities, to turn hermits for some years to enhance their stock of beards ; and absolutely forbid their coming near the barber's, lest they happen unluckily to take off their knowledge with their whiskers.

We farther declare all those to be void of sense and reason, who otherwise being well enough qualified, take a pride in being unmannerly and incur the hatred of all men for refusing the civility of the hat : as if pride and ill nature were the only ingredients for making a man great.

*Item.* It is our will and pleasure that those who make a practice of calling every man Tom or Jack, though he be never so grave a person, or very much above them, be obliged to make full restitution to all they have robbed of their just titles and honours, and be themselves ever reputed incapable of any more respect than what they have shown to others.

To conclude, considering that abundance of poets are unhealthy and in a dangerous condition, by the overswelling of their veins, We ordain that all surgeons take care in time to let them bleed ; and that they do it with fleams, as horses are served, for fear of spoiling their lancets and incurring our high displeasure.

All which laws and ordinances we do enjoin our justices to see strictly observed, as is usual in other cases.

By order of the invisible council,

ODIOUS TELLTRUTH, Secretary.

## II

### THE QUALITIES OF A WIFE

THE QUALITIES HE WOULD HAVE IN A WIFE : described in a letter written in the year 1633 by Don Francisco de Quevedo to Doña Inés de Zuñiga y Fonseca, Countess de Olivares and Duchess de Sanlúcar, Lady in Waiting to H.M. the Queen.

ALL I can covet in a wife (for my satisfaction, honour, and the good of my soul) is that she be educated in Your Ladyship's family and grown up in your service ; for if she has known

how to be obedient to Your Ladyship, it is to me a portion sufficient, both in the temporal and spiritual sense, that she has been your servant. But in case Your Ladyship's command should be of a greater extent, in obedience to it I will set down how I could wish that wife qualified, which God shall be pleased to bestow upon me, by means of Your Ladyship and My Lord Duke. This I do to divert, rather than to inform Your Ladyship.

As for myself I am nothing but what My Lord Duke has made me ; because what I was has ruined me, and destroyed my reputation ; and if at present I am anything, it is because I have ceased to be what I was, thanks be to God and to His Excellency.

I have been variously wicked and, having ceased to be so, am not yet good ; for I left wickedness because I was tired with it, not because I was truly penitent. All the advantages of such reformation is that it secures me from being deluded into any manner of wantonness, because I am sufficiently warned and armed against it.

I am a man of good birth in my country, as Your Ladyship may understand ; I have a house of my own in the mountains, and am the son of parents whose memory is honourable to me though mine be a grievance to them.

I will ever give such an account of my fortune and age that my fortune may afterwards be found greater than represented, and my age less.

My enemies say I am lame, whereas in truth, through a negligent mien, I appear so ; and it being dubious whether I limp or bend the knee, wagers may be laid whether I am lame or not lame.

As to my person, it is neither hateful nor offensive ; and as it claims no commendation, so neither does it move such as see me to cursing or laughter.

Now I have declared who and what manner of man I am, I will set down what sort of woman I would have her be whom God shall bestow on me. I confess, unless Your Ladyship had commanded, it were impudence for such a fellow to prescribe what sort of a wife he would have ; when no woman would be troubled with such a husband as I am.

I desire positively she should be well born, virtuous and discreet ; for if a fool, she will not know how to preserve or make use of the other two qualifications, because, though a

gentlewoman, I expect she will be affable ; and that her virtue be such as becomes a married woman, not an anchorite, a nun, or a friar. Her husband and the care of her family must be to her instead of the choir and the oratory. Yet if she must be discreet with any touches of learning, I had rather she were a fool : for it is easier to bear with a woman's ignorance than with her conceit.

I would have her neither deformed nor beautiful. These extremes are reconciled by an agreeable countenance ; which is a medium that renders what is handsome lovely, and secures what in her appears airy. A deformed woman is rather a scarecrow than a companion, and a beautiful one perplexes rather than delights ; but if she must be either the one or the other, I had rather have her beautiful than deformed, for it is better to be in care than to be afraid, and to have a wife to guard than one to fly from.

I would have her neither rich nor poor, but with some fortune ; for neither is she to buy me, nor I her. There can be no lack of riches where there is virtue and gentility ; for the man is vilely rich, who, having an estate, refuses a woman because she is poor ; and he is basely poor, who, having no fortune, covets a woman because she is rich.

I had rather she was disposed to mirth than melancholy ; for being tied to one another and living always together will breed us both trouble enough ; and this grievance is in some measure eased by a sweet and cheerful nature ; for to have a hypochondriac wife, always grunting in a corner like a mouse in a cheese, is to be tied to continual sorrow.

She must be well dressed to please me, not to gain the applause of others ; and she must wear what is decent, not whatsoever the folly of other women shall invent.

She must not do as some do, but that which all ought to do.

I had rather she were miserly than prodigal ; for whereas this vice is to be dreaded the other may prove profitable. It were a great happiness to find one that were liberal.

I do not concern myself whether she be clear or brown of complexion, or whether her hair be black or fair ; only this I require, that if she be brown, she do not make herself white, for of necessity a man must rather be jealous of that cheat than in love with it.

Whether she be tall or short is a matter of indifference



to me : for the heels of the shoes supply the defects of stature, and, like death, make all people alike.

As to her being fat or lean, it is to be observed, that if I cannot have her interlaid, I am altogether for a lean, not a fat one ; I had rather she were a skeleton, or shot herring, than a greasy hostess or the picture of Bacchus.

I will neither have a child nor an old woman, which is like the cradle or the coffin ; for I have long since forgotten to sing lullabies, and have not yet learned to sing dirges. It is enough for me that she is a woman grown, and I shall be well pleased if she is young.

I could wish with all my heart she might not have hands, eyes, or mouth too beautiful ; for if she have these three things in perfection, it is impossible anybody should endure her, because she will tire all the world with playing with her hands that they may be seen, and rolling her eyes that they may be observed ; and it is intolerable to see a woman always gaping and laughing to show her white teeth. Anxiety destroys beauty, and negligence hides faults.

I will not have one that has neither father nor mother, that I may save commemorating the dead ; nor am I anxious that she should have all her kindred living. A father and mother I would have, because I am not superstitiously afraid of a father-in-law. As for her aunts, I shall be glad if they are in purgatory, and will allow masses to be said for them again and again.

I should bless God if she were deaf and tongue-tied, which are parts that tire company and cut off visits : and above all, should be proud she were ill-natured ; for a fair conditioned woman is always harping upon the same string and wishing she were like other women, saying that her foolish good nature is to blame.

But the best of all were, if she would consent to allow us to live without an old duenna, or at least if she would be satisfied we should keep half a one between us ; that is, a little old woman with little headclothes and less petticoats, that the eyes might be delivered from the nauseousness of the governante, before they are quite off the spectre. Besides, it were most reasonable since the gouvernantes are the scare-crows of the antichambers, placed there to secure the forbidden fruit of the young damsels, that they should be clothed like peasants, with a cap, a staff, buskins, and instead of a mourning

veil a long mumping cloak, because they are skilled in the art of begging ; and that they be called by an additional name of Mumpers, as the emperors are styled Cæsars.

That I may end seriously and with truth, as I began, I must tell Your Ladyship I shall highly prize a wife, if she be such as I wish her ; and do know how to bear with her if she be such as I deserve ; for I may be unhappily married but I cannot be an ill husband. God grant Your Ladyship a long and happy life, and prolong the days of My Lord Duke, giving you that issue that is requisite to your family and great estate. "

## III

## QUEVEDO ON HIMSELF

VERSES written by Quevedo, referring to his birth and nature.  
From THE SPANISH PARNASSUS, *Thalia* the Sixth Muse,  
*Romance* XVI.

Oh that the dam who gave me birth  
With life's great knowledge, had refrained !  
Though my creation courted mirth,  
And pleasure's bounty had not strained.  
A trifling beam of moonlight faint  
Illumined earth's dark doleful face,  
Creation's joy received a taint  
Which justified not greater grace.  
Late was I born, because the sun  
Was shamed by my sad advent,  
It was a night in which the gloom,  
Between the dark and fair was spent.  
One day disputed with the next  
The doubtful honour of my birth,  
Tuesday refused with grave pretext,  
And Wednesday me scorned with mirth.  
Libra the Scales my omen sent,  
Of which the weight oppress'd me so  
That all my love directly went  
'Gainst huxtering mothers' daily woe.  
A quartan fierce from Leo came,  
The Scorpion's tongue since then I wear,  
Sweet Virgo gave me ardour's flame,  
With Aries I great patience share.  
Fate called my parents soon to die,

In Heaven's abode they're now asleep.  
God keep them there, lest they should try  
To make another me—and weep.  
Since then my planet has looked on  
With such a dark and scowling eye,  
My fortune, if my ink were gone,  
Might lend my pen as black a dye.  
No lucky or unlucky turn  
Did Fortune ever seem to play ;  
But ere I'd time to laugh or mourn,  
'Twas sure to turn the other way.  
Ye childless great who want an heir,  
Leave all your vast domains to me,  
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,  
Alas ! and numerous progeny.  
They bear my effigy about  
The village, as a charm of power,  
If clothed, to bring sunshine out,  
If naked, to call down the shower.  
When friends request my company,  
No feasts and banquets meet my eye ;  
To holy mass they carry me,  
And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.  
Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*,  
To break some happy lover's head,  
I am their man, while he in view  
His beauty serenades in bed.  
A loosen'd tile is sure to fall  
In contact with my head below,  
Just as I doff my hat. 'Mong all  
The crowd, a stone still lays me low.  
The doctor's remedies alone  
Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given,  
And if I ask my friends a loan,  
They wish the poet's soul in Heaven ;  
So far from granting aught 'tis I  
Who lend my patience to their spleen ;  
Mine is each fool's loquacity,  
Each ancient dame will be my queen.  
The poor man's eye amidst the crowd  
Still turns its begging looks on mine ;  
Jostled by all the rich and proud,  
No path is clear, whate'er my line.  
Where'er I go I miss the way,  
I lose, still lose at every game ;  
No friend I ever had would stay,  
No foe but still remained the same.  
I get no water out at sea,  
Nothing but water at my inn ;  
My pleasures, like my wine, must be  
Still mixed with what should *not* be in.

To office I will ne'er take call,  
 For if I did, beyond all doubt,  
 Those who expected favours all  
 Their lifetime long would go without.  
 And if I were a doctor wise,  
 With cure-all science in my ken,  
 'Twould be to me a great surprise,  
 If one fell ill amongst all men.  
 For conscience sake not long ago  
 Methought I'd court the married state :  
 An ugly slut was all I saw,  
 Whose dowry would not fill my plate.  
 And if I feared to be cuckold  
 With wifely aberrations mild—  
 Because my luck is always cold,  
 'Tis certain she would drive me wild.  
 Where'er I live, where'er I be,  
 My peace is broken with the morn ,  
 Then clamour loud is always free  
 And smithy's clash is ever on.  
 Should I walk out well covered o'er,  
 The sun shines bright to parch the earth ;  
 But should I hold a sunshade fair,  
 The rain comes down in spiteful mirth.  
 Should I to lovely woman speak,  
 And tell her lies a thousand sweet,  
 My little wealth she tries to sneak,  
 Or fails or takes : no more we meet.  
 My sharp is blunt, my straight is bent,  
 A road that's clear I never ride,  
 In me each colour shame is meant,  
 And when I yawn 'tis hunger's pride.  
 If the habit round my chest  
 Is torn, I mend it without aid ;  
 To praise me one is never bless'd,  
 Nor any compliment e'er paid.  
 For those who daylight rarely greet,  
 Nor breathe the air 'neath summer sky,  
 It is enough I come to meet,  
 That they be out and never nigh.  
 Whoever wishes Death to seek  
 Without the risk of pain or fever,  
 Let him do me a favour meek  
 And Life will go without a quiver.  
 The ill-luck that my stars have sent,  
 Is now become so vast and strong ;  
 From time to time my knees are bent  
 To worship its superbnness long.  
 In other men Misfortune oft  
 Gives place to other trend or shade :  
 With me hard Fate is never soft,

Her servant I, since I was made.  
How well I know I'm nothing much !  
But thou whose knowledge is not slight,  
May'st see my faults are ever such  
As hold my great suspicion tight.  
This was the song that Fabius hummed  
At balcony and window-grate  
Of Aminta, whose mind was numbed,  
By words effective to placate.

## APPENDIX I

### NOTES

#### (a) THE LIFE OF PAUL THE GREAT RASCAL.

The full Spanish title of this work is *Historia de la Vida del Buscón llamado Don Pablos, ejemplo de Vagamundos y espejo de Tacaños*. It is also known as *Historia y Vida del gran Tacaño*, or simply as *Vida del Buscón*, and sometimes as *El Gran Tacaño*. There is no exact equivalent in English for *Buscón*, which is derived from the verb *buscar*, to seek, with the augmentative ending *-ón*. Thus, translated literally it would be "The Great Seeker" or "Searcher"; but as this conveys very little of what the book is about to an English reader it has seemed preferable to translate the idea rather than the word. *Tacaño* is another word without exact equivalent. It means a man, who, by petty tricks and artifices, obtains a wretched livelihood. Covarrubias says it is derived possibly from the Greek *κακός* (bad, evil), or from the Hebrew *tacach* (fraud, swindle), or from both. John Stevens translated the title as follows: "The pleasant history of the life and actions of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the pattern of rogues and mirror of vagabonds." Pineda did not attempt to alter this, and Mr. H. E. Watts, in his expurgated edition of 1892 (published by Fisher Unwin, with Vièrge's illustrations) did not attempt a closer rendering than "Pablo de Segovia, the Spanish Sharper".

Page 3: "not of pure old Christian blood", i.e., that she was of Moorish or Jewish descent. When this book was written the Moors and Jews in Spain were the target for all sorts of abuse. Quevedo, in all his works, uses the word *judío* as a term of opprobrium.

Page 4: "two hundred Cardinals" etc. A good example of the way Quevedo loved to play with words. *Cardenal* in Spanish means not only a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church, but also a fly which feeds on filth, and also discoloration from a lash or blow, or, as pathologists call it, *ecchymoses*. The passage in the original reads, *le acompañaron doscientos cardenales, sin que á ninguno llamaban señoría*. It will be seen that although the meaning may be clear to the Spanish reader, and the pun obvious, no sort of translation can adequately do justice to the original.

Page 5: "and long ago I might have been taken off on the ass's back" etc. In those days it was customary in Spain to tie prisoners condemned to death (or long imprisonment or to the galleys) to the back of an ass, and parade them as an

example to the public. The executioner or *verdugo* marched beside them, laying on with a cat-o'-nine-tails. This ceremony is frequently mentioned by Quevedo.

Page 6: "as I passed on my way" etc. and also the previous passage. The word *gato* (literally "cat") was the word used in thieves' cant for rogue, or thief. (Dicc. Acad.).

Page 7: "town-councillor"—*consejero*. In the "Vocabulary of thieves' cant and slang" compiled by Juan Hidalgo, *consejo* is given to mean rascal, or scamp.

Page 11: "Cabra the Graduate"—*el licenciado Cabra*. It appears that this individual had a real existence. With regard to the Spanish word *Licenciado*, most good translators give the English "licentiate" as equivalent—see John Ormsby's admirable translation of *Don Quijote*. *Licenciado* means a person who has obtained a degree and licence to practise any profession, such as the law, the Church, etc. This degree is one step below the Doctorate. Possibly "licentiate" is more accurate, but "graduate" has been used, being the word in English which applies to schoolmasters, etc.

Page 12: "My word there's nothing like stew"—*olla*. This *olla* is still a favourite dish in Spain, and in Latin America, where it is generally called *puchero*. It has bacon, sausage, peas, beef and cabbage for its chief constituents. In Ormsby's *Quijote* all such words are left standing in the original—because there is no equivalent in English. The late Professor James Fitzmaurice Kelly highly approved this practice, which, when supplemented with a footnote, he seemed to consider better than an attempt to convey the idea expressed in the original by means of some analogy.

Page 22: "The best mathematician in all Spain"—the original reads "which Juan de Leganos himself could not make out." The identity of this gentleman has puzzled native scholars.

Page 32: "Just Judge"—a prayer in pompous language, and, it would appear, current when this was written. Don Américo Castro (footnote in his edition of *El Buscón* in the *Clasicos castellanos*) quotes a Portuguese version which begins "*Justo juez divinal . . .*"

Page 32: "*Conquibules* and *Salve rehila*, the housekeeper's version of (?) "*cum quibus*" and "*salva regina*".

Page 32: [as is customary in Spain] these words in square brackets are explanatory and are not in the original. See also pages 42, 61, 93, 135.

Page 36: *Antonio Perez* (1540-1611) was for some years the favourite minister of Phillip II. His name was spoken with bated breath by the commonalty. Note that although *El Buscón* was published in 1626 for the first time, Quevedo writes as though Antonio Perez were still living—which is one link in the chain of evidence to show that the book was composed early in the

author's literary career. The reference in this case is jocular ; for Antonio Perez would be no longer a favourite and in power, and was most likely at Paris with Henry IV of France—at which period his enmity to Phillip was notorious.

Page 37 : " A standing joke at Alcalá to this day ". The authors of the famous *Tribunal de la justa venganza*—a diatribe against Quevedo and his works—believed that Quevedo was responsible for the prank : probably he was. Much of the first part of *El Buscón* savours of autobiography.

Page 38 : This letter contains many obscurities, and, I take it that Quevedo intended it so. Apart from the amazing picture it gives of the mentality of a public hangman, there are several sly digs at authorities. But the words in many cases have double meanings, and for this reason they escaped censorship, e.g., " It is said that every night, etc.," is, *Dicese que daba paz cada noche á un cabrón en el ojo no tiene niña*. *Daba paz* might mean comforted, and " *el ojo que no tiene niña* " is a synonym for " *el culo* ". *Cabrón* means a great he-goat, and also a wittol. Native commentators have attempted to explain this and the succeeding few sentences ; and some doubt as to Quevedo's real meaning still exists in the mind of many a Spanish reader.

Page 41 : " Six pounds more ". The money equivalents given here, and elsewhere in the present version, are of the roughest, and are merely the translation of ideas rather than mathematical calculations.

Page 41 : It is interesting to compare the satire in this chapter with that of Swift, as, for example in *Gulliver's Travels*, Part III, Chapters 5 and 6, treating of the Grand Academy of Lagado ; and the political projectors, etc.

Page 44 : Here Quevedo ridicules a well-known contemporary textbook on Swordsmanship by one Luis Pacheco de Narváez called *Las grandezas de la espada, etc.*, in which the secrets of the art were unfolded in terms of mathematics. It is also a satire upon theorists in general. For the Narváez incident see Introduction.

Page 47 : Majalahonda—should be Majadahonda, a village which lies a few miles N.W. of Madrid, and is almost proverbial in Spanish literature for the ignorance and illiteracy of its inhabitants. See *Don Quijote*, II, ch. 19.

Page 48 : " Shepherd's, is it not nice to say ", etc. All the scraps of verse in the present work are intentionally bad, with false measures, ridiculous metaphors, etc. When he wished Quevedo could produce verse of good quality. His rhyming ability was quite extraordinary. Vide the famous sonnet " To a nose ", cited in the Introduction, which begins :

" Erase un hombre á una nariz pegado ", etc.

(Riva : Thalia, p. 127.)



Page 51: "A PROCLAMATION, etc." This was written as something quite apart from the "Life of Paul" and inserted in the latter, probably as an afterthought. Quevedo loved to ridicule rhymsters, and especially those of the "Gongorist" school, whose tendency was to strain after effect, by curious use of language. But this was a case of the pot calling the kettle black—if ever there was one. The artifice of printing the opening words of each "Article" or "Item" in the Proclamation in a different type is in conformity with English practice; and is not so in the original.

Page 54: Pedro Liñán, Espinel, Lope de Vega, Alonso de Ercilla, Francisco Figueroa, Pedro de Padilla, were all famous in that "golden age". Padilla edited the *Jardin Espiritual* and became a Carmelite monk in 1585. Figueroa was called "the divine" and lived 1536-1617. He has left little of value.

Page 55: García de Paredes 1466-1530, a warrior who fought in Italy. Julián Romero was general of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands.

Page 55: The sack of Antwerp, 18th November, 1576—an exploit under D. Juan of Austria's supervision.

Page 56: "Cut throat"—*juego de parar* in the original. Probably Lansquenet would be nearer; but this game is no longer commonly known in England.

Page 61: "To every pig comes his Martinmas"—*A cada puerco viene su san Martin*. In Spain Martinmas is the time for slaughtering pigs. The general equivalent in English for this proverb is "Every dog has his day". See *Don Quijote*, II, 62.

Page 62: "now it came back to my memory"—as gruesome a joke as there is in any literature. It refers to the passage in the letter from his uncle (Ch. VII) in which the latter tells of quartering Paul's father, and leaving the remains in the highway—to be used by pastrycooks!

Page 66: "Some Count from a romance"—in the original *un Conde de Irlos*—from the romance of that name.

Page 67: "Solo el don me ha quedado por vender . . . pues quien no le tiene por ante le tiene por postre, como el remendón, baldón, bordón, y otros así". A play on words which can only be parodied in English.

Page 79: Bosco—this is Van Atken (1450-1516) a painter of the Dutch school. He was born at Bois le duc whence the name "el Bosco".

Page 87: The Great Captain—*el gran capitán*, Gonzalo Fernandez de Córdoba (1453-1515), a Spanish general whose military exploits are regarded among the glories of Spanish history.

Page 98 : In Spanish "Pizpirigaña", a children's game of pinching hands, played to a jingle. The Spanish rhyme is something after this style :

"Pizpirigaña  
Mata la araña  
Un cochinito  
Muy peladito, etc."

(See A. Castro's edition of *El Buscón*, published Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh, 1918.)

Compare our English :

"My mother said  
I never should  
Play with the gipsies  
In the wood", etc.

and also :

"This little pig went to market,  
This one stayed at home", etc.

Page 107 : "They gazed", etc.—a misquotation from "The death of Alonso de Aguilar" in the *Romancero de Durán*.

Page 121 : These begging formulæ are not uncommon to this day in Catholic countries, especially Spain.

Page 120 : Madame Guía—guia means guide. A pun is intended.

Page 122 : This beggar was surely one of the first "Fagins" in literature—excepting perhaps the blind man in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, whose "Life" (attributed on inconclusive grounds to Hurtado de Mendoza, but probably written by Sebastián de Horozco), published in 1554 at Burgos is the earliest "picaresque" novel. This little masterpiece in perfect Castilian was translated into English by one David Rouland in 1586. Rouland's version is on the whole admirable. His last chapter is taken from the apocryphal "Second Part" published Antwerp, 1555, and there are a few other slight discrepancies in his work.

Page 125 : Ramón—Fray Alonso de Ramón, dramatist who wrote some very good religious and allegorical plays. His works were commended by Cervantes and Lope de Vega.

Page 126 : Pinedo, Sánchez, and Morales—contemporary actors:

Page 127 : Compare these lines with the last verse of "Holy Willie's Prayer", by Robert Burns. The satires of Burns are our nearest equivalent to those of Quevedo. Butler's *Hudibras*, Wolcott's works, and the biting verses of Ambrose Bierce also represent in English something of the spirit of Quevedesque satire.

Page 133 : Nearly the whole of this chapter is of a nature which renders any sort of translation liable to be called a travesty of the original. Stevens and Pineda after him, did their best ; but were forced to omit whole sentences. Quevedo, like Cervantes,

was a master of thieves' jargon and gipsy dialect. Here he gives full play to his vocabulary of the former; and the meaning of many words can no longer be stated with certainty. Passages omitted by Stevens and Pineda are now given; but without too much confidence in the accuracy of the rendering.

Page 135: "chuckers-out"—cañones, the cant word for a rogue who is hiding from the authorities and earns his bread by waiting upon his colleagues on the "active list". In the case of a raid, reliance was placed upon the *cañones* to meet official attackers.

#### (b) THE VISIONS

Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation of *Los Sueños* is so free that it is self-explanatory. The Spanish titles of the different Visions will be found in Appendix II, page 403. For the different editions of L'Estrange's translation see Appendix III, page 406.

#### (c) FORTUNE IN HER WITS

Event XXXVII, page 351: It is still a custom in some Spanish countries to sneeze at negroes by way of contempt. It is also customary to bless oneself when another sneezes.

Event XXXVIII, page 351: King Charles I.

Event XXXIX, page 356-7: The names of these Rabbi are Hebrew words meaning—Saadías, sustained by God. Isaac Abarbaniel, Fatherly Teacher from God. Salomon, the Peaceful. Nissin, the Standard. Samuel, of God. Maimon, Skilful. Aben-Ezra, Foundation Stone. Jacob, He shall catch the heel. Chamaniel, Fat. Gersomi, the Expelled-one. Gabirol, Very Strong. Asepha, the Congregation. Mosche, the Extractor. Berchai (Barachias) having the blessing of the Lord. Meir Aramahah, the Clever Enlightener. David Bar Nachman, the Son of Agreeableness. Doubtless Quevedo intended them to represent contemporary personages. Fernandez-Guerra interprets the strange names in this satire to represent certain great merchants; he offers the following explanation of the other names:—Pragas Chincollos, Gaspar Conchillos or the Conde-Duque de Olivares. Philárgyros, or the Lover of Gold, the Secretary Juan Bautista Saenz y Navarrete. Chrysóstheos, or God of Gold, Secretary of State Antonio Carnero. Danipe—Pineda—Juan de Pineda the Jesuit. Arpiotrotono—Protonotario—Don Jeronimo de Villanueva. Pácas Mazo, José Gonzalez. Alkemiástos, Doper Razalas, or Pedro Salazar (?), Hernando de Salazar, who invented the stamping of paper for taxation purposes.

μόνος, one. παντός, all. *Monopantos*, the one of all people, or omnipotent.

The whole of this section dealing with the *Monopantos* was an audacious attempt by Quevedo to lampoon the "Powers that were", and to draw attention to their financial activities.

Page 358: *Hodu la Adonai*, praised be the Lord.

## APPENDIX II

### A SHORT CATALOGUE OF QUEVEDO'S WORKS

(To give a complete list of Quevedo's works in all branches of literature would be outside the scope of the present volume, which purports to present him as a satirical and comical writer. The list which follows is, therefore, incomplete, excepting the first section of it dealing with his satires and humorous works : this is as complete as it has been found possible to make it.\*)

#### I. SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS WORKS :

##### (a) *The visions*, consisting of :

- (1) *El sueño de las Calaveras*, formerly called *El Sueño del Juicio final*, probably written in 1607 and first published in 1627. Translation, p. 143 of this work.
- (2) *El Alguacil alguacilado* (1607-1627) previously called *El Alguacil endemoniado*. See page 154.
- (3) *Las Zahurdas del Plutón*, called also *Sueño del Infierno* (1608-1627). See page 165.
- (4) *El Mundo por de Dentro* (1612-1627). See page 203.
- (5) *Visita de los Chistes* (1622-1627), also called *Sueño de la Muerte*. See page 218.

and, *Casa de Locos de Amor* (published in 1627). There is still some doubt in the minds of Spanish scholars as to whether Quevedo was the author. But the *Tribunal de la Justa Venganza*, a contemporary diatribe against Quevedo, includes it among his works. It cannot, with accuracy, be called a "Vision". See page 244.

*El Entremetido y la dueña y el soplón* (1627-1628). Not a "Vision". but bears a great likeness to most of the author's "Visions". It is really an offspring of the *Política de Dios*. See page 254.

- (b) *La Hora de Todos y la Fortuna con seso*, written in 1635 and published posthumously in 1650. See page 295. This was taken down from dictation by Quevedo's secretary and the MS. revised by the author. This MS. still exists. Part of the work, the *Island of Monopantos* (see XXXIX, page 356) was written previously and inserted by the author.

\* For a part of the information in this Appendix, I am indebted to the Catalogue in Vol. XXIII of the Rivadeneyra edition of Quevedo's works. His biographia by Tarsia has also been consulted and also various separate volumes of his works. It should be remembered that much of Quevedo's prose and verse has been completely lost.—Ed.

- (c) A series of "Proclamations" against various abuses, political and otherwise :
- (1) Premática que este año de 1600 se ordenó por ciertas personas deseosas del bien comun.
  - (2) Premáticas contra las cotorreras.
  - (3) Premática que se ha de guardar por los dadivosos á las mujeres. (1609- ? ).
  - (4) Premáticas y aranceles generales. (1845).
  - (5) Premáticas del Desengaño contra los poetas güeros. (1613-1626).
  - (6) Premática del Tiempo. (1628-1629). See page 383.
- (d) A series of short works of a comical nature, under various titles :
- (1) Genealogía de los modorros.
  - (2) Desposorio entre el casar y la juventud. (1624-1845).
  - (3) Origen y difiniciones de la necedad con anotaciones y algunas necedades de las que se usan.
  - (4) Capitulaciones de la vida de la corte, y oficios entretenidos en ella.
  - (5) Capitulaciones matrimoniales.
  - (6) Carta de un cornudo á otro, intitulada El siglo del cuerno. (1622-1845).
  - (7) Memorial pidiendo plaza en una academia.
  - (8) Carta á la retora del colegio de las virgenes.
  - (9) Cosas más corrientes de Madrid y que mas se usan : por alfabeto. (1639-1851).
  - (10) Libro de todas las cosas y otras muchas más. (1631).
  - (11) Alabanzas de la moneda.
  - (12) Confesión de los moriscos.
  - (13) Gracias y desgracias del ojo del culo. (1620-1626).
- (e) (1) Cartas del caballero de la Tenaza. This was written in 1600 and published in 1627, and if space permitted, a translation would be published in the present volume. The wit is mordant and worthy of Quevedo.
- (f) (1) Historia de la vida del Buscón, published in the present volume. See Appendix I, page 397.
- (g) Works known to have existed, but MSS. lost :
- (1) El Siglo del Cuerno.
  - (2) La Felicidad desdichada.
- The first was in the form of a letter and the second was probably a novel.
- (h) There are about eight works in existence of which the authorship has been attributed to Quevedo. Of these the most notable is *Don Diego de Noche*, which is now known to have been written by Alonso Gerónimo de Salas Barbadillo in 1624. The authorship of the other seven

is established, and it appears that Quevedo cannot have written them.

## II. POLITICAL WORKS :

- (1) Política de Dios, gobierno de Cristo. (1617-1626).
- (2) El Rómulo, del marqués Virgilio Malvezzi. (1631-1632).
- (3) Primera parte de la vida de Marco Bruto. (1632-1644).
- (4) Suasorias de Marco Anneo Séneca, el retorico. (1644-1644).
- (5) Mundo caduco y desvarios de la edad. (1621-inedito).
- (6) El chitón de las Taravillas. (1630-1630).
- (7) La rebelión de Barcelona no es por el gñeivo ni es por el fuero. (1641-1851).

## III. RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS :

- (a) *Providencia de Dios*, consisting of :
  - (1) Tratado de la Inmortalidad del Alma. (1641-1700).
  - (2) La incomprehensible disposición de Dios.
  - (3) Santo Job.

This is an admirable piece of writing.

- (b) Introducción á la vida devota.
- (c) Two works on Stoic philosophy.
- (d) About fourteen less important works.

## IV. ESSAYS, literary criticism, invectives, translations from the classics, etc. The two works under this head of most interest to English readers are :

- (a) The famous *Cuento de Cuentos* (1626), and
- (b) An appreciation and critique of *More's Utopia* (1637).
- (c) Translation of Epictetus into verse (1609-35).
- (d) There are about thirty-five other works in existence and at least four have been lost.

## V. LETTERS.

Some of the most remarkable letters ever written in Spanish are the work of Quevedo. Here the pedantic writer often threw overboard his learning and wrote in familiar style of the simple things of the heart. In most of Quevedo's studied works it is impossible to find the inner thoughts of the man ; and from the point of view of the reader who wishes to do this, no part of his works repays a study better than his epistles to his friends. See page 389.

## POETICAL WORKS.

Quevedo attempted every branch of poetry, and although we cannot say that he ever reached the topmost peaks of the art, his lines are sweet and talented, and his burlesques and satires the best in Spanish. A list of his poems (which are published in a bulky volume of small print in two columns by Rivadeneyra) would fill twenty pages of this book.

## APPENDIX III

### ENGLISH EDITIONS OF QUEVEDO'S WORKS.

1. *Visions or Hels Kingdome and the Worlds Follies and abuses strangely displayed by R.C. of the Inner Temple Gent., being the first fruits of a reformed life.* London. 1640.
2. *Hell reformed or a Glasse for favourites in a vision, published by Edward Messervy. (Mentioned by E. Merimée).* London. 1641.
3. *The Life and adventures of Buscon, the witty Spaniard. Put into English by a Person of Honour. To which is added, The Provident Knight, by Don Francisco de Quevedo, a Spanish Cavalier.* London, printed by F.M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop at the Golden Anchor in the New-Exchange. London. 1657, 1660.
4. *The Visions of Quevedo, translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange. First published 1667. Reprinted with alterations, etc. in 1668, 1671, 1673, 1688, 1689, 1696, 1702, 1708, 1710, 1715, 1745, 1750, 1795, 1823, 1904, and in the present edition. Also bowdlerised in Roscoe's Spanish Novelists, 1832.*
5. *Novels faithfully englished, with the Marriage of Belphegor, transl. from Machiavel.* London. 1671.
6. *The Pleasant Story of the Life of Paul of Segovia (an abridged version). Translator unknown.* London. 1683.
7. *Fortune in her Wits, or The Hour of All Men. Translated by John Stevens.* London. 1697.
8. *The Visions, burlesqued in verse. By a person of Quality.* London. 1702.
9. *The New Quevedo, or Visions of Charron's Passengers.* 1702.
10. *The Comical Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo, containing 1, The Night Adventurer (by Salas Barbadillo); 2, The Life of Paul the Spanish Sharper; 3, The Retentive Knight and his Epistles; 4, The Dog and the Fever (by Pedro Espinosa); 5, Proclamation by Old Father Time; 6, Treatise on all Things whatsoever; 7, Fortune in her Wits. Translated by Captain John Stevens. John Morpew. 1707, 1709, and (with omissions), 1724.*

11. The Controversy about Resistance and Non-Resistance, discussed in Moral and Political Reflections on Marcus Brutus, who slew Julius Cæsar in the Senate House, so assuming the sovereignty of Rome. Written in Spanish by Don F. de Quevedo, author of the Visions of Hell : Translated into English and published in Defence of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, by order of a noble Lord who voted in his behalf. London. Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1710.
12. Quevedo's Works, translated by Peter Pineda, London. 1742. (A revision of John Stevens' work).
13. The Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo, in 3 vols., with engravings. The Visions, Paul The Spanish Sharper, Fortune in her Wits, and minor works. Edinburgh. 1798. (See Introduction to the present edition).
14. Paul the Spanish Sharper. (in the Romancist Library, Vol. II.' Edited by Wm. Hazlitt. Stevens' Translation). London. 1832.
15. Paul the Spanish Sharper. (Stevens' and Pineda's work abridged and bowdlerised). Roscoe's Spanish Novelists. London. 1832.
16. Pablo de Segovia The Spanish Sharper, Illustrated with 110 drawings by Daniel Vièrge, with comments on them by Joseph Pennell, and an Essay on Quevedo by H. E. Watts, published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin, London. 1892. (Expurgated edition of Pineda's work. See above.)

*Note :* There is a French version of *El Buscón*, Histoire de Pablos de Segovie, traduite de l'espagnole par Germond de Lavigne, in the BIBLIOTHÈQUE ILLUSTRÉE DES CHEFS D'OEUVRE DE L'ESPRIT HUMAIN, with Vièrge's Illustrations. Pub. Léon Bonheure, Paris, 1882. Geneste and Raclots have also translated the Visions, etc., into French. Into German they have been freely rendered by Johann Michel Moscherrosch (1600-1669), by J. G. Keil, B. F. Guttenstein and others. They have also been translated into Latin by Argentorati (1642). In Italian there is a *Scelta delle Visioni*, by Pazzaglia, and a version of *El Buscón* by Pietro Franco. There are also Dutch and Portuguese versions of one or more of Quevedo's works.





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